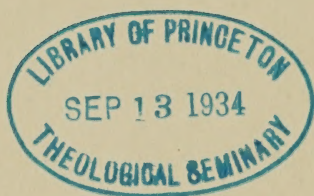


THE MASTER'S MESSAGE FOR THE NEW DAY

VINCENT GODFREY BURNS

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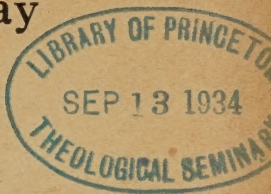
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Section

THE MASTER'S MESSAGE
FOR THE NEW DAY

The Master's Message for the New Day



BY

VINCENT GODFREY BURNS



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To
THE BLESSED MEMORY
of my father,
JAMES HOWARD BURNS,
who showed in his own life
a noble expression of the
religion of Jesus Christ.

PREFACE

On a quiet evening in June, 1925, I walked the shores of beautiful Silver Bay with a friend. We talked of our hopes, our lives, the miracle of existence, the needs of the world, the blessings of friendship. In the love and sympathy of that friend I saw Jesus. This young prophet of God's kingdom, opening up dazzling visions to his friends, suggested very much the Jesus of the Sermon on the Mount. "If only all men and women," thought I, "had in them the good-will, the beauty, the peace of this friend, our problems would vanish!" Here was a life that was done with lip service! Here was a man with courage enough to live the religion we all have been talking about!

While my friend shows the world what God does through a truly loyal child, I hope this book may bear a few thoughts of helpfulness in the spirit of this great friend. Life is glad and good; but fear and selfishness ruin it. The shackles of fear and self can be thrown aside only as we go out to answer the call of the Master. Some think he never lived; some say the recorded words are untrustworthy; some are sure his teaching is impractical. In the New Testament we know we find a real Life; in the Sermon on the Mount we are sure we have his best words; in the life of this wonderful friend one surely sees the proof of religion's power.

The church, the mission field, the younger generation, the schools, the crowded cities, the changing industrial life—the whole creation cries out for real light and help. We are all sick of confusion and controversy. The world wants a real *message*; the world wants to see actual personalities who have lived beliefs and proved them *good*! If we want to hear and see the *real Jesus* where else shall we go but to the Sermon on the Mount?

PREFACE

To Henry Van Dusen, who guided the group leaders at Silver Bay, during the 1925 College Conference of the Y M C A, in a rare week of Bible exploration, my thanks are due. To my prayer circle at the South Congregational Church, and to my Bible groups at the Pittsfield Y M C A, both of which shared in the discussions which form the background of this work, my cordial appreciation is extended. Lastly, to Dr. H. E. Fosdick, who has guided my ministry continually, my debt is unpayable in various ways. Many varieties of literature, poetry, and experience have entered into the warp and woof of my thought, and for all these helps I express my sincere gratitude. Space limitations have restricted this volume to the first half of the Sermon on the Mount. It is hoped that another volume will be forthcoming to complete the study.

All the scripture selections for the daily readings are taken from either the words of the Master or bits of his biography as given in the four gospels. To some the old King James version may be out of date but it is used here because its words are like old flowers full of forgotten fragrance, or old friends who in life's journey wear best.

The prayer with which this book goes out is that others may catch here something of the passion for truth, something of the spiritual vigor, something of that fresh, daring, and fearless joy which the world sees in my friend, and which the multitude must have seen in Jesus that memorable day on the Palestinian Mount.

VINCENT GODFREY BURNS.

Pittsfield, Mass.,
Nov. 1, 1926.

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CHAPTER I

The Temple on the Hill-top

DAILY READINGS

The Sermon on the Mount, as we find it recorded in the gospel of Matthew, probably enshrines the earliest and most authentic record of a discourse delivered by the Master. A second-century historian, Eusebius by name (quoting another man, Papias), has told us that it was well known that the disciple Matthew had written down in Aramaic (the very language Jesus spoke) some of the speeches of Jesus, and had assembled them in a little papyrus volume, called "The Logia." When we combine this extraordinary news with the significant fact that Matthew was the only member of the Master's intimate circle who could write (he was keeping his books at the seat of custom when Jesus called him), we come to the fascinating and almost certain conclusion that portions of Matthew's gospel (and especially the Sermon on the Mount) contain Jesus' message, *recorded for us by an eye-witness almost word for word!* For the gospel of Matthew, as we have it, is an expanded edition of the original Logia, or Teachings, actually written down by a member of the disciples' band! May it not be due to this fact that Renan, the great French scholar, should have called the gospel of Matthew "the most important book in Christendom"?

It is, therefore, with renewed assurance that we can come to a study of the message of the Master as we find it in the Sermon on the Mount. We can look between the lines of this sermon and feel sure that we are seeing an authentic and genuine reflection of the greatest personality of the ages. We can listen to the accents which we hear in these words, feeling

sure that this is the actual, enchanting voice of the noblest teacher humanity has known. "In one sentence of his words," says Albert Schweitzer, "the glow of his life is held."

But we shall find more than a man and his message. We shall come face to face with the most flaming and revolutionary teaching ever pronounced. If we are in dead earnest about life, we shall be able to look Jesus right in the eyes here and know what he really means! If we are honest with ourselves we shall see clearly here the tremendous consequences which would follow a fair application of this message to the society of our times! *This Sermon on the Mount is nothing else but religion's dynamite for the reconstruction of the old social order into the brighter and happier new day!* Lord Morley saw the dynamic in the Sermon on the Mount when he said: "There are more secret elements of social volcano slumbering in it than in any other pronouncement ever recorded!" If some folk really knew what lies deep under the surface of this sermon, it would be prohibited from fashionable pulpits, it would be put on the Index, it would be burned as Red and Radical literature, and certainly most men would not say of it what Henry Ward Beecher said: "... acclaimed by universal consent the greatest truths and the noblest utterances of earth."

In order that we shall fully understand the message of the sermon, we shall trace in the daily readings of this chapter the main events which led Jesus to the preaching of this great manifesto. As we see the sermon in its place in Jesus' ministry, we shall notice how natural and appropriate and inevitable were the words of the sermon.

First Week, First Day

And when they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth. And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him.—Luke 2:39-40.

One of the amazing things about the gospels as we find them is the almost complete silence concerning the early years of Jesus' life. For the first thirty years of his life, the veil

is lifted only once or twice. Even then we are not sure that we have seen truly. How easy it would have been for the writers and editors of the gospels to fabricate a few interesting facts about the Master's early life! Perhaps there is no stronger point than this to recommend the honesty and fidelity of the recorders. Here and there the historians of Jesus' life included a few stories of the birth and the early days, but a devout modesty restrained them from statements of fact not well authenticated!

We can, however, be tolerably sure about certain general facts with regard to the youth of Jesus. After the birth in Bethlehem, which took place about 5 B.C., the father and mother and baby boy sojourned for a short period in Egypt (almost certainly a historical event), and then returned to the home in Nazareth. We can imagine the developing baby finding his world, as all babies do, in his mother's arms, in the cradle where he was rocked, and in the arms of friends who carried him to and fro in the little village to show him off to all the interested mothers of the town. Francis Thompson has a very revealing little verse which makes Jesus a real baby for us:

"Didst thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst thou join thy hands, this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayers seem very long?
And did thy mother at the night
Kiss thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and thy prayers said?"

Surely, when he was grown, he took his *bar-mitsvah* as every loyal Jewish child would, and probably entered the little bare school room at the synagogue where at the feet of the rabbi he learned to read the holy writings of his forefathers. In the woodcraft shop, in the market place, at the village well, at the knee of a loving mother, in the presence of the stern village fathers, he must have heard of life with its problems, its perplexities, its joys, its sorrows. Among the quiet hills of the Galilæan countryside, on many a knoll, and in many a vale, he must have brooded, as boys do, upon the meaning of

things. The caravans that moved along the coastal plain, the sails that gleamed on the bright sea a few miles away, the companies of soldiers that passed through the little town, the toll gatherers and merchants who occasionally made their unwelcome visits to the village, these must have excited the deep wonder of the boy's heart, must have awakened a keen interest in the wide and mysterious world which lay beyond the borders of his own little province. Thus he grew robust of body, keen of mind, tender of heart, and deep of spirit. *The boy was promising the man!* Tabb's lines may well reflect a true picture of Jesus at this time:

"Once, measuring his height, he stood
Beneath a cypress tree,
And, leaning back against the wood,
Stretched wide his arms for me;
Whereat a brooding mother-dove
Fled fluttering from her nest above.

"At evening he loved to walk
Among the shadowy hills and talk
Of Bethlehem;
But if perchance there passed us by
The paschal lambs, he'd look at them
In silence, long and tenderly;
And when again he'd try to speak,
I've seen the tears upon his cheek!"

First Week, Second Day

Now when all the people were baptized, it came to pass, that Jesus also being baptized, and praying, the heaven was opened, and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him, and a voice came from heaven, which said, Thou art my beloved Son; in thee I am well pleased. And Jesus began to be about thirty years of age.—Luke 3:21-23.

And Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost returned from Jordan, and was led by the Spirit into the wilderness.—Luke 4:1.

When Jesus came down to John at the Jordan for baptism, he was just thirty years of age, as Luke tells us. For eighteen

years, from the time we see him in the temple until he stands before John, we have neither seen nor heard of him. But we may rest assured that they were years filled with the finest preparations for a great mission ever man made: creative labor in the carpenter shop, earnest study of the holy book of his native religion, daily profound meditation and prayer, a noble and filial and perfect obedience to his heavenly Father. How straight and strong and beautiful he must have looked!

“Erect in youthful grace and radiant
With spirit forces, all imparadised
In a divine compassion, down the slant
Of these remembering hills He came, the Christ,”

sings Katherine Bates, and it is true description. For John himself, rugged old prophet as he is, stands in awe before this divine expression of perfect manhood: “I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?”

The scene of Jesus’ baptism was probably Bethany beyond Jordan, now Bethabara. The sacred rite, which was accompanied by a vision that sealed in his consciousness the conviction that God had for him some unusual and unexampled mission, probably took place on the eastern bank of the river, about five miles north of its emptying into the Dead Sea. The scene of the solitary retirement is almost certainly the wilderness west of the Dead Sea and southeast of the city of Jerusalem. Here Jesus stayed for a short period (the exact time is unknown) struggling with the great issues of his day, and settling in his mind the general method of his ministry. The prophets before him had set this precedent of the desert visitation. It was the period when deep down in his own soul Jesus must have formed the profound convictions of spiritual truth which later he declared with such authority. In these days he gathered the will power and the determination to live with unwavering fidelity the sublime ideal of perfect sonship toward God. *Perhaps he did not then know that the living of it would mean certain death!* The picture is word-painted truly by Caroline Hazard:

“Up from the Jordan straight His way He took
To that lone wilderness, where rocks are hurled,
And strewn, and piled,—as if the ancient world

In strong convulsions seethed and writhed and shook,
 Which heaved the valleys up, and sunk each brook,
 And flung the molten rock like ribbons curled
 In mists of gray around the mountain whirled:—
 A grim land, of a fierce, foreboding look.
 The wild beasts haunt its barren, stony heights,
 And wilder visions came to tempt Him there;
 For forty days and forty nights,
 Alone He faced His mortal self and sin,
 Chaos without and chaos reigned within,
 Subdued and conquered by the might of prayer!"

First Week, Third Day

And he came to Nazareth where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written,

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,
 Because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to
 the poor;
 He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted,
 To preach deliverance to the captives,
 And recovering of sight to the blind,
 To set at liberty them that are bruised,
 To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears. And all bare him witness and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. And they said, Is not this Joseph's son? . . . and he said unto them, Ye will surely say unto me this proverb, Physician, heal thyself: whatsoever we have heard done in Capernaum, do also here in thy country.

And he said, Verily I say unto you, No prophet is accepted in his own country. But I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine

was throughout the land; but unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Israel at the time of Eliseus the prophet; and none of them was cleansed, saving Naaman the Syrian. And all they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath, and rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill, whereon the city was built, that they might cast him down headlong. But he passing through the midst of them went his way.—Luke 4: 16-30.

In this vivid and startling picture in Luke's gospel we find recorded one of the most accurate incidents in Jesus' ministry. The foreshadowing of later tragedy is in this picture. We catch the note of fearlessness in his words, we hear the deep thundering, challenging, rebuking tones of the prophet in his voice. In his own home town, in his own home church, he takes the flaming words of reform from the burning lips of a great hero of his people, Isaiah, and makes them the starting point of his ministry of redemption! The neighbors and friends are startled at the gracious power now throbbing at its mature pitch in the life of this young prophet. "Can this be the son of the carpenter?" they ask. They are disposed to praise and commend until they hear the type of message he dares to proclaim. It is a message that cuts across their narrow patriotism and declares the world-wide brotherhood of humanity. Their provincial pride is stabbed to the heart, and full of kindled wrath, they drag him from the pulpit and out of the city to the brow of the hill where they would have killed him had not some loyal friends interfered. *But so he begins his ministry, rejected and cast out of his own home town!*

One can readily imagine how troubled Mary, his mother, must have been. One can almost see her, saying good-bye to her son, who has disgraced himself in the eyes of the whole village. She is probably begging him to be careful, urging him not to say anything which will anger the rulers and the Pharisees and the Jerusalem scribes who will be less easy on him than the local reactionaries. We can see him gently take his mother in his arms, wiping from her eyes the tears, comforting her with words of infinite tenderness and asking her to trust him and her fully to the great love and will of God.

Katherine Tynan, in her beautiful poem, forecasts for us the treatment which now the Master must expect:

“Sweetest Son, what dost Thou see?
In Thine eyes groweth the shadow.
Dost Thou weary of earth and me
While we wander in this sweet meadow?”

“Mother of mine, I look on a place
And men asleep 'neath a darkling sky;
One crieth out with a stricken face,
Oh! Mother, I fear that man is I.”

“Thou dreamest, my Son! Is naught to fear.
Sit and play 'neath the blooming bough.
Here be thine angels, merry and dear,
Thy Father will send Thee guards enow.”

“But, Mother, I see a rabble rout,
And one among them is dragged to die.
“Crucifige!” the voices shout.
Oh! Mother, I fear that man is I.”

“Peace, dear Lordkin; here be Thy birds,
The Kid, Thy sweeting, the lamb, the dove;
Thy Father will send Thee a million swords
Ere any harm Thee, my Baby love!”

“Oh! Mother, I see a man of grief,
Nailed to a cross on a hill-top high;
His head is bowed betwixt thief and thief,
Oh! Mother, I think that man is I.”

First Week, Fourth Day

And he came down to Capernaum, a city of Galilee, and taught them on the sabbath days. And they were astonished at his doctrine: for his word was with power. . . .

And he said to them, I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also, for therefore am I sent. And he preached in the synagogues of Galilee.—Luke 4:31-32, 43-44.

Following the rejection at Nazareth, we find Jesus at Capernaum, that tiny village close to the shores of Galilee. May it not have been that at this time he brought his mother down to this little place to make her home? For would it not have been most unpleasant for her, who was now a widow, to remain in Nazareth where her son had been disgraced?

At any rate we find Capernaum the headquarters for a preaching tour through the Galilæan lake country. He goes out to speak to the people on street corners, in wayside inns, on sandy shores, beneath twisted olive trees, in quiet homes. He visits city after city, and in some places finds opportunity to speak in the synagogues the new message of the "*kingdom of God.*" What was this message? A declaration of the Fatherhood of God, the world-wide brotherhood of all men, the supremacy of service, a challenge to a life of sacrificial helpfulness and healing kindness, a readjustment of life's values, a new law of absolute and unfailing Love! *This was the most fruitful period of his life, a time when the good he was doing left its impression far and wide!*

"Should not the glowing lilies of the field
With keener splendor mark His footprints yet
Prints of those gentle feet whose passing healed
All blight from Tabor unto Olivet?"

First Week, Fifth Day

So much the more went there a fame abroad of him: and great multitudes came together to hear, and to be healed by him of their infirmities.—Luke 5:15.

And he came down with them, and stood in the plain, and the company of his disciples, and a great multitude of people out of all Judæa and Jerusalem, and from the sea coast of Tyre and Sidon, which came to hear him, and to be healed of their diseases.—Luke 6:17.

And his fame went throughout all Syria: and they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatick, and those that had the palsy: and he healed them. And there followed him great multitudes of people from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judæa, and from beyond Jordan.—Matt. 4:24-25.

The fame of Jesus had spread abroad through all of Galilee, and crowds of people followed him, some out of curiosity, others with eager interest in the new gospel, many sick and despondent and tired and discouraged, looking to the great Teacher for help and health. All who heard him marveled at the bright, glowing, happy face. All who listened stood aghast at the penetrating, revolutionary, dynamic words of power that poured from those firm lips, unafraid. There was an electric magnetism about him, an entrancing sweetness in his voice, a calm and beauty about his features which spoke unmistakably of the peace of God in his heart. How he healed perhaps we shall never be able to tell. He had some secret which few men have known. *There was a something in that touch of his, a something in that quiet demeanor, a something in the very light of his countenance which imparted new life and new hope and new power to every life he approached!* John Clare describes him well:

"His presence was a peace to all,
 He bade the sorrowful rejoice;
 Pain turned to pleasure at his call,
 Health lived and issued from his voice.
 He healed the sick, and sent abroad
 The dumb rejoicing in the Lord.

"The blind met daylight in his eye,
 The joys of everlasting day;
 The sick found health in his reply;
 The cripple threw his crutch away.
 Yet he with troubles did remain
 And suffered poverty and pain."

Jesus had now reached the very height of popularity. But it was not to be for long. He was to know the fate of all real prophets. The self-seeking multitude was to disappear in darker days.

First Week, Sixth Day

And it came to pass on a certain day when he was teaching, there were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by,

which were come out of Galilee, and Judæa, and Jerusalem.—Luke 5:17.

And the scribes and Pharisees began to reason, saying, Who is this which speaketh blasphemies? Who can forgive sins, but God alone?—Luke 5:21.

But their scribes and Pharisees murmured, saying, Why do ye eat and drink with publicans and sinners?—Luke 5:30.

And certain of the Pharisees said unto them, Why do ye that which is not lawful to do on the Sabbath days?—Luke 6:2.

The growing popularity of Jesus with the crowd has had one very noticeable result: *the rulers, the Pharisees, the scribes, the elders, the chief priests have grown envious and jealous and hostile!* This period of the gospel narrative is characterized by one very marked and recurring fact: *the growing hostility of the "powers that be!"*

This was just what one should expect. Wherever the vivid color of the real Jesus comes to light in the fourfold portrait of the gospels, we get the vision of an immensely radical and challenging figure, utterly at variance with the thought, the religion, and the contemporary patriotism of his day. We see a teacher whose message ruthlessly smashed the shams of the current orthodoxy to smithereens, whose rapier-like thrusts of keen truth cut the hypocritical religion of the day to the very heart, whose tremendous sincerity and fearless righteousness so challenged the selfish and worldly and conventional life of the Jewish church and nation that the name of the bold Nazareth radical became a byword from one end of Palestine to the other.

But he who dares defy the strongholds of the "status quo," even though truth and justice and right be on his side, takes his life in his hands and flirts with death and destruction. Jesus had healed on the sabbath, had taken grain for his friends from the fields on the sabbath, had supped with publicans and sinners, had preached doctrines of brotherhood and God's character which were at variance with the current teaching, had told a poor despondent soul that he might consider his sins forgiven! These things in the eyes of the blind Pharisees were hideous crimes against social and religious orthodox standards. So they set up a spy system to

catch him. We are told that Pharisees and doctors of the law sat by to listen for evidence of blasphemy. We hear that scribes and Pharisees watched him, that they might find an accusation against him. We learn that they were filled with madness because of his disregard for their sabbath laws, and they communed one with another what they might do to Jesus. *Thus was the stage prepared for that terrific drama where God's great Son of Love was to be set in his struggle with the gathering forces of a vicious and reactionary group of selfish and worldly politicians!* William Cowper gives us a good description of the enemies of Jesus:

"He judged them with as terrible a frown
As if not love, but wrath, had brought him down;
Yet he was gentle as soft summer airs,
Had grace for others' sins, but none for theirs. . . .
The astonished vulgar trembled while he tore
The mask from faces never seen before;
He stripped the imposters in the noonday sun,
Showed that they followed all they seemed to shun;
Their prayers made public, their excesses kept
As private as the chambers where they slept;
The temple and its holy rites profaned
By mummeries He that dwelt in it disdained;
Uplifted hands, that at convenient times
Could act extortion and the worst of crimes,
Washed with a neatness scrupulously nice,
And free from every taint but that of vice."

First Week, Seventh Day

And when it was day, he called unto him his disciples: and of them he chose twelve, whom also he named apostles: Simon (whom he also named Peter) and Andrew his brother, James and John, Philip and Bartholomew, Matthew and Thomas, James the Son of Alphæus, and Simon called Zelotes, and Judas the brother of James, and Judas Iscariot, which also was the traitor—Luke 6:13-16.

It was almost certainly at the time of the appointing of the twelve that the Sermon on the Mount was delivered. We shall understand the sermon best when we recall the circumstances

of Jesus' youth, the divine revelation at his baptism and the quiet weeks of preparation in the wilderness, the violent expulsion from Nazareth, the wide preaching and healing in Galilee, the immense popularity of the young prophet who had attracted crowds from all the country round about, the rapidly increasing bitterness of the hostile leaders of the community and nation, and the growing feeling in Jesus' mind that he might have to go to an early death, thus making it necessary for him to have trained representatives to carry on the message.

Out of the crowd who followed him, therefore, the Master now selects twelve men. Peter, Andrew, James, John, and Matthew had already met Jesus and had been invited to share the cause (see Luke 5). Twelve was perhaps the number of intimate disciples which most of the prophets had had. At any rate Jesus feels that to face the terrific spiritual experiences in store for him in the days ahead he needs must have near him a small group of intimate and sympathetic friends. It was a wayfaring, self-sacrificing, homeless, penniless life of missionary ministry to which he called them. It is surprising that these men responded so quickly. And there must have been hundreds besides in the multitude who gladly and eagerly would have followed him had they been chosen. It was a precious privilege to be in that group of the Master's first brotherhood, but all who were chosen were of the humbler class of life. The twelve entrusted with his cause were of the poor (with the possible exception of Matthew), who found it comparatively easy to leave all and follow him.

"Not chance, but choice, did first apostles make;
Christ did not them at all adventures take;
But as his heavenly wisdom thought most fit
For his won purpose, so he ordered it.
He raised not an army for to fight
And force religion, but did men invite
By gentle means. Twelve of the simpler sort
Served to make up his train, and kept his court."

MEDITATION FOR THE WEEK

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth, and taught them.—Matt. 5:1-2.

I

For days Jesus had been teaching and preaching and healing continually. The tide of public favor was running high. The sick and the leprous and the blind had hobbled their way to him in yearning hope of healing. The cripples had been carried by friends to be laid by the wayside for his touch as he passed by. The beggars and the outcasts had heard of the new messenger of God, and they had come seeking a new life of hope. The bereaved, the troubled, the distressed had learned of a face bright with a divine and unquenchable joy, and they too had arrived within the borders of Galilee with all confidence that some angel from the other world might tell them of an immortal promise. Pharisees, scribes, elders, and doctors of the law, hearing of the impulsive young heretic, had come thither with but one dire purpose: to gain some evidence which might deliver him into their hateful hands. For they were filled with jealousy at his popularity with the people, and with a terrible anger because of his fearless rebukes of the accepted customs in religion and society. It was a vast assemblage and there was no place within the village where the crowd could comfortably congregate. Jesus, therefore, wisely led them out from the narrow streets up a slight incline to an ample hill where in the open beneath God's sky was plenty of room for all who would come to hear him.

Behind the mists of the centuries the actual site of the sermon is hidden. An early western tradition identifies it as the Horns of Hattin, twin peaks west of the shores of Galilee. Jerome mentions Mount Tabor, which is southwest of the Sea of Galilee. The site is certainly among the many hills just west of the Galilæan lake, and very probably in that region close to the thickly populated shore between Magdala and Capernaum.

At any rate it is not hard for us to reconstruct the extraordinary scene of that momentous sermon. Jesus has been all night in prayer on the brow of the hill. At dawn he

selects from among his most intimate friends twelve men who are to share his most personal comradeship within the inner circle of brotherhood. The events that follow are something in the nature of an ordination service. The Master no doubt is seated on or near a bowlder. Among Orientals one never stands when he can be seated. The sitting position is the one universally assumed by the public teacher. It is a position of ease and comfort and informality. Near the feet of Jesus sit also the newly appointed twelve. Around the circle of the hillside, some sitting, some lying, a few standing, are the multitudes of people who have come to listen. Mostly poor and humble folk they are, a goodly number in rags, a great number sickly and pale and diseased, many quite destitute, some starving. In the foreground there are fishermen and mechanics and artisans. Here are the laborers and the ever-present shepherds. Here are mothers nursing their children, or even young boys and girls with their younger sisters and brothers. On one side one may see a little group of whispering scribes and Pharisees. Here are the Roman soldiers, sent by the tetrarch to verify fears of sedition. Probably on the fringe of the crowd one perceives strangers, foreigners, travelers, stopping for a moment to see what it is all about. Sinners and saints they are, diseased and distressed, callous and cold, humble and proud, a few in silk but most in homespun or tattered remnants; they represent a pretty good cross-section of the humanity of that ancient world. And if we knew their hearts, we should see a fair cross-section of what human nature is like in our own day. Here speaks the Master then; he who in later days will meet many of this same multitude and have his ardent, young, and beautiful life crushed out upon their bloody cross! Let us look again through the eyes of Caroline Hazard at that hill-top temple:

“An upland hill, with sandy soil and bare;
Tall tufts of grass start from the barren ground
And branching bushes; scattered all around
Are jagged rocks to form a shelter where
The foxes still have holes and make their lair;
While birds of prey up in the still profound
Of lambent sky are circling o’er the mound

Twin-crested, basking in the springtime air.
It was upon that sun-crowned little hill
Beneath the Syrian sky the Master spoke
Such blessed words that they are living still!"

II

It is scarcely possible for us to imagine all the exquisite contrasts of that Oriental spring morning. Brilliant hues of springtime mountain flowerets must have filled the crannies and nooks of the rocky hillsides. Soft, rich green foliage of bending olive trees must have lifted welcome shade for a fortunate few from the bright, streaming sun of the glaring eastern sky. Bright-colored costumes, here and there, touched the company with starry brightness. Singing birds wheeled overhead in the blue of heaven. Sheep browsed lazily in the scarce grass of the lower pastures, adding an element of peace and carefree nature to a scene which otherwise spoke of sickness and sin and heart-hungry humanity. To the north the gleaming white peak of Hermon reflected the brilliance of the morning sun. While to the south Tabor's green sides made marvelous contrast against the prevailing stone-gray of the Palestinian landscape.

What a glorious day it was for the Master! It was not only the high-day of his popularity. It was not only the spiritual birthday of twelve of his friends. But it was the day upon which he was to pronounce in unmistakable accents those truths which were to stand before men as teaching for eternity! But even more: the very ground upon which he sat, in memory of his mighty life of love, was to be named forever Holy Land! This day he had called confused and perplexed and needy souls to a service in Nature's temple. And all the world seemed to conspire to add beauty to the divine scene. For sweet incense the flowers offered their fragrant perfume. For text the lilies lifted their snow-white chalices filled with golden dew. For anthem the larks chanted their exquisite music. For altar the greensward gave its brilliant sheen. For pulpit a mighty boulder was prepared. The cathedral naves were even Hermon on the north and Tabor on the south, and over all was the arched ceiling of royal blue. How many an inspiring vista did the congregation see

from the mountain height that glorious morning! What pleasing, healing prospects stretched before their view! They did not realize, however, that before them was the highest mountain peak of human character, the divinest man that ever breathed!

As again we vision in our thought that unique occasion, something of the same spell of wonder and inspiration comes over us even as it overwhelmed those first disciples. We feel emotions moving over our hearts too profound to explain, calling forth from our lips the same words of adoration which were uttered by George Matheson:

"Son of Man before whose portrait I stand today,
Thou art still unique, alone. . . .
Others have stood on the same Mount with Thee,
But Thou alone hast caught the glory.
To me Thou speakest ever, not on the Mount but from the
Mount.
Thy voice is from aloft; I am always below it.
I may have seen the painted rainbow in the sky,
Yet the rainbow in the sky remains original.
So it is with my sight of Thee.
Thy face gives new meaning to the instincts of my soul.
Old words on Thy lips become winged.
Plain chords on Thy harp become melody.
Truths spoken long ago become discoveries in Thee.
The trite terms of endearment that man utters to man thrill
With the surprise of pathos when they are uttered by Thee.
The language is from Galilee, but the accent is from
Heaven!"

III

He who would climb the steep ascent of the soul's great adventure and stand with Jesus on the mountain top of vision must pay the price Jesus paid. He who would understand to the full the holy truth of this charter of Christian faith, called the Sermon on the Mount, must enter its spirit through the same door of fearless, unequivocal consecration to God's will for humanity. For thirty years he husbanded his strength for this transcendent hour. To the occasion he came in full possession of all his energies and powers, physical,

mental, moral, and spiritual. All night we see him in silent communion with the great All-Father that in the morning all the hidden recesses of his spirit may be ready with inspiration and instinct with magnetic force. The responsibility is great but *he is ready!*

His theme is determined by his audience. With masterful skill he pictures the Ideal Life as a spiritual condition, not a worldly possession. He depicts the only reliable bases for a worthy human society. He shows how a corrupt and confused, how an unjust and cruel and disordered world has emerged from the faultiness of the current social and religious ideals. He contrasts the empty formalism of the old religion with the serene peace and abiding satisfaction of the new. With keen ethical insight and penetrating spiritual understanding he points out the true treasures of life as not outward abundance but inward contentment, not the accumulation of riches but atonement with God. He shows with remorseless logic that the secret of a good life is not correct orthodoxy but worthy character. Through the sermon runs an undercurrent of direct address as if he were talking pointedly to the newly ordained men in the front row. But at the same time words leap out to rebuke the cold formalism of the Pharisees, to convert the worldly from the futile mammon pursuit, and to comfort the sorrowing and the broken-hearted.

While the Master was adjusting this message to the hearts of the multitude before him, at the same time he was speaking to the world unlimited by time or space. He was aiming to state the fundamental principles of living so that they would be universally intelligible. He was deducing personal and social laws for humanity's guidance, laws as real and as abiding as evolution or gravitation or chemical affinity or electricity. Every bit of his profound intellectual genius, every ounce of physical energy, and every resource of his magnificent spiritual capacity were called into play that he might set forth here a real word of God for the guidance of the Father's earthly children.

Jesus is here more in line with Amos and Isaiah and Jeremiah and Hosea than with Moses or Ezekiel. He is the prophet of the glowing face, hair rustling in the breeze, eyes shining like stars, body thrilling and pulsating under the strong emotion of a divine pronouncement. Back of every

sentence is the urge of earnest thought, the depth of ultimate truth, the force of experiential conviction. The whole message suggests a controlled power, a sublime resourcefulness. In every sentence we see scintillating, yet simple, truth that goes deep to the heart of nature and humanity. Every example of winsome statement is employed: picture, paradox, and parable, symbol, simile, epigram, and metaphor. It is the startling style of the seer who sees, the spokesman of God who has the courage to speak. Here are no theological mysteries, no philosophical vagaries, no cynical pessimisms, but the bright and shining truth of one whose soul windows were clean as the day to receive the light of the Creator's revealing!

IV

The New Testament is full of the words of Jesus, but nowhere can we find anything that compares with the sentences of the Sermon on the Mount for obvious Christlikeness in color and quality and fire. In many places in our gospels his words have been made the vehicle for old and puzzling prophecies by Jewish scribes and editors. Some took his clear narratives and gave them a supernatural turn; others inserted ecclesiastical references and eschatological promises in the simple discourses. These were not always deliberate dishonesties but ignorant misinterpretations of the real meaning of the Master's message. Jesus was as far above the heads of his friends and the men who edited his biographies as he is above the average mass of men today. Often his closest intimates misunderstood and misquoted him. His vision of the Kingdom of Heaven was so new and revolutionary that its implications fell on deaf ears and unresponsive hearts. Indeed, Jesus himself says that his message was to fall on gross hearts, dull ears, and closed eyes (Matt. 13:10-17). If men say they cannot be sure what Jesus said, we can refer them with safety to the Sermon on the Mount in the fifth, sixth and seventh chapters of Matthew. For there as nowhere else do we find the unadulterated thoughts of the Master.

But life is different today, say some. Why try to live according to a code enunciated twenty centuries ago in the dim ages of antiquity? But *is* life different? Externals are,

yes. But *life itself*—still the same! Different houses, different food, different clothes, different schools, different churches, different books—yes. But houses are still made of wood and stone for the purpose of dwelling in them. Clothes still come from sheep's wool, field cotton, and hides, and serve the same purpose of covering the body. Foods still come from grains, fruits, animals, vegetables, fish, and serve the same end of nourishment. Schools are still based on the search for truth (or ought to be) and churches on the longing for God (or should be!). Books still are "papyrus" sheets to bear records and writings. Our modern world is most surely altered externally, but inwardly it is the same old world, with the same old human needs and problems. Still sin and fear and selfishness are the arch-demons that destroy. To be sure, we are confronted today with gigantic political, industrial, professional, and institutional problems which Jesus never had to face. But what will solve them so quickly as the application of the truth which Jesus has given us in the Sermon on the Mount? "In the so-called ages of faith," says Dr. E. F. Scott, "the New Testament, with its counsels of perfection, was hardly permitted to interfere in the ordinary business of life. In our days, when the old beliefs are tottering, it has become the most practical factor in the world's affairs!"

The duty of men today who believe in progress is to appropriate and use every resource which will aid humanity's forward march. This spirit of progress has already expressed itself in marvelous contributions to man's comfort and convenience. Machinery has transformed industry, the engine has revolutionized travel, the radio and the telephone have vastly increased the radius of communication, and the sciences generally have contributed tremendously to the material progress of man. The development of man's moral and spiritual nature, however, has not kept pace with his mechanical development of the world's resources. Herein lies civilization's great danger. In our program for society we have neglected to embody a morality training robust enough, a character discipline adequate enough, and a religion sane enough to coöperate with and inspire our mechanical powers for *higher and nobler ends*! Christianity, possessing the priceless heritage of inspiration and truth embodied in Jesus Christ, ought to be able to contribute to human society the needed moral fiber

and the truer spiritual heart. The men and women crowding our churches are unaware of their opportunity and their responsibility. They really want to contribute to moral and spiritual progress, but they do not know the issues, and they lack the wisdom and power to go ahead if they did. *The way to begin is to live the Sermon on the Mount. It, and it alone, gives us an adequate character standard and behavior ideal.* To the extent that individuals can put to practice the religion enshrined in this sermon will Christians make any difference to our materialistic world. "A man is vitally and inwardly a Christian," says Dr. Fosdick, "only to the degree in which he himself possesses the kind of religion which Jesus Christ possessed!"

We can come up this gleaming mount with Jesus Christ and hear his words, and if we have no moral courage in us, we can go back down to the valleys to walk no more with him. But it may be that on these moral heights we shall breathe the invigorating air of noble and lofty idealism, the very breath of heaven. If we do once catch the thrill and contagion of it all, we shall not want to lose the glory of this higher life for the darkness of the misty flats below. No society can rise above the dark confusion and strife set up by the blind and careless sin and injustice which go on in the world's low spots, unless a considerable number of men and women accept and live the personal and social standards of this Sermon on the Mount. It stands as a perpetual challenge at the crossroads of life: "This do and ye shall live; this deny and ye shall perish!" Votaw rightly estimates the value of this summary of Christian idealism when he says, "These words of Jesus present an ideal of human life, founded upon religious truth and ethical principles, which have been and are intuitively recognized as the highest standard of life yet conceived, or even the ultimate standard to which mankind can and must attain!"

V

Here, then, stands Christianity's heroic and fearless poet on his Mount of vision! He speaks with authority because of what is in him: noble character, beautiful personality, poetic imagination, spiritual insight. These qualities combine to

make him earth's rarest prophet. Even today he calls his disciples to him, and asks them to sit with him for a little space to meditate on life's meaning and society's future! No line he draws between them and him. What he has done, he assumes they can do. What he is, he assumes they can be. He only asks that they follow his way to the life that is true and happy and fearless and godlike even as his own. He inspires, yet he challenges. He awakes eager hope, yet he fiercely rebukes sin. He believes supremely in man's capacity, but he warns against man's ruin. In man's possibilities his faith is great, but in God's goodness his trust is greater!

A friend of mine once spoke disparagingly of another's sermons, calling them "sentimental poetry." No man who talks like that can possibly appreciate the divine message of this sermon. For every line of it is gloriously sentimental and wonderfully poetic. The Master is here the Strong Spokesman of God, and no shallow religionist, ruled by prejudice, can understand the deep thoughts of life that issue from his soul! The Master here is the Sweet Singer of Galilee, and his song is the sublimest spiritual poetry to which man ever listened!

The traveler may today stand in the streets of Bruges, near the old cathedral. About him is all the clatter of the market square, feet tramping, tongues rattling at booths and stores; then suddenly a shower of sweet notes falls from the tower above. Crisp tinklings as of a bird's trill at first, fine warblings then come trembling down from the spire until the whole air is filled with deeper and deeper tones of the sonorous bells, until at last they all unite in pouring forth an unearthly melody in strange contrast to the scene of vulgar life in the market place. In some such way the sweetness and exquisite beauty of Jesus' words fell upon that strange group on the Palestinian hillside long ago. From the rare and delicate truths of the opening lines to the wider and deeper messages of the new dispensation, they chime and ring like spiritual bells announcing a new and better age. No one dreamed how noble they were at the time. But today we see that no man can win life's fullest victory unless these bells of truth awake his sleeping conscience and inspire to life's supreme adventure: *the quest of perfect nobility and self-surrendered service!* The world will never tire of hear-

ing the spiritual music of these bells. Nor will men fail to acclaim him who heeds and goes out upon the quest where leads this victorious Poet of Galilee. For we all willingly join in tribute with those thrilling words of William Ellery Leonard:

"Gods, because more than all others,
Gods, because men at man's worth,
Ye, both our masters and brothers,
Poets of Earth!

Out of a wonderful place
Out of the ancient Design,
Out of the soul of the race,
Out of the nameless Divine,
Fed on the past and its dearth,
Fed on the fulness to be,
Whether from Ind, or Ægæan,
Jordan or Tiber, or waters that flow through our land to
the sea,

Saviors from æon to æon:
Praise be to all!—but to thee,
Praise above praise, Galilean! . . .
Even from me . . . even from me!"

O God, our heavenly Father, help us to see again the vision of that bright Face upon the Mount. Give us courage to face the great truth that drops from those lips, that we may go out to build a better world in the new day by the power of His spirit. Amen.

LIFE QUESTIONS

1. Why is the Sermon on the Mount as recorded in Matthew 5, 6 and 7 so valuable for a knowledge of Jesus and his message?

2. Can you find elements in the sermon which suggest that Jesus was replying to the criticism of the Pharisees? comforting the sorrowing? rebuking the common quest for riches? cautioning youth? attacking the Roman government? suggesting a solution for war and violence?

3. "The first thing Jesus did as a teacher was to make men re-think God. . . ."

Make a list of the attributes of God referred to by Jesus in the sermon. Was the vision of God in Jesus' eyes different in any vital respects from that of the prophets' vision of Jehovah?

4. Re-read Matthew 5-7, and list the common customs of the religion of the day, the ordinary standards of morals, the impulses that influenced personal and social behavior.

5. Some scholars say the sermon is a mere compilation of collected sayings, and never was delivered as an actual discourse. Judging from internal evidence of the sermon itself what would you say as to this?

6. Can you find in the sermon passages which suggest the events which immediately preceded its preaching, such as his immense popularity with the common people, the growing hostility of the Pharisees and their group, the rejection at Nazareth, the vision at the Baptism, the experience in the Wilderness, the calling of the twelve?

7. The Ten Commandments announced by Moses from Mount Sinai had been the law of the Jews. In what way does Jesus alter them? Does he fail to mention any one of these laws?

8. Why does Jesus fail to mention in this greatest sermon the Christian doctrines which loom so large in the creeds?

9. Make a list of little windows in this sermon through which we may look at the common life of Jesus' day, at some of his own experiences, at the inmost struggles of his own heart.

10. What is the secret of Jesus' method as a teacher? What is his purpose? Define the kingdom of God as taught by Jesus.

CHAPTER II

Secrets of Happiness in the New Day

DAILY READINGS

All the world is concerned with the quest of happiness. Different folks may call it different names, but if the heart could define its yearnings it would phrase them in terms of joy. The artist, the student, the man of business, the athlete, even the monk and the nun in the monastery, and all the rest of us are consciously or unconsciously engaged in the same eternal quest. But few of us are finding what we seek. May not this failure be due to the fact that we lack a clear idea of what happiness really is? May it not come about that happiness eludes us because we seek her in the wrong way? In our daily readings, let us see what Jesus can tell us about this questing for happiness which absorbs the interest of us all.

Second Week, First Day

Behold the fig tree, and all the trees; when they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves that summer is nigh at hand. So likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand.—Luke 21:29-31.

Let us recognize, at the outset, that *the discovery of the secret of happiness may mean a seeing of God's wondrous beauty all about us in earth's commonest things*. Not a blade of grass, not a leaf-dripping bough, not a pebble on the shore,

not a piece of board, not one of those humblest things right near us but is full of beauty and wonder if we have eyes to see it. The kingdom of God is nigh us in the plainest tasks, in the commonest places, and in ways which we least expect.

Rupert Brooke, the beloved soldier-poet of Britain, had this insight which sees joy in common things, when he sang:

"These I have loved, white plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, fairy dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamplight; and the strong crust
Of friendly bread!"

In bird and bee and flower and tree, when summer comes back again, we see God coming in his kingdom of Nature. In treasures of bird-song, in lovely vistas of bright gardens, we too shall know and see that heaven is nigh at hand. We shall find happiness like the Psalmist who saw God in the dew of Hermon descending in fresh glory, in the springs sending their waters through the valleys, in the rich green grass and the delicate flower. Let the joy-seeker learn his lesson from that beautiful poem of Mary Thayer's, "To a Tourist":

"Is it beauty that you seek,
O traveler?
Is it beauty you would find?
But beauty lives within the mind
And heart of man. Forbear to peer
Down distant roads. Beauty is near.

"Do you think that in strange lands,
On tropic seas—
She is more fair? More real?
O wanderer, when will you feel
The breath of beauty in the air,
And touch her garment everywhere?

"O restless feet, O tired eyes,
Seeking afar
That which slumbers in the grass
Beneath your footsteps as you pass;
That which to an instant clings,
And dwells in little common things!"

Second Week, Second Day

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God.—John 3:3.

Finding the secret of happiness may involve, for some at least, *a radical change in personal conduct and habit of life*. There may be certain habits ingrained in our lives which must be absolutely cast out before we can know real happiness. Many a man must be born again before he can enter the kingdom of God's happiness.

When Higgins went among the lumber-jacks of the Minnesota woods he found them hilariously in pursuit of what they called pleasure, but which was really their own ruin. It was his problem to win to real happiness such men as "Jimmie the Beast," a low, notorious brute who actually emerged one day drunk and hungry from a Deer River Saloon to rob a bulldog of his bone and gnaw it himself. He had to rescue to real living such men as "Damned Soul Jenkins," who after his weekly spree would go moaning into the forest, conceiving himself condemned to roast forever in hell, and beyond the power of his mother's prayers to save him. Such men have no hope of happiness unless they pass before the conquering power of Jesus to be born anew into a finer life.

That Jesus can personally capture a man ruined by bad habits and bless him with new life is not mere theory. It has been done, many times. One of the happiest men I know today is a friend whom I had the joy to help through to victory in a hard struggle with drink and poverty and discouragement; he was born again on his knees in the presence of Jesus. I have seen men at the old Water Street Mission, with shining faces and beautiful lives, tell of their joy as it came to them through a transformed life. *Verily, except a man be born again from the old life with its ugly sins to the new life with its spiritual power, he cannot know the kingdom of true happiness!*

Second Week, Third Day

But Jesus called them unto him and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever

shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein—Luke 18:16-17.

The releasing of real happiness in our lives may oftentimes depend *on our possessing the childlike spirit*. The real sinners of this world are not always those who give their bodies over to gross physical sin. But the real sinners are frequently those who have hearts full of pride and deceit and anger and all forms of spiritual sin and *secret* faults. As Marguerite Wilkinson has so well put it: "Pride in virtue cold and small may be the foulest sin of all!" The man who sins against his own body injures no one but himself. But the man who brings to the world a hardness of heart, an evil disposition, a spirit of jealousy and pride and ill-will, will spoil not only his own happiness but the happiness of everyone around him. The kingdom of God cannot be received, said Jesus, unless we have the spirit of little children.

For the little child is teachable. It's little heart is as open as the sky is to the sunlight. The child knows not the studied stubbornness of the grown-up nor yet the proud ostracism of the eternally critical Pharisee. It is as natural as breathing for a child to be kind, tenderhearted, frank, honest, sincere. It learns the opposites of these from its elders. The rigid ice of many a cold, selfish heart must first be broken under the hammer of a holy humility before it can stoop with simplicity to enter that low door which leadeth unto life. Very meek, very pure, very innocent, very trusting must that life be which would enter the kingdom Jesus means. *For whosoever will not receive this kingdom in the spirit of a little child shall never enter into its joy!*

Second Week, Fourth Day

My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.—John 5:17.

Moreover, our happiness may depend upon our *seeing the world as a workshop and recognizing our main task as the creation of a personality which will be a work of art, the best life we know built of the best materials God has given!*

One suspects that Jesus was the supreme craftsman in the realm of character because he first learned the lesson of

patience in his father's carpenter shop. Modeling yokes, constructing tables, carving cups and household implements, he learned the beauty of noble proportion and the joy of a task perfectly done. He sought to be a worker as patient and as perfect as his heavenly Father. When, therefore, the more serious business of building a life confronted him he rose superbly to the work, and, as in the grueling toil of the shop at Nazareth he held firmly to the task in hand through pain and weariness of spirit, so he held to the personal ideal through every bitter misunderstanding and every temptation to relax.

Not otherwise shall we find life's best satisfactions. If we spurn the vision which every day shines before our eyes, that vision of our best self, it shall slowly fade and we shall be left with the unhappiness of an imperfect character. Bishop Doane gives us a hint of the glory that comes when personality is created through conscious coöperation with the Father:

"Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on that shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision;
With Heaven's own light the sculpture shone—
He had caught that angel vision."

Second Week, Fifth Day

These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.—John 15:11.

Finding permanent happiness may also mean that we have *the capacity for the enjoyment of life the way Jesus did.*

The joy of Jesus was not based on carnal pleasures. The world of his day was full of opportunities to gratify the passions of the flesh. Many there were who took that road to what they thought was joy but which turned to dust and ashes in their hands. Many stood amazed in the presence of that serene happiness which he carried with him always even

unto death. "My joy," he said he would give them, and that joy was a deep thing of the spirit, an unquenchable flame of holy happiness which never burned low.

A little street girl once taught a nurse the meaning of happiness. Injured in a street accident she was taken to a hospital, where she seemed to enjoy herself immensely, despite her injury. One day she said to the nurse, "Say, I'm havin' real good times here. Didje ever hear about Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, and added, "Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more!"

Then said the child, "I thought you looked as if you didn't and I was going to tell you."

"Why, how do I look?" asked the nurse.

"O, just like most o' folks—kind o' glum!" replied the child. And that is a pretty good description of Christians filling our churches, and folks filling our world today, they mostly look "kind o' glum."

This characteristic atmosphere of depression which glooms the life of so many people, supposedly living with the religion of Jesus, arises from a failure fully to appreciate the meaning of Jesus' joy. *Our joy will be transitory, never brimming over in undiminished gladness, until we learn in his way to derive life's best enjoyment from the high realm of the spirit!*

Second Week, Sixth Day

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—John 14:27.

These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.—John 16:33.

As we go this world's pilgrim way, we must not forget that along the road many distractions, many disappointments, many heart-breaking experiences may be in store for us. How can we keep joy through this? Possessing happiness in the presence of the world's unideal situations may involve a *divine contentment*. While one may wisely be dissatisfied with things as they are among men, the petty strifes, the

mean spirits, the human errors that cry out for redemption, the social wrongs that crush human beings beneath cruel injustices, and while one may well engage with his brothers in all efforts to save, nevertheless, *through it all one must still be a contented crusader.*

"Who is wise?" asks Ben Franklin. "He that learns from every one. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content. Who is that? Nobody!" How can we be continually rich with the happiness that faileth not unless we learn a peaceful contentment so deep the imperfections of the world cannot reach it? "I have learned," testifies that radiant apostle Paul, "in every state to be content!" If the world be troubled around you, says Jesus, let not your heart be. There you can know my contentment and my peace. If the world seems to give you only tribulation, fare forward without fear. Take unto your spirits my undimmed good cheer which can overcome the world's troubles, every one! In the world we will have tribulation, we will have sorrow and suffering, but *still can we keep Christ's peace!* Burns shows us the spirit:

"Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.
Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim."

Second Week, Seventh Day

I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.—Matt. 16:19.

Our realizing of life's joy may in the final analysis involve our ability and our willingness to bring our religion into vital and living relation to our everyday life!

After the benediction churchgoers pass out of the pews and through the church door, frequently saying in their hearts something like this, "Good-bye, Religion. I'll be back next Sunday." Of what value is a religion which can be put on like a coat on Sunday and then hung up in the closet of

forgetfulness the rest of the week? The religion of Jesus selects no special Sabbath out of life's days when piety and holiness and quickening joy are found and then forgotten on ordinary days. He wants every day as vitally full of strength-giving and joy-giving religion as we can make it.

Carlyle said that the man who sings at his work is the hope of the world. It may be so. It suggests, however, that society will be redeemed when men and women carry to every endeavor of ordinary life the joyful spirit and the holy God-consciousness of Jesus. We must unlock heaven with the golden key of Jesus' faith and let it free in the actual world. "Yesterday," wrote Ruskin, "I went for a walk. As I came down a quiet hillside, a mile or two out of town, I passed a house where women were at work spinning silk. There was a whirring sound as in an English mill; but at intervals they sang a low, sweet, chant, all together, lasting about two minutes, then pausing a minute, and then beginning again. It was good and tender music, and the *multitude of voices prevented any sense of failure*, so that it was very lovely and sweet, and like the things I mean to try to bring to pass!"

When we all carry into our everyday living the sweet, vital joy of Jesus' faith, we shall begin to understand that prayer we have so often prayed without real thought of its meaning, "Thy kingdom come *on earth* as it is in heaven!"

MEDITATION ON THE MASTER'S THOUGHT

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.—Matt. 5:3-12.

I

To the Scientist we go for knowledge, to the Philosopher for insight, but to the Poet for knowledge and insight added to inspiration. That fair soul, Shelley, defined a poem as "*the very image of life expressed in its external truth,*" and of poetry he said that it was "*the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds.*" Whatever we may think of Shelley's definitions, this at least we know: there is a penetrating clearness about poetry which is not always present in the statements of science; there is an emotional element connected with it which the dry definitions of philosophers always lack; and, above all, in true poetry, there is an exalted inspiration which we feel is as truly the warmth of the poet's own soul as fragrance is the aroma of the flower.

But the true poet not only reveals life's deepest truths to us, but he helps us to organize them in our own lives. So, truly speaks our noble Sidney, "Of all sciences the Poet is the Monarch. He dooth not only show the way, but giveth so sweete a prospect . . . as will entice any man to enter it. Nay, he dooth as if your journey should lye through a fayre Vineyard, at the first gives you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to passe further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions . . . but hee commeth to you with words set in delightful proportion; and with a tale forsooth he commeth unto you: with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner."

Poetry thus powerfully appeals to man because it comes to him on a universal plane. For, after all, the harmonies of the universe are in man as much as they are in the singing spheres. His very heart's blood beats to a time, and like the ebb and flow of the eternal tides his very soul seems to be in tune with a recurring rhythm throughout all creation. In our materialistic day there is an attempt to divorce man from his poetic environment, to clip the wings of his imagination, to drown his dreams in the ocean of reality, to remove

all his tenderest visions with the magic wand of one word: *sentimentality!*

But are not the most priceless treasures of life saturated from top to bottom with sentiment? To hate poetry as sentiment is to blight the best emotions of the whole race. "What is it to hate poetry?" asks Lord Dunsany. "It is to have no little dreams or fancies, no holy memories of golden days, to be unmoved by serene midsummer evenings or dawn over wild lands, singing or sunshine, glowworms or briar roses; for of all of these things and more is poetry made! It is to be cut off forever from the fellowship of great men that are gone; to see men and women without their halos and the world without its glory; to miss the meaning lurking behind the common things, like elves hiding in flowers; it is to beat one's hands all day against the gates of fairyland and to find that they are shut and the country empty, and its Kings gone hence!"

To neglect poetry means more. It is to lose the most beautiful gems of the Bible, the Psalms, especially the Shepherd Psalm, the magnificent passages of Isaiah, most of the Proverbs, book after book in the Old Testament, and page after page in the New Testament. To see no value in poetry is to deny the beauty of most of the glorious words of Jesus. For the cadences of his lyrical voice must have been as sweet as any singing; and when we turn to our Sermon on the Mount we find it is nothing else but a sublime poem, the most exalted spiritual poem ever uttered. How those words must have trembled with a divine sweetness when first they fell from the lips of the Master of all poets:

"Consider the lilies how they grow, they toil not neither do they spin;
Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat and what ye shall drink;
Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth . . . but lay up treasures in heaven. . . .
Ask and ye shall receive; seek, ye shall find; knock, it will be opened unto you. . . .
Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things will be added unto you!"

Why are these simple words quoted on all tongues, inscribed today in countless books, chanted in many cathedrals, and inscribed, from childhood, upon innumerable hearts? Because in them we find enshrined the simplest and most beautiful truth. And because, as a vase filled with old rose petals keeps its fragrance, these simple words carry with them as in a chalice the glow and beauty and power of Jesus.

II

At the very beginning of the Sermon on the Mount we find the most striking words of the whole message. It is as if the Master were trying to gain the instant attention of the crowd. It is as if he would say some word of tender hope and loving faith, at the very outset to relax and uplift their minds. "He beginneth not with obscure definitions . . . but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion . . . with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner!" And truly these winsome words must have held every hearer in the grip of an intense interest:

"Happy are ye when your soul is empty unto God that the kingdom of heaven may fill it;

Happy are ye who have passed through sorrow, for truer and deeper will be your peace;

Happy are ye who are meek, for you shall win a world of friendship;

Happy are ye who long for a good life, your achievements shall be great;

Happy are ye who are tenderhearted, for you shall know love and affection;

Happy are ye who have pure hearts, for you shall have spiritual sight;

Happy are ye who bring peace in the world, ye shall be called princes of good-will;

Happy are ye who suffer unpopularity and hardship now in a good cause, the kingdom of joy will come in your hearts.

Happy are ye who suffer insult and vile treatment and cruel slander in the service of humanity and truth. The secret of all true happiness is yours. For all true prophets have thus suffered before you."

Jesus is here emphasizing the good attitudes (BE-ATTITUDES) which empower life and bless it with true and permanent happiness. He classifies these attitudes into personal and social groups, as they have influence either in our own inward lives or in the lives of other people.

In the personal group, he places first *the attitude of self-renunciation*. The poor in spirit are those who have utterly emptied their hearts to a complete poverty of all self-will, all selfishness, all stubbornness of heart. They are those who have become as limp as clay that the hand of God may mold them as he will. They seek to be as clean as an empty cup to be filled with the living water of life. They seek to be as receptive as a clean, white sheet of paper on which God may inscribe his divine message. They long to be as clear as a reed through which the breath of God may make whatever sweet music he will. It is to be poor toward the pride and satisfaction of self that one may be rich in the power and peace which cometh from God. And in that consists the kingdom of heaven.

In the second place, he puts *the attitude of submissiveness in sorrow*. Those who mourn are the sinners who are sincerely repentant, the invalids of earth who have passed through the fire of wracking pain, the troubled of earth who have come through great tribulation. They have washed their robes in the refining experience of sorrow, and they have come through sweeter and stronger and with a deeper peace. We all know that is true to life. How many saints have crossed our path whose lives were radiant with a sweetness that was born of suffering and brought forth in sorrow. They have mourned, and through their mourning came a comfort like unto the dawning of a glad new day after the terrors of darkness and the night!

Moreover, there is *the attitude of longing for uprightness*. Your gaining the good life, Jesus says, depends upon how much you want it. A deep and divine hunger must urge on your soul; a profound thirsting, for the realization in your own life of the ideals of the higher life, must possess you. It is not a craving for worldly recognition nor reputation. It is a deliberate choosing of the achievement of character as life's worthiest effort. The realest satisfaction life can

give is prepared for those "who hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Furthermore, Jesus says, *another essential personal attitude is that of purity of heart*. In the court of the Israelitish sanctuary, between the tabernacle and the altar, was a round brass vessel filled with water. It served for the washing of the hands and feet of the priests before they went into the tabernacle, and was called the *laver*. Jesus was saying that outward washing was not enough. Men may be clean outwardly, but what good is it if inwardly they are foul and dirty? Hearts that would know God must be washed absolutely and utterly clean of all ill-will, of all lust and pride and spite and malice and secret fault. How can you expect, said Jesus, to have spiritual sight when the windows of your soul are unclean—windows that blind with the dirt of sin, and hamper spiritual vision with the grime of selfishness and falsehood?

In the second group, which deals with social influence, we find first *the attitude of meekness*. Meekness is the gracious humility which "seeketh not its own." It is that gentle, yielding virtue which is never aggressive for self. This quiet courtesy, remaining gentle under all approaches, is the thing that will inherit the earth, said the Master. That is exactly what we find to be true in nature. The lowly earthworm has inherited the earth in a way we least expect. Not a bit of vegetable mold is ground to fertility, not the slightest aëration of the soil could take place without these humble creatures. All agriculture waits for their efforts, and so they are actually the head gardeners of the universe. Again, an excellent example is afforded by the animal kingdom. Savage animals, like the lion and the tiger and the hyena, gradually are exterminated from the earth, while the meeker animals, the sheep, the cow, the horse, the dog remain as domestic friends of man and literally inherit the earth. Any Hindoo grandee can ride on his elephant and compel his slaves to cry "Bow the knee!" as the proud man passes. But no man can ride into the supremacy of the heart, can enthrone himself in love in the lives of other men, without meekness. The very stars in their courses fight against a man or a nation which out of pride and aggressiveness seeks to inherit the earth. The heritage of a universal supremacy awaits those

who walk the way of humility with him who was "meek and lowly of heart."

The second social grace is that of *mercy*. In olden days, mercy was identical with clemency, that which was offered to an inferior by one in a position of power. Frequently hard-heartedness was looked upon not as vice but as virtue. It was identified with strength and backbone. So we are not surprised to read in Shakespeare's Richard III that the gallant king addresses his friends, the murderers, in this fashion:

"Your eyes drop millstones, where fools' eyes drop tears,
I like you lads!"

Perhaps today we cannot match that. Our cruelty today is expressed largely toward animals and toward so-called criminals (notably in the form of capital punishment); and when it is expressed toward our brothers and sisters it is usually in the form of mental torture. There is, however, an elemental sense of tenderness in every heart. A hard-headed business man once told me the story of his first real grief. A new air rifle suggested a hunting expedition for birds. He crept up on a tame sparrow while it was feeding and shot it. As he took it in his hands and saw the little, fluttering life ebb away, a pang of sadness stabbed his heart. With bloody hands he dug a grave for the little bird and buried it, and, there alone in the tall grass by the grave, he gave way to the sobbing grief he could not withhold. A tenderness of the same pathetic kind is revealed in Burns' beautiful picture of a bird in the storm:

"Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months of spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cower thy chattering wing
And close thy ee?"

All great minds have this depth of tenderness. Burns, perhaps because he possessed it to so remarkable a degree, has become the best beloved of the recent poets. Mercy begets mercy. Love invites love.

SECRETS OF HAPPINESS IN THE NEW DAY [II-m]

The third social attitude is *the attitude of the peacemaker*. It is the attitude of the man who is always seeking to carry with him, not the spirit of strife and dissension, but the spirit which makes for quietness and understanding and peace. His is no errand of lies and ugly rumors and bitter gossip. His is no mission for the stirring up of angry hatreds and reckless violence. All his words are truth spoken in love and all his ways are paths of stillness and peace. Whatsoever things are good, whatsoever things are honest, pure, just, true, and of good report, he strives to think and talk and act on these things that the God of peace may dwell with men. Surely such a soul deserves the name: a very child of the Father!

Finally, Jesus emphasizes with two Beatitudes *the results which will come into a man's soul when he endures persecution and ill-treatment in the service of the truth*. In all personal hardship incurred from others by virtue of one's own fidelity to the highest and best there will come a transcendent sense of joy and victory. It will be the same glorious experience which has flooded the soul of every martyr, which has transfigured the life of every true prophet since the world began. Such noble endurance will make one an eternal part of the great succession of the saints. It will reveal the hidden key to happiness which is only found by those who loyally endure in a good cause.

These, then, are the beautiful attitudes that lead like a ladder unto the heavenly life. These are the graces that bring personal hope and peace, and make society's life sweeter and better: self-lessness, soul-comfort refined in sorrow, the meek and lowly heart, the strong yearning for goodness, tender compassion, the clean and single soul, reconciling good-will, patient loyalty. These are the shining colors of the soul's rainbow, painted by the Master artist of the spirit with words new and clear and compelling. No wonder little children love to lisp them and old men spend hours trying to plumb their depths. *They give us the picture of the ideal life!*

III

If we see more deeply than the surface, we shall find the Beatitudes are nothing but the statement of a rigid law

which lies at the basis of the world. It is a law which in its workings is as remorseless as gravitation. "I do not believe in the Judgment Day," says a young questioner, "I do not see how all our actions, thoughts, words and motives can be checked up." But the judgment day is not in the future; the judgment day is NOW, TODAY, and the stenographer who checks up our records in the book of life is not an angel in the sky, but this abiding and everlasting law of compensation. God does not punish or reward us at some future time. Every action registers its blessing or curse upon the life, *now, immediately!* "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap" *right now!* "He that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted" *right now!* "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword" *not in the future but now!* "All things are double," says Emerson, in his fine essay on Compensation, "one against another. Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love. Give, and it shall be given you. He that watereth shall be watered himself. 'What will you have?' quoth God, 'pay for it and take it.' Nothing venture, nothing have. Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less. Who doth not work shall not eat. Harm hatch, harm catch. Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them. Put a chain around the neck of a slave, and the other end fastens itself around your own. Bad counsel confounds the adviser. The Devil is an ass!"

Put it in clearer words. *Justice is just the way this universe acts.* It gives you what you give. As certainly as if you should press a button to ring a bell or flash a light so quickly does this world respond to your every sign. Let us here state the opposites of Jesus' Beatitudes, and let us notice from our knowledge of human life how inevitable are these other results:

- "Woe to the selfish; the kingdom of darkness is theirs.
- Woe to the callous-hearted; comfort cannot be theirs.
- Woe to the proud; they shall lose everything at last.
- Woe to the indifferent toward uprightness; they shall not know real joy.
- Woe to the hard-hearted; love shall not come to them.

SECRETS OF HAPPINESS IN THE NEW DAY [II-m]

Woe to the unclean of heart; they are blind to the best.
Woe to the strifemakers; they are called children of the devil.
Woe to those who are flattered and coddled and praised
falsely; they know they've lost heaven, for that is always
the fate of the false!"

We have been blaming our misfortune on the world outside,
when all the while it issues from the world inside our hearts.
Underlying the Beatitudes there is this fundamental philosophy:
*to be loved we must be lovable, to be happy we must
give happiness, to know sunshine it must spread from the
center of our own systems, and to be blessed, in the highest
sense, we must bless the world!* No one has ever expressed
this law in clearer terms than Margaret Sangster:

"This world of ours is an even place,
That, like a mirror, reflects a face
As it really is. So if you will smile
You will find that happiness all the while
Will follow you. And if you must frown
You'll see the mouth of the world droop down.

"Just what we give we take away,
Whether it's joy or work or play;
Whether it's fear or eternal youth;
Whether it's falsehood or gleaming truth;
Whether it's gladness or pain and dread;
Whether it's hope or an aching head.

"Just what you plant you will gather in,
And if the harvest you take seems thin,
You've most yourself to blame; the earth
Is always ready to give you mirth!
So, smile up into the morning's face,
And remember, this world is an even place!"

IV

A strange fact, however, is connected with this pursuit of
the ideal life. When a man discovers the light and begins

to follow it with all the fidelity and earnestness at his command, immediately there arises a growing opposition. Often, the very folk he thought would bid him godspeed are those who seem bent on loading his path with obstacles. An inevitable unpopularity in the world seems to be the fate of every soul that embarks on a life of ruthless righteousness. A prophet and a true Christian are liable to be without honor in any country and in any generation. This may be due to misunderstanding or to jealousy. But usually it is because the mass resents a man's being different; *undedicated lives in the presence of a dynamic, decisive, consecrated life are conscious of an indirect rebuke!* This Jesus expects for himself and for his disciples, for two of his Beatitudes are concerned with the way to meet this antagonism and opposition.

Not otherwise has been the continued experience of most of the heroic men and women who have lived ideally for humanity and truth. There is Strauss, honestly striving to create a true and living likeness of the historical Jesus, and adding in his preface these words, "I know very well what sort of reception I have to expect . . . and stand prepared for every sort of demonstration of ill-will, from supercilious silence and scornful disparagement down to accusations of blasphemy and sacrilege." Here is Woodrow Wilson, offering up the best ardor of his fine life in an utterly unselfish effort to stem the horrible tide of war, yet struck down by the hate of his own countrymen and dying with a broken heart. Here is William Booth, praying in the streets of Nottingham while still a boy with the men and women of the streets who were to be the forerunners of the Salvation Army, yet pelted with mud and sticks and stones by a rowdy, jeering mob! Here is our Lincoln assassinated, and here is our Joan of Arc burned! Here are Hugh Latimer, John Huss and Savonarola, and thousands of others, who like Peter and Paul, Jeremiah and Jesus were followers of a light that led unto bitter death.

Live like a prophet, and you will know no primrose path of praise and popularity. It is a way of revilement and reproach and bitter persecution; but it is a way which leadeth through death unto life. Whosoever liveth these Beatitudes must go the way of all the faithful . . . "stoned, sawn

asunder, tempted, slain with the sword; wandering about in goatskins—destitute, afflicted, tormented—of whom the world is not worthy.” Like Jesus, with no place to lay his head, mocked, rejected, and crucified, the radiant idealist will find bitter desserts from the world. But in all the anguish of heart, in the hardest hour of suffering, in the bitterest moment of the soul’s scourging there will dawn a gladness, a heavenly peace, which all the prophets before have known.

“Think not there is one Calvary alone
Nor say the soul of truth but once can die;
In every age the mob cries ‘Crucify!’
In every age the Pharisees are known.
Who pleads for truth must face the cynic lie,
Must know the martyr’s fiery agony,
In every age till wrong be overthrown!

“There is a Lincoln statue down the way,
And men beside it gather old and gray,
Seeing forgotten years as old men can.
‘In every age,’ says one, ‘God finds His man!’
‘God’s man?’ the other answers, ‘man’s man too!’
But how they hated him before they knew!”

V

No one can read these Beatitudes of Jesus without recognizing that they are a very keen analysis of life. The word “blessed” is evidently intended to convey the idea of happiness, but a spiritual happiness, a permanent type of happiness! If Jesus could come into our world today he would not frown on those who are searching for happiness. He here recognizes the legitimacy of such a quest. He gives us here the heart of his religion, and it is no gloomy religion. It is a religion whose very goal is the highest happiness, and whose very advocate must have smiled joyfully as he spoke. Only Jesus is tremendously concerned that men shall not go a-running after will o’ the wisp pleasures that end in dust and ashes, after rosy-hued satisfactions that lead but to death and destruction.

If he could come back today and stand in our churches, and on our street corners, and in our homes, he would say to us this: You are looking for happiness and that is right, for happiness is of God, and true happiness is life's noblest gift. But you are going in the wrong direction; you must right-about face. You are ever seeking and seeking and not finding because you are seeking your joy in things outside yourselves; you think of happiness as consisting in the possession of certain things, in the physical enjoyment of certain pleasures; you think of it as certainly in some far-away place or some far-away time. But all the while what you seek is *within your own heart*. If you base your hope of happiness on things or physical pleasures, or put it off in imagination to a distant time or place, you will miss it entirely. Joy is not in questing but in realizing, not in pursuing but in unfolding. *Have the right attitudes and heaven comes in your own heart now!*

Like Simon Paris in Hutchinson's great novel, "One Increasing Purpose," we come at last to learn that it is not conditions in the world outside us that are cursing us with despair and discouragement and unhappiness, but attitudes in our own heart of hearts, and that *when we come to realize that contentment and peace and happiness are the result of a purely spiritual condition, our entire lives are absolutely transformed!* For the kingdom of heaven is here! It is right here. It is all about us waiting to be welcomed within. All we need to do is to open up the windows of our spirits and the sweet air of heaven and the healing sunshine of God will come in. Deep, deep down in our hearts' depth will slowly come a peace, a joy, a love that knows no bounds.

He who possesses heaven in his soul shall have a face as radiant as the beaming sun, his eyes shall shine like bright stars in the night, his very body shall give off a luster of light, and he shall go forth as one possessed with a mighty and undying love for all creatures, for enemy and friend alike, for all God's creation. It shall be as if again the Christ-soul dwelt in a man! And he shall show in reality what Mabie said of Lyman Abbott: ". . . the continuous disclosure of a beautiful spirit!" He shall go in company with Prince's goodly fellowship:

“Who are the blest?

They who have kept their sympathies awake,
And scattered joy for more than custom's sake,
Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,
Gentle in thought, benevolent in deed,
Whose looks have power to make dissension cease,
Whose smiles are pleasant and whose words are peace;
They who have lived as harmless as the dove,
Teachers of truth and ministers of love:
Love for all moral power, all mental grace—
Love for the humblest of the human race—
Love for the tranquil joy that virtue brings—
Love for the Giver of all goodly things;
True followers of that soul-exalting plan
Which Christ laid down to bless and govern man.”

Dear Father, give us the courage and the power to live our lives with the same sense of enjoyment, the same grace, the same clean heart, the same loving kindness, and the same blessed spiritual beauty that Jesus had. Let the kingdom of heaven come in our lives the way it came in His. Amen.

LIFE QUESTIONS

1. Put the Beatitudes in your own words. Can you think of any modern people who perfectly illustrate these qualities, *all* of them? Do you really believe that Jesus has correctly pictured for us here the ideal life?

2. Phrase the opposites of the Beatitudes. Write down the classes of people who illustrate these Mal-attitudes.

3. Would society be improved very much if all were “poor in spirit”? How can one be happy and a mourner too, at one and the same time? Is meekness prominently exemplified in modern folks? Was Jesus really *always* meek? Name several great men noted for their meekness of spirit. What is your definition of righteousness? Is the state merciful when it electrocutes a murderer? Name some of the things the pure in heart must give up. Is the pacifist a peacemaker? What does Jesus actually mean by a “reward in heaven”?

4. Can you word the Beatitudes in such a way as to show clearly the law of compensation upon which they are based?

5. Do you yourself believe in a future or a present Judgment Day? Are hell and heaven future states or present realities? Do you believe that the Beatitudes can be really lived? Always? Will the kingdom of God be established exactly in proportion to our practice of these ideals?

6. "Happiness we never find except we dearly earn it." Is happiness a gift or an achievement?

7. "The real saint is one who makes life happier for others." Which is more important: what you do for a friend, or what you are to him?

8. What is the element in our experience of unjust persecution which makes it possible for us to exult as Jesus said we should?

9. "Harmony with your environment is the secret of happiness." Has Jesus given us in the Beatitudes a description of the way one comes into harmony with the world and with God?

10. Why was it that Jesus and many noble martyrs who lived the Beatitudes should have suffered violent death? Is the world ready for the living of a thoroughgoing spiritual ideal?

CHAPTER III

Wholesome Living in the New Day

DAILY READINGS

Of all the inescapable facts life teaches us none is more clear than this one—the *dire importance of influence*. There is at least this truth in the S-R bond theory of the psychologists that all in the world may be explained by the interaction of stimulus and response: *all which now we see in existence in the universe is the direct effect of some previous influence*. Influence is utterly immortal. It is in the beginning and it is in the ending; it is the alpha, and it leads to the omega. Once influence has been started, you can no more stop it than you can crush sunlight or confine singing behind bars. "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades," the Lord asks Job, "or loose the bands of Orion?" (Job 38:31.)

Third Week, First Day

The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one.—Matt. 13:38.

Every man, however humble his station in life, serves or disserves the cause of the kingdom. We may be utterly unconscious of our exerted influence, but it is none the less real. As the rotten apple spoils its companion, so the bad life spoils its neighbor. As the rose fills the garden with

perfume, so the good life blesses society. Either lifting or pulling down, either injuring or repairing, either souring or sweetening, either scattering sunshine and happiness or sowing sorrow and gloom, so goes each person through the streets of our world. No shameful sin, no bitter hatred is ever entirely eliminated. No kindly deed, no sweet expression of love is ever quite lost. The common air of humanity must hold forever some odor of its evil or its good.

Should this significant fact not give us pause? Should we not understand more keenly and respect more earnestly the warning words of George Eliot? "There is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you can't isolate yourself, and say that the evil which is in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended as the air they breathe; evil spreads as necessarily as disease."

Our field therefore is the world. We cannot avoid it. Seeds planted today are tomorrow's harvest. On God's acres we are either good seed springing up to worthy fruitage, or evil weeds destined for destruction. *When we think of the inevitability of influence, every hour of every day we ought to be sowing the seeds of blessing.* For, as Lowell wisely remarks in his keen poem,

"... mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or
wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the gush of joy or
shame;
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim."

Third Week, Second Day

And it came to pass, that on the next day, when they were come down from the hill, much people met him. And, behold, a man of the company cried out, saying, Master, I beseech thee, look upon my son: for he is mine only child. And, lo, a spirit taketh him, and he suddenly crieth; and it teareth him that he foameth again, and bruising him hardly departeth from him. And I besought thy disciples to cast him out; and they could not.—Luke 9:37-40.

That old hero of modern missions, Dan Crawford, now recently entered into life indeed, tells of an experience: "Near the end of the year there died a famous old Livingstone Arab called Ali Masi. He and I have done thirty years together and only after many years did he confess Christ as the desire of nations. . . . The long lapse of years looked the usual Arab death or 'Christ-derision,' but one day, standing under a palm tree (oh! happy day) you might have seen this Arab and myself clasped in an embrace, sobbing our souls out. . . ." What was it? Simply, one life of power had touched another and won it to a grand ideal!

A life that does not do that is not very valuable. *The life that inspires others is the great life.* And in the story of our study today we see this fact strikingly revealed. The unruly, epileptic boy the disciples could not seem to help. But the sorrowing father has wonderful faith in Jesus: "Master, look upon my son." He seems sure that if Jesus only looks upon the boy, he will be healed. We do not know exactly what was the matter with the boy but we can be very sure that what he needed was the electric contact with a confidence-inspiring life. *And that Jesus gave!*

But our ignorant, unthrilling souls are no more like Jesus' soul than the stony, rubbish-strewn streets of the lower East Side of New York are like the daisy-strewn meadows of Galilee. Some of our gloomy bishops, our dissipated priests, our noisy ministers, our worldly church people, and haughty clergy suggest the question: Why are these lives not exhibiting the quickening inspiration, the kindly eyes, the glowing countenance, the vivid spirit of the Master? Why are their lives unhealing like the lives of the earlier disciples?

To the extent that we inspire others the way Jesus inspired men in his day may it be said that we are living life in the Christlike way. The words of Father Faber in his striking poem, "The Three Kings," are a fine description of the influence of Jesus:

"One little sight of Jesus was enough for many years,
One look at Him their stay and staff in the dismal vale of
tears."

Third Week, Third Day

And when he came into his own country, he taught them in their synagogue, insomuch that they were astonished, and said, Whence hath this man this wisdom, and these mighty works?—Matt. 13:54.

There must, however, be an ample preparation for influence. Our intentions are often good, but *our ability* is inadequate. How many desire to serve before they are prepared for the work! Sunday-school and day-school teachers trying to teach with insufficient training, ministers trying to preach out of shallow experience, artists, musicians, artisans working on defective instruction, may understand their small influence by discovering that their preparation-capital is low.

For eighteen solid, painstaking years the Master trained. In shop, field, school, and home he was preparing his soul for a magnificent purpose—and then the days of solitude alone, after weeks of earnest application in the circle of John the Baptist, crowned his peerless preparation. *He paid the price for power!*

Notice too, the lumber of knowledge that fills a college graduate's head was not alone what he possessed. He possessed knowledge that had kindled into the flame of wisdom by the spirit of God. His experience, his discernment, his reading, his praying, his study—all this was in a holy flame of enthusiasm. *He was on fire with the flame of God's love!* Small wonder his townspeople asked: "Whence hath this man this wisdom, and these mighty works?"

Frank Gunsaulus pays proper tribute to the right power in preparation when he says in his poem, "A Word for Faith":

"The long-borne fagots 'neath my hard cold will
Lie piled in order—yet are wet with rain.
I looked to Thee, and prayed—am praying still.
Flame of God's love, wilt thou thy fire restrain?

* * * * *

"Still I believe my fagot-thoughts are shine—
Shine of the sun, packed close in warp and woof!
While I am man, this memory divine
Lives in my doubt and of the sun is proof."

Third Week, Fourth Day

For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.—Luke 19:9.

"That which was lost"—how many there are today who still come under the category "lost." Not "lost" in the theological sense, but folks lost in the woods of perplexity, baffled by questions of life too deep for them to answer—how many such fill our society today! Lost in the ways of sin, struggling with the tides of evil with the battle going fast against them, they cry out from every clime for salvation that is the most real need on this earth.

We also, like Jesus, we, the children of men, are endowed with life, not to neglect and destroy, but to seek and to save them that are lost. We must say these words of the Master with their original meaning upon our hearts. *There is present need abroad in the world, and one who receives inspiration and does not give any is a betrayer of the social heritage!*

"Have you found the heavenly light?

Pass it on.

Souls are groping in the night,

Daylight gone.

Hold thy lighted lamp on high,

Be a star in someone's sky,

He may live, who else would die,

Pass it on."

Third Week, Fifth Day

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.—Matt. 13:43.

There is no more striking authority in the field of personal influence than a holy and pure life! George Morrison, of Glasgow, phrases this fact in telling words when he says: "I have no faith in any social service that springs from careless and unworthy character."

This truth needs emphasis because so many of us are trying to ride the two horses of useful service and careless character.

On one side of our nature is this clear, earnest desire to be of some worthy use in the world. On the other is the most common of human weaknesses, the negligent attitude which lets in the little spiritual germs that eat out the core of personality. The place to begin in preparing for influence is the center of life's circle—our own souls. Holiness there will make for happiness everywhere. When you see one shine like a sun in his influence, making thereby a kingdom of good wherever he goes, you may be very sure he has won the victory of the life of righteousness.

No one ever made more plain what this means than Jesus—*for the purity of his inward life was the soul and secret of his service!* This is what men refer to when they exclaim:

“ . . . when my Saviour touched my sight,
My slumbering soul awoke in light,
And since that day I've known no night!”

Third Week, Sixth Day

And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?—Luke 24:32.

There is a transcendent power in example—that contagion of the exalted spirit—which is strikingly illustrated in this line from the gospel of Luke. To read these words is as if one heard the writer saying: Just to talk with the Master was an inspiration—his spirit glowed with such divine fire, that just to be near him was enough to set aflame the coldest or the dullest spirit!

Great talking and much doing will leave little good influence without *this subtle force which springs out from the life that is rich and beautiful with divine energies.* One of the most interesting instances of this is related concerning Saint Francis of Assisi. Brother Francis said one day to one of the young monks at the Portiuncula, “Let us go down to the town to preach!” The novice, delighted at being singled out to be the companion of Francis, obeyed with alacrity. They passed through the principal streets, turned down many of the byways and alleys, made their way out to the suburbs, and at length returned by a circuitous route, to the monastery

gate. As they approached it, the younger man reminded Francis of his original intention. "You have forgotten, Father," he said, "that we went to the town to *preach!*" "My son," Francis replied, "we *have* preached. We were preaching while we were walking. We have been seen by many. Our behavior has been closely watched. It was thus that we preached our morning sermon. It is of no use, my son, to walk anywhere to preach unless we preach everywhere we walk!"

Third Week, Seventh Day

Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.
—John 4:14.

In our daily readings this week we have seen how important and inevitable influence is, how much high influence costs and how it is exerted. In our closing day for this week, let us note carefully influence's *immeasurability*. The ripples round a stone thrown in the lake may reach to the uttermost shore. The song sent out upon the air may, as radio has now proven, still be sounding through the immeasurable chambers of space long after the singer has gone.

In like manner one single ministry of kindness toward another life may prove in that life a never-ending benediction. This is what Jesus meant here in our passage for today: *Let me once make arise in your soul the water of the spiritual life and it will be unto you and all you know as a spring of everlasting blessing.* Dr. Jowett, the famous preacher, tells of an experience which well illustrates this. It was his first appearance before a congregation, and his greatest fear was the prayer: "Seated in the front row was a white-haired old man, one of the regular worshippers at the branch church. In the prayer with which I opened the service I heard a quiet response. It was from the old man. That response gave me confidence. It was like the strengthening breath of the Holy Spirit. Why not say it was the breath of the Holy Spirit? I can feel it now across the years. At a moment of great timidity I entered into the gracious strength of fellowship,

and the expressed spiritual sympathy of an unknown brother created an influence in the young preacher which I remember still with thankfulness and joy." As we contemplate the enormous sway over the English-speaking world which Dr. Jowett has held for so many years with his peerless voice and his winsome books, how shall we ever measure the well of influence which sprang up out of that old man's heart that day?

MEDITATION ON THE MASTER'S THOUGHT

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—Matt. 5:13-16.

We have here the explanation of Jesus concerning the way influence works. In the Beatitudes he has boxed the compass of character. There he has painted the portrait of the ideal leader in human society. Now this life, he is saying, has a definite influence in this world, and that influence works like salt and light. The best leadership of human society he describes as a preservative, permeative quality like that of salt, and an outgoing, luminative function like that of light. The one is the subjective influence, the other the objective. The one is useful in that it loses its identity, the other in the sense that it keeps its identity. The ideal person pictured in the Beatitudes is a person with saving power and lighting power. In this keen analysis of the place of ennobled living in the bringing of the better day, Jesus is careful to drive home the fact that the good life is by no means neutral, functionless, or indifferent. It is a life justifying its existence by the fact of rendering service that is indispensable.

I

To whom is Jesus speaking when he says: "Ye are the salt of the earth"? *To the disciples?* Yes. *And to all those*

who are willing to pay the price to gain the blessed life. He describes their influence as that of salt and light. Let us see, then, first of all, what the inherent properties of *salt* are.

Salt is a compound of two highly poisonous elements, sodium and chlorine. The balanced compound formed by the union of these two elements, so dangerous in their pure state, is one of the most useful and widely disseminated substances known. It not only exists in abundant deposits in the earth but exists in solution in the ocean. There its healing properties are well known to bathers. Salt is of the utmost importance in most forms of chemical manufacture, finds wide use for cleansing purposes, is an indispensable seasoning for food, and is frequently used in the preserving of meats. Its uses have been many in mankind's history. In extreme functions as a standard of value and as a sacred substance to be sprinkled on the holy fires of ancient temples it has been employed. The fact that Homer calls it "divine" may indicate that to the peoples of antiquity (and of course in Jesus' day) it had a significance which we of today have not bestowed upon it.

For a man, therefore, to be rightly called "*the salt of the earth*" he must provide in society the functions which salt provides in its everyday uses. As an antiseptic halts the action of deadly germs, the influence of his life must counteract the decaying evils in society. As a perfume or a seasoning permeates all that is close to it, sweetening and cleansing and improving, so must his life give wholesomeness to all the area of existence about him. As the unit used for a divinely respected measure of value secures the recognition of all men, so his life by its unquestionable virtue must present a standard of honor. As incense fills the sanctuary with its healing and inspiring odor, so his work is to leaven earth with something of divine sweetness, as Browning says in his poem, "Of Pacchiarotto":

"Man's work is to labor and leaven—
As best he may—earth here *with heaven!*"

But what if this salt loses its flavor, becomes insipid, stale, flat? What if the power that makes wholesome, halts disease, provides cleansing and a standard of value, should be

lacking? What then? Wherewith shall human society be salted? Under such conditions, the question answers itself. Society must become corrupt, decadent, unwholesome, disease stricken. A society without its saving salt is a good-for-nothing society, certainly scheduled for a tragic end. As worthless salt is thrown into the gutter where men walk upon it and crush it beneath their heels, so worthless social groups are trampled to inevitable annihilation by advancing, law-abiding time. Rome, Babylon, Sodom, Gomorrah—one can name historic proofs. *What nation will give us modern illustration?*

II

Once Henry Drummond in one of his masterful addresses suggested that life was likened to a mirror receiving reflections, that when people looked into our faces they saw reflected there a precise image composed of every influence that had entered our lives. If this is true (and who may deny it?) with what care should we hold up this mirror to experience. For our mirror is either an asset or a liability in the world; *influences are interchangeably reflected!* Each one of us changes the faces of those nearest for good or for evil. Character then *is* important. A ponderous volume called "The Whole Duty of Man" was, during the last century, considered indispensable to a clergyman; but Dr. Henry Van Dyke said that God condensed the *whole duty of man* into just one word: *SALT!*

If we can prove that the whole duty of man is encompassed in that one phrase, the development of character, we shall be able to meet the world's most vital present need and contribute a new meaning to the education of the human race. That this contribution is now of paramount importance may be gleaned from the simple fact that for three hundred years one general theory of education has held the center of the stage, the theory that education was not an ethical nor a religious matter, but a matter of science. There have been outstanding exceptions to this general rule, but, by and large, when a teacher entered his classroom he had in mind just one central aim: the teaching of facts, not the impartation of life.

Now, of course, our theory of education may depend upon

just what we think a school or a college is. It certainly ought not to be only a lumber yard of learning where students come to load their minds, or a dreamland of amusement where boys and girls come to be entertained, or a social ladder where certain elect individuals get the chance to climb up from their brothers to a more comfortable position in the sun. The school may be, perhaps, a place where we learn how to study. But there is, or ought to be, a still deeper purpose behind it all: *a place to learn living!* Prophets of the new dawn in education are everywhere seeing the new light. Thus, Professor Tassin of Columbia remarks: "It is an old-fashioned idea that students are sent to college to study. They are sent *to meet the right people.*" And a committee of Dartmouth students, organized and appointed to study education from the viewpoint of the undergraduate, have this to say of the faculty: "Aside from capability as a teacher and profundity as a knower, there are those who lack that third characteristic of the ideal teacher—*those elusive yet vital traits of character which make us say that this man commands our respect.*" Ex-president Hadley of Yale indicates the way the wind is blowing in both church and school when he says: "All the moral precepts which are taught are of little consequence as compared with the *personality* of these teachers themselves."

An illustration of the ideal teacher for the new day might be offered in the person of Henry Drummond, a thorough-going scientist in his thinking, yet of the finest moral character, and possessed of a winsome personality. The quality of his influence may be gleaned from the words of J. H. Jowett: "Drummond manifestly sweetened the atmosphere of the university and introduced a deeper and more serious moral tone. . . . His influence remains in my life as a bright impulse to purity and truth. . . . I thank God that I ever met and communed with Henry Drummond."

There may be a thousand theories of education; there may be armies of teachers in our schools, faithful even to what they think their work may be. But there will be little true teaching unless the spiritual instinct is allowed full play. A soul diffusing personal power through every movement and glance of the eye, a soul so true that truth is its breath and life, that is the "*salt of earth*" that is needed supremely in

teaching; but also, *wherever heart meets heart*. Horatius Bonar tells us the way to be salt-providers of society, especially parents, preachers, teachers:

"Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow
If thou another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech."

III

The most fascinating and suggestive illustration of the way spiritual influence operates, Jesus selects from the example of *light*. His ideal followers and friends are, he says, to be like lights in the world. The beneficial effect of their lives is to be equivalent to the shining of the sun in the world, and this shining unto good works will testify of the Spirit which is within them.

But just what is light, and how does it work? The physicist might answer in his formal definition: ". . . an undulatory activity produced and propagated in all directions from a luminous body in the particles of an elastic, imponderable medium called the luminiferous ether at a velocity of about 186,000 miles per second!" But Jesus' idea of what light is, while it might not pass muster in a physics quiz in college, nevertheless, is a truer idea because it is based upon what light does. *And anything is more truly known when we see what it does*. Jesus' idea of light is a more satisfying one than the dry, meaningless definition of the physicist because it gets back to first principles, it goes back to the source of light, the sun.

Now the sun is one of the most glorious realities of our universe. Without it there could be no life at all, no green meadows, no ripening corn, no placid streams, no blue skies. This gorgeous orb of light and power, millions of miles apart from us yet never absent day nor night, with its maelstrom of fiery metal at a temperature of three million degrees Fahrenheit, holding in celestial order all of our planetary system, this golden luminary of dazzling splendor is the very

source of our physical existence. It dawns over the world, dispelling shadows, fogs, glooms. Rainbows are its messengers of cheer, sunbeams are its children of healing and purification. All growing plants lift glad leaves to its heavenly shower, and every spring of wonder tells of its power. Every sparkling ray stores up its pulsing life in leaf and branch and fruit and flower. Every fire on a cold night, every steam engine crossing the country with its precious freight, every moving motor car, every whirring machine derives its power from the stored sunshine of measureless geologic ages. The myriad chemic and electric energies, which produce all our comforts, come from that infallible provider, *the sun*.

The insight of Jesus, however, into the way spiritual light works is founded on a keener appreciation of sunlight than a tabulated list of the sun's blessings will show. It is not widely known that the diffusion of light in our world is due to the reflection of the rays of the sun from the fine particles in the air, from the clouds, and from all the objects on the earth. If it were not for the particles of dust in the air which catch the rays of sunlight, and become in themselves miniature suns, our world would not be full of light but full of darkness. Is this not a good hint as to what Jesus implied when he said that the ideal man would be like a light shining in the world? By "shining before men" he does not mean that we are to make proud parade of our light. It is to be a shining where it will help most, but also a shining that comes only as it reflects a fragment of the larger light of the spiritual world. Some people think they shine of themselves. They thrust the glaring torches of their egotistical luminosity into the face of the world, and repel rather than attract. But the true lightbearer knows his light is derived. Your oil lamp, gas lamp, candle or electric light simply burns by virtue of releasing its store of sunlight. Your sunbeam sparkles with reflected light. So behind and around and below all our shining are the great exhaustless resources of the living God, the Father of spiritual lights.

So there is no spiritual light within us which does not come from God, and all our shining is but his life made manifest in us. This is what Paul means when he describes our souls as temples of the living God, altars where the divine Fire has been kindled with his love. And Jesus is

dealing with the same symbolism when he says in his Sermon on the Mount: "Let the light in your soul, your spark of divinity, your inherent spirituality, so shine through you that it may be radiated to the world . . . blessing others with many good effects . . . so that men, seeing the great light in your soul, may recognize and understand and glorify the spirit of God who is really shining in you."

IV

When this light shines from the soul of man it has, first of all, *guiding power*. Have you ever been utterly in the dark and then suddenly a fine pin-point of gleaming brightness revealed your path? How inspiring and helpful lights are in the darkness! Charles Dickens, in "Little Dorrit," has a descriptive passage which, in a homely way, tells the story: "He was passing at nightfall along the Strand, and the lamplighter was going on before him, under whose hand the street lamps, blurred by the foggy air, burst out one after another, like so many blazing sunflowers, coming into full-blow all at once." There are such things as dangerous fogs and hours of darkness when there must be a light upon our path, when the headlights of our automobiles must be on the road lest the car and its occupants plunge to destruction.

Especially is light needed when one travels on the water. How fascinating are the varicolored lights which add their splashes of brightness to the placid water on a summer's night! But more important still is the gleam that comes from the lighthouse—a beam from aloft, by which the vessel steers safely by the roaring reefs and rocks. At prayer meeting, I once heard a venerable old deacon of eighty honorable years tell how an experience which he had had years before in the English channel revealed to him the meaning of the words of that hymn "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning." The night was extremely foggy, and while the upper lights of the lighthouses were visible, the lower lights locating the reefs were unlit, and it was not until those lights gleamed out clearly that the vessel could steer safely into dock. Most of us are not permitted to be huge lighthouses on life's shore, but even though we be only lower lights, ours is an important responsibility. If our personal beam be dark, dire

consequences may be the result in some pilgrim soul which, in a critical moment, looks toward our life for guidance. Emily Dickinson had a great light in her soul. Her poem is a bit of biography which reveals a fine form of spiritual ambition:

"They might not need me, yet they might!
I'll let my light shine just in sight,
This tiny beam of mine might be
Precisely their necessity."

V

Moreover, when a man's soul becomes a focal point for the powerful spiritual radiance of God, he possesses what we may call *gladdening power*. Frequently puzzling failures appear. Men, whom perhaps we knew at college as leaders, possessing every educational advantage, giving great promise in their chosen careers, suddenly in the midst of outward opulence stand weak and ineffective and powerless. What does this mean? They are unlighted candles. Their lives lack that luminous, gladdening power which is the consuming fire of God. They are like beautiful lamps, finely wrought and filled with fragrant oil, but all dark, because never has the divine spark touched them. So many lights are out, leaving their world dreary, disappointing. But there is hope. *All they need is the Divine kindling!*

The ancient physicians, from Hippocrates downward, had a strange theory about the human constitution. They believed it had four cardinal "humours": first, there was blood, then phlegm or indolence, then bad temper or choler, and lastly, melancholy. The doctor's business in those days was to eliminate these evil humors. One of their methods of treatment was a forty days' sun-bath in the warm rays of the midsummer sun. Bad temper and indolence and melancholy still infect human nature, and one of the finest benedictions we can bestow is to shine on these needy lives with our gladness, changing their ailments into rejoicing with the sunshine of our indomitable cheerfulness. For what greater duty have we toward our fellow creatures than to show them the shining face? Dour despondency is a desperate sin; and

no virtue is more commendable than a spirit of good cheer. Let us away, then, with all bilious theologies and hypochondriac religions. They are poisons, deadly and dangerous. Until I have found a religion that makes my face glow with gladness, until I have found a word with gracious sunshine in it, I have no right to speak. "The supreme prayer of my heart," said Elbert Hubbard (and well might it be the prayer of innumerable dour churchmen), "is not to be learned, rich, famous, powerful or even 'good,' but simply to be radiant!" Ah! that is *the virtue of all really worth while faith—to be radiant!*

A traveler in the west tells us that he stood one day in a somber forest, surrounded by snow-covered mountains. The scene was buried in a gray and awful gloom, for the sun was hidden behind the clouds. Then suddenly he stood in breathless wonder and adoration, as the sun poured out in overpowering splendor, transfiguring the scene with its brilliant rays, until the cold, repelling glaciers on the mountain-side became sparkling seas of nature's diamonds, and the somber forest became a lighted cathedral flecked with lovely sunlight. The stern, steel-colored sky became painted with exquisite hues in the west and a brilliant blue overhead, while the crests of the mountains shone like polished silver. That is the way our spiritual shining can gladden life. When God's spirit shines through us upon the sorrowful things they become touched with a radiance of joy. Most church windows are a mass of meaningless forms until the sunlight floods them in morning or evening, and then how they shine with beauty. *A rainstorm is an unpleasant experience until the sun shines through—then the rainbows!*

VI

Light, this indispensable phenomenon of our universe, affords not only, in its spiritual manifestation, the guiding power of a shining example and the gladdening power of a radiant spirit, but also *the melting power of creative love*. There are many folks in our world whose lives have grown cold and hard with an icy sterility of life. Perhaps their souls have been frozen by the chilly north winds of indifference, hatred, or uncompromising malice. Perhaps frosty

crusts of sorrow and bitter trouble have gathered over their spirits. There they wait in darkness and doubt for some loving life to dawn upon them like a warm sun.

Dryden speaks of pity that "melts the mind to love"; but the power that melts the frozen soul is something more than pity. It is a power that spends itself sympathetically to create and inspire. It is a power that closely resembles the force of the sun when it transforms the sterile earth in spring to a burst of bloom. It was such a power in the great preacher, Phillips Brooks, which made people say of him: "There is a warmth and life and inspiration and truth from his lips that I have not found elsewhere," and which brought from Principal Tulloch of Aberdeen, who heard Brooks preach in the spring of 1874, these words of tribute: "I have just heard the most remarkable sermon I ever heard in my life—so much thought and so much life combined; such a reach of mind, and such a depth and insight of soul. . . . I was electrified. . . . I could have got up and shouted!" That power to *electrify* the soul of another, to quicken it, inspire it into fresh and beautiful creative experiences—that is what spiritual light can do. And we are not without those who possess it in our own day. Not so long ago in one of New York City's greatest churches a visitor could have seen a strange and wonderful sight: lower and upper chapels, vestibule, lobby, pulpit, and pulpit steps, the closes at the sides of the church, and every pew jammed with people; and outside beneath the windows and near the open doors, and even in the Sunday-school rooms, men and women crowding to hear the voice of a man who stood in the pulpit. If one inquired, he was told in glowing words: "Dr. Fosdick is preaching!" And if we could count the men and women, young and old, throughout the English-speaking world, who have found their April of the spirit under the melting power of Dr. Fosdick's creative light, *we should find their number to be legion!* It was precisely the same potency of spirit in Eleanora Duse, the famous actress, which brought such praise as we hear on the lips of Stark Young: "She gave you the sense of being taken as no mere individual, but as that something in yourself that was immortal. . . . Duse had, as no other artist of her time, a quality that touched in others the springs of creative life!"

After all, isn't this service of inspiring creativity in others one of the finest services one can render? Isn't it when we shine meltingly with spiritual light that we really help people most? The missionary may go out to the so-called heathen, and teach decorated doctrines and fancy religious frills until he is blue in the face, but if he gives no warm shining of tender, sympathetic love, he fails. The doctor may go to his sick room with his assorted pills and prescriptions, but unless he gives a certain shining confidence, a warm hope and friendly sympathy, the patient is never truly healed. The teacher may go to the school-room with ever so many textbooks and blackboards and prepared lectures, but without the radiating power of a beautiful and effective personality, all these shall fail. The mother may try to guide her children, but if she has only rules to offer, punishments to mete out, and board and room to give, that mothering is a failure. Children may need these things; but much more they need the wise heart-to-heart counsel, the steady light of sympathetic love, the warm power of cheerfulness, and the gladness of creative impulse.

In the presence of most facts of everyday experience it becomes increasingly easier to understand why Jesus said, "Let your light so shine . . ."; and why, in one of our most beautiful Bible passages, an ancient seer phrased the same advice in unforgettable language: "They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." (Daniel 12:3.)

VII

God has made every one of us to be some kind of a light and to do some sort of shining. But the effectiveness and the value of our particular light depend upon its position. Light is light, of course, but if the light is hidden how can it shine? The home in which Jesus was reared probably consisted of but one room, lighted by an oil lamp placed on a projecting stone of the wall. Perhaps he had seen someone place a bushel over it and had marked the deep darkness that followed. Perhaps on some gloomy evening, coming home late from one of his solitary jaunts, he had perceived

the twinkling lights of his home city and recognized the advantages of a city set on a hill. These homely memories later became his texts: the light that has been given to us should not be hidden under the bushel of selfishness or doubt or fear, but should be placed on a stand where its clear shining may do its work; the life that has been given to us should not be hidden in a valley of low aims and purposes, but should be set on a high and holy hill of character where all may see and rejoice.

Shakespeare has a penetrating passage which drives home this thought of Jesus with added emphasis:

"Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor—
Both thanks and *use*."

We are sons and daughters of the great All-Father, gifted with his mind, patterned after his image, blessed with his heart, and empowered with his will; and yet we do not glorify him as we should. Our light is often hidden, not because we deliberately hide it, but because we scarcely know that we have it. So often we are bashful before the very greatness of our divine endowments. We shrink from utilizing them to their full. The bushel that ruins the effectiveness of the light that is in us most frequently is the bushel of self-detraction. We are afraid to let our light brightly shine—afraid of what others may say, afraid of our own ability. We could be powerful lamps of guiding illumination, of gladdening brightness, and of inspiring creative love if we were out on a stand where men might see, but we cuddle safe and aloof under our bushel in the corner. Francis Quarles' lines are rebuking to many a cringing soul:

"Why dost thou lurk so close? is it for fear
Some busy eye should pry into thy flame,
And spy a thief, or else some blemish there?
Or being spied, shrink'st thou thy head for shame?
Come, come, fond taper, shine but clear,
Thou need'st not shrink for shame, nor shroud for fear.

"Remember, O remember, thou wert set
For men to see the great Creator by;
Thy flame is not thine own: it is a debt
Thou ow'st thy Master. And wilt thou deny
To pay the interest of thy light?
And skulk in corners, and play least in sight?"

VIII

For a holy-day celebration in a certain land sacred candles are manufactured with the greatest care. The bees which make the wax are considered hallowed; gardens are filled with the sweetest flowers for them alone; the wax is gathered with consecrated hands; and the candles are shaped in chapel recesses in the attitude of prayer and to the intuning of psalms. These candles are destined for a high service; therefore, they must be prepared with the greatest possible care. Let us visit the cathedral church at Christmas time, where the loyal labor which has gone into these precious cylinders of wax is to be rewarded. We enter the church at evening. Perhaps outside the moonlight is very bright upon the winter's snow. But within the church all is dim and dark. There is no light anywhere. But around the great structure far up in the gallery the candles encircle the cathedral. When all are in and the time has come, a little child lights one end of a fine taper, and swiftly from candle to candle around the church runs a clear ribbon of throbbing, pulsating light, until every nave and gallery and recess and even the vast dome is lit with a bright splendor. Jesus once said he had come to send a flame of fire through the earth. Has he not sent round the world from heart to heart a bright flame of spiritual illumination which never will abate until the wide world has been filled with its effulgent light?

Human society needs most of all this brilliance. Not neces-

sarily intellectual brilliance, not social brilliance nor business brilliance, nor any other brilliance so much as spiritual brilliance. Shine, shine, shine—that is a divine commandment! Let your life glow with the light that is not of this world—with the radiance that cometh down from above—with the brilliance that the soul of Jesus had. For the light of his countenance as we see it by Galilee and as we see it on Calvary is none other than the true and highest light we know—the light of God shining in a life to illumine this world! How surely and vividly the lines of G. K. Chesterton picture the truth:

“A Word came forth in Galilee, a word like to a star;
It climbed and rang and blessed and burnt wherever brave
 hearts are;
A word of sudden secret hope, of trial and increase,
Of wrath and pity fused in fire, and passion kissing peace.
A star that o’er the citted world beckoned, a sword of flame;
A star with myriad thunders tongued: a mighty Word there
 came!”

Our Father, grant also that our personalities like His may possess a quality so fine that our influence will be as wholesome as salt and as beneficial as light. Our prayer is for the sake of His cause who was the best Example of that Light which lighteth every man coming into the world, Amen.

LIFE QUESTIONS

1. State some synonyms for salt suggested to you by the discussion in this chapter. Some synonyms for light.
2. What is the meaning of losing our “savour”? Of hiding our “light”?
3. “What’s the use of going to prayer meeting—you don’t get a thing?” Discuss this statement in relation to what the Master has to say about light and its uses. “Church gives me a pain—besides, I don’t like the minister. So I spend my Sundays in recreation, having a good time!” Discuss this attitude with relation to what Jesus said about salt.
4. “I’m not cut out to be a teacher—never could teach anyway!” You’ve heard this excuse before. Can you help

the person who says this by a reference to some of the suggestions, as to what education really is, which are offered in this chapter? Name the best teacher you ever had, and try to analyze the reason for his or her effectiveness.

5. How is God's purpose most effectively released in your life?

6. Name life's highest form of creativity.

7. How important is example in the training of children? Why?

8. What is the matter with a faith that leaves people sour and solemn?

9. Study the references to light in the New Testament. What is the precise meaning of the following passages: John 1:9, 12:36; Rom. 2:19; Eph. 5:14; I Thess. 5:5; I Peter 2:9; and Rev. 21:24?

10. "There is nothing more useful than salt and sunshine" (Pliny, "Natural History," xxxi).

This interesting parallel in the writings of a man who lived during the first century might be explained how?

11. Thirty-five hundred feet above the Galilee Lake on a prominent hill was the city of Safed. Cities on hill-tops were rare in Galilee but common in Judea. Jesus pointed probably to this hill-top city when he spoke of "a city that is set on a hill."

But does this counsel not sound like a command to display one's egoism? How can you reconcile the "doing of good works before men" with the opposite counsels found in the first part of the sixth chapter of Matthew?

CHAPTER IV

Adventuring With God in the New Day

DAILY READINGS

A French philosopher has stated for us a significant truth: "My dear friend, it is not art, science, nor life that is complex; it is the ideas that we form for ourselves in regard to them. Whoever grasps a principle, grasps all its applications. But the very diversity, multiplicity, perversity, and apparent contradictions of these applications, prevent us from seeing the principle." The world outside us is harmonious, whole, simple. The thought we have of it, scientifically, theologically, may be partially true or entirely wrong. Notice how the conceptions of the cosmos have changed: the Babylonian system of a flat earth and a static world, the Ptolmaic astronomy with its stationary earth, the Copernican idea with planets revolving around a common center, the wonders of the new astronomy with its stellar spaces, relativity with its idea of a spherical universe. Notice, too, how, in the Old Testament, conceptions of Deity rapidly change: first, the primitive polytheism of the old Hebrews whose deities populated the storm, the lightning, the fountain, the tree, the wind, and catastrophic Nature; then, the observance of a God called Jehovah, the tribal Deity of the Hebrew tribes; then, the Jehovah of Canaan, a blend with Baal, the god of the land; and later, the beautiful ideal of the prophets, especially Deutero-Isaiah, a God of all the earth, who demanded justice, mercy and righteousness. In both these cases

we have proof of Brunetière's statement: A principle has a *multiplicity of applications*; and as sure as we live in a growing world, new statements will continually be made about the truth behind reality.

The highest aim of education, therefore, is to produce in men an attitude of openmindedness, ready to receive the new revelations of a world which is not static but eternally growing!

Fourth Week, First Day

God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship in spirit and in truth.—John 4:24.

"By night," said Young, "an atheist half believes in God." No one can stand beneath the canopy of stars and, knowing a little astronomy, fail to be awed by the immensity of this cosmos where we dwell. Let him look out straight in one direction and it may be his gaze covers a trillion miles; let him turn to the opposite direction and remember again that his eye has traversed another trillion miles; then let him try to span in his thought the space between those two stars. Indeed, an atheist may well take pause in the presence of this vast grandeur of the heavens!

But, obviously, such a world cannot possibly be fitted to the old, orthodox view of God, which Matthew Arnold pictures as "a magnified and non-natural man at the head of mankind's and the world's affairs." No such big man up in the sky, ruling from a celestial throne, will do now for such a world as modern science has unfolded for us. For we must see at once that God is absolutely infinite and fathomless. He eludes, and will forever elude, any complete or comprehensive knowledge of him. He transcends the highest reaches of human experience; *he is Infinity!*

But this fact does not exclude our knowing *something* of him. The scientist who studies stars, trees, stones, bacteria, electrons, or any other particle of existence, is making a discovery of the truth about God. The hero who sacrifices for another makes a discovery of God's nature. The lover, the worker, the poet enter into the inexhaustible wonder of the spirit of God. In all our human experiences we are

entering into a knowledge of the nature of the Great Spirit. And every bit of creation speaks of love and law. According to Jesus, *they that worship him must worship in the spirit of love and in the search for truth!*

Fourth Week, Second Day

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.—John 16:12-13.

At the International Missionary Council of 1923 a great bishop made a significant statement: "A man must come to the Council more desirous to learn than to teach, unwilling to believe that he brings with him the sole and complete solution of any problem. . . ." Such a generous spirit would lead us out of every doctrinal dispute, if we would but follow it. But truth, to some, is static, settled, solidified in a mass which must not be altered. When, therefore, anyone suggests in their presence other possibilities, their spleen comes to the face, and they grow purple. They get angry because they lack the moral stamina to engage in *reciprocity of thinking*. Like horses when autos first came, they gallop madly away at the approach of any new truth.

"I do not ask anyone to think in my terms if he prefers others," says George Santayana, "let him clean better, if he can, the windows of his mind, that the variety and the beauty of the prospect may spread more brightly before him." We shall not be guided into the larger truth of the new day until, toward one another, we have that spirit. If we speak only for ourselves, how shall we hear the contribution of our brother? How shall we be guided into all truth unless we agree to think together? *The sharing of ideas is, as Albert Schweitzer has said, the hope of human progress!*

Fourth Week, Third Day

If ye continue in my word, ye are my disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. They answered him, We be Abraham's seed, and were

never in bondage to any man: how sayest thou, Ye shall be made free? Jesus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin is the slave of sin. . . . I know ye are Abraham's seed, but ye seek to kill me, because my word hath no place in you.—John 8:31-37.

The worst slavery of the day is a slavery to ignorance. The men in the van of humanity's march have a terrific faith in truth. They see that sin is a bondage whose chains are hammered out of the iron of obscurantism and welded in the flame of reaction. When we know the truth, the word of Jesus will be understood, for we shall find freedom. Nature's display of electricity at first held men in the grip of fear; then came the truth-seekers, freeing us from fear, and opening up for us a hundred blessings from the force we feared. The vast ocean was a terror to ancient mariners, and of what was on the other side they trembled to think; then came a brave Columbus who, guided by a fundamental truth, opened for mankind a rich and wonderful continent. There is no power in the world greater than understanding truth, for it leads to larger service, larger life, larger joy. Our responsibility for the overthrow of lies and the discovery of new truths should be accepted in the spirit of a Bertrand Russell: "Better the world should perish, than that I, or any other human being, should believe a lie! That is the religion of thought, in whose scorching flames the dross of the world is being burnt away."

To be truly disciples of the Master of Truth, we must continue to have faith in his word. It is mere foolishness to say we are Abraham's seed if we have not Abraham's spirit, his questing spirit of high adventure in the name of freeing truth. *Whosoever maketh a lie, and becometh a servant of the works of darkness, will never know the freedom of the sons of God!*

"Ay,—Truth in very truth would set us free;
But life is shackled, hand and foot, with lies,
And all the fortresses of knavery
Are built and buttressed with foul perjuries.
If Truth's white light could pierce Life's clouded sky,
And let men see things as they truly are,

Full half the rulers of the world would lie
Prisoners in chains before Life's Judgment-Bar.

"Father of Lies, and High Diplomacies,
Earth groans beneath the burden of your crimes!
Come Truth, and therewith Peace, and swift release,
And certitude of sweeter, nobler times!"

Fourth Week, Fourth Day

And he spake also a parable unto them: No man putteth a piece of a new garment upon an old; if otherwise, then both the new maketh a rent, and the piece that was taken out of the new agreeth not with the old. And no man putteth new wine into old bottles; else the new wine will burst the bottles, and be spilled, and the bottles shall perish. But new wine must be put into new bottles; and both are preserved. No man also having drunk old wine straightway desireth new: for he saith: The old is better.—Luke 5:36-39.

Jesus phrases for us here a fact which needs very much to be kept in mind by our generation. Just as patching an outworn garment with new and differing patches is never fully satisfactory, and just as trying to keep new wine in old containers will probably result in the loss of both, so trying to make the new science a patch on the old religion, or pouring the new wine of man's spiritual experience into the old bottles of orthodox theology must only end in failure. *The new science is the new bottle into which the new wine of the new religion must be poured!* For the new renaissance in the field of the spirit has blessed us with a new faith which can only be preserved for the new generation in the modern vessel which the new science affords. The day has arrived when true science and true religion can be recognized as completely harmonious!

Old laws, old measures, old traditions are, of course, the loam out of which the new tree of truth has sprung. Both science and religion have moved up out of the darkness of the old ways into the fuller light of the new and brighter day. No sane man, who has tasted and seen the fruit of the new thinking, will say, "The old is better." "Many an ancient hypothesis has been exploded," says Charles E. Jefferson,

"by bringing it into contact with a fresh fact, and many a belief long honored has been relegated to the lumber room of the mind. Everything, therefore, must be restudied, and all the old values must be reappraised. Nothing is too venerable to go into the melting pot, and nothing is too sacred to be cross-examined and sifted." Out of the wreck of the old, it is our plain duty to help in the building of the new heaven and the new earth. Lowell's lines echo the voices of all earth's prophets:

"New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' day were best;
And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser ones than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth."

Fourth Week, Fifth Day

And he said, So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come.—Mark 4:26-29.

When we have observed that worthy worship of God involves a never-ending search for his truth; that the free give and take of thought is part of this search; that to languish in the dark dungeon of ignorance is a denial of Jesus' word; and that the new time must live in its own new light, we have already given intimations of the nature of the Kingdom of God. But in today's passage in the fourth chapter of Mark, we find squarely facing us in Jesus' plain words this fact: *the Infinite God is working out his will in the world by a process of never-ending evolution!*

The earth brings forth its fruit by a developing process, first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. *Evidently Jesus was an evolutionist, for he speaks of*

nature's processes as part of a great development! In this growth, man is the highest fruit the earth has yet brought forth. Sleeping and rising, through nights and days of æons of time, the seed of life has been growing. Up the winding spiral of ascending life has come man into the light of reason and conscience and love. So the leisurely plan of God for his child was worked out—an age for the blade—a hundred millenniums for the ear—a million years for the full corn in the ear. So, as Alice Post puts it:

“Came on the outermost verge
To the dust a heavenward urge;
The voice of the living God
Calling to the red-clay clod.

“Out of the depths I clomb,
Seeking a human home,
Through spawn and nest and lair,
Up the long biologic stair,
Fulfilling my Maker's plan,
Achieving the form of man.

“Came into my nostrils the breath
Of life that outlives death.
At last God made me whole—
I became a living soul!”

Fourth Week, Sixth Day

And in the morning, as they passed by, they saw the fig tree dried up from the roots. And Peter calling to remembrance saith unto him, Master, behold, the fig tree which thou cursedst is withered away. And Jesus answering saith unto them, Have faith in God.—Mark 11:20-22.

Many, convinced of the vastness of the universe from a study of astronomy or of the certainty of evolution from a study of biology, experience change of heart with regard to their religious faith which might be expressed in the words of the character in Browning's poem, “The Worst of It”:

“My faith is torn to a thousand scraps,
And my heart feels ice while my words breathe flame!”

But why should the *size* of the world, or the *method* by which man was made, eliminate the Universal Power or the Benevolent Maker? Indeed, if our faith is not utterly fragile, instead of being torn to thousands of scraps by these facts of the new science, it should be enriched, increased and strengthened. A greater universe needs a greater God. A more wonderful process of man's origin requires a more wonderful Originator. In teaching the new truth of God's methods in our world one often hears a reaction like this from some men: "If I must give up one single thing in the old theology, I'll give up the church and belief in God entirely." Their faith withers like the fig tree before any new truth. What would Jesus say to this? "O ye of little faith," he would doubtless say as of old, "root your thinking deeper in the greatness of God, so no new sun may dry you up. Have real *faith* in God!"

He whose life is rooted deep in the spirituality of creation will keep his triumphant faith though the heavens fall! He will go on with glad assurance like the seer, Sidney Lanier:

"Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing withholding
and free

Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the
sea!

Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man, who hath mightily
won

God out of knowledge, and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness, and purity out of stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest *on the greatness of God!*"

Fourth Week, Seventh Day

And he said, Whereunto shall we liken the kingdom of God? or with what comparison shall we compare it? It is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth: but when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it.—Mark 4:30-32.

When we have seen the wonder of evolution as a fact in all nature and have recognized it as the source, not of skepticism, but of increased faith, we have not yet fully appreciated its deeper significance. If, standing aside for a moment, we view what has come up out of the earth in the æon-long arising of life, we see set in the midst of nature's variegated glory like a shining jewel in a crown the marvel of man's personality. We see one who consciously can chart the heavens with his telescope, explore the mysteries of life with his microscope, harness world forces to fly, travel swiftly as the wind, or speak across great distances. We see one who consciously can love and serve and sacrifice and give ardent devotion to high causes. We see here what is greater than all herbs: *man's soul, God's best incarnation, consciously aiding in the ongoing of the divine purpose!* That purpose is a kingdom *in the earth*, an ever-coming kingdom made up by men who, in intelligence, character and good-will, have grown to be *like Jesus, and have gone out upon a thrilling adventure with the living God!*

“God is;
God sees;
God loves;
God knows.

And Right is Right;
And Right is Might.

In the full ripeness of His Time,
All these His vast prepotencies
Shall round their grace-work to the prime
Of full accomplishment,
And we shall see the plan sublime
Of His beneficent intent.

Live on in hope!
Press on in faith!
Love conquers all things,
Even Death.”

MEDITATION ON THE MASTER'S THOUGHT

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For

verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. 5:17-20.

I

The church and state officials of Jesus' time were very much afraid of his new thinking. They saw his original attitude toward the rigid Sabbath observances, and they whispered that he would destroy the Sabbath. They listened to his broad teaching about God, and it was so startlingly original that they feared the overthrow of their own outworn theologies. In the Sermon on the Mount Jesus takes the opportunity to explain his attitude with regard to the old law of the Jews, and with regard to the revered teachings of the nation's saints, the prophets. He pointed out that he meant not to annul the past, but to fulfil it in the future by broadening and enlarging its application in the present. Independent thinking was a new thing to the Pharisees and they hated Jesus for his daring. They persecuted him for it. At last, on account of it, they had him crucified.

The main fault of the Pharisees was that they failed to see that God can reveal his will in the truth and experience of every age. As a matter of fact, they could not think for themselves because their minds were held fast in the rigid forms of old traditions.

The danger in our own day that our thinking may become Pharisaical rather than Christlike is illustrated in the true words of J. H. C. Macaulay: "There is nothing," he says, "so uncommon today as independent and original thinking." The honest thinker, today, like Jesus must be willing to stand the scorn and the bitterness of the swarming crowd of scribes and Pharisees. But no man must forget this clear fact that is written on every single page of our New Testament: *A man cannot be Christian in his thinking unless he thinks*

for himself, with the mind God gave him, concerning the problems of life and thought!

While Jesus went out of his way to point out that the old law was not to be destroyed, no, not one jot or tittle of it, and while he always took as a basis or starting point for his thought some great teaching of the prophets, nevertheless, he was absolutely fearless in the use of his own mind. And not a thousand Pharisees with their hateful looks and their dire threats could turn him as much as a cubit from the heroic path of truth in which he placed his feet. Not otherwise must be today the stern ideal of the pioneer thinker. Not all the shaking of doubtful heads, not all the traditional pleadings and disagreements of the majority, nor the ostracisms of those who enjoy the *status quo* should so much as turn him a hair's breadth from that gleaming Light of God-given truth which he follows. He will be called a crazy man, as Jesus was. He will be deserted on every hand by those who called themselves friends. He will be pelted with epithets calculated to burn and wound and kill. But through it all, he will follow the way of the explorer, away from the beaten track and out into the realms of discovery, for upon his divine demurring depends the hope of human progress.

Emily Dickinson knew the experience and words it in telling language:

"Much madness is divinest sense
To a discerning eye;
Much sense the starkest madness.
'Tis the majority
In this, as all, prevails.
Assent, and you are sane;
Demur—you're straightway dangerous
And handled with a chain!"

The honest thinker, who pioneers for truth in the field of thought, is so sure of his ground because he knows that God is a living and not a dead God, and that he speaks to us today even as he did to Jesus and the prophets. Too long we have been making the kingdom of God identical with the past kingdoms, the kingdom of Greece or of Rome or of Jerusalem. We have been thinking that God revealed himself

in an unusual way in those ancient days, in a way which we cannot know now. But "God who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets," can in our own day speak unto us and reveal unto us his holy will. Why should there be anything strange about God's coming to us now and revealing to us increasingly his purposes, even to a higher degree than ever before giving his will for his world? James Russell Lowell understands:

"God is not dumb that He should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness,
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
There towers the mountain of the voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore."

We, too, must come not to destroy but to fulfil. It is our duty, not to destroy the religion of the past, but to fulfil it in the present. We too must come with Jesus' faith which knows that *true believing needs must issue in original thinking and adventuresome doing!*

II

It was an interesting, yet natural, procedure for Jesus, who was himself a young man even when he died, to select for his followers young men, still unenslaved by custom, still unfettered in mind, and still unpossessed by prejudice. Jesus knew human nature, and he realized that youth would be more receptive to his new truth and more sensitive to the wonder and the hopes and the valors he would awake. It was the old men who put Jesus to death, the Pilates, the chief priests, the Sanhedrin counsellors, the Pharisees, the soldiers. "Nearly all men," says Charles Darwin, "past a moderate age, are incapable of looking at facts under a new point of view."

One of the tragedies of our day is that the Church, unlike her Master, is frowning too often on the spirit of her youth. Many who control in the Church's life are unable to look at facts under a new point of view, the point of view of the younger generation. Margaret Slattery tells in her book, "You

Can Learn to Teach," of a young man who went out from his home church so discouraged, because of the shackles of dogma and the fetters of tradition which minister and officials attempted to foist on all members, that he declared he was "through with church, religion, and all the rest of it forever!" At college, however, he came under the influence of a more liberal atmosphere where trustful freedom and honest thinking were combined with a warm friendliness. That boy, starving for real religion, found it, and entered into such a profound experience of God that he went from college dedicated to Christian service!

Are we going to drive our splendid youth from the church with our rigid thinking? Is the church going to shut the new kingdom of heaven from itself and forbid anyone else from entering? Will the church be toward its young people like Æsop's dog in the manger, unable to assimilate the new thought itself and unwilling its younger generation should? "*Can young Jones stay in the church?*" asks a contemporary journalist. "He wants to. By its conception of itself the church is committed to the ideas of Jesus. And they are meat and drink to the young man. One has a right to demand Christ's standards of the church. . . . To young Jones' mind the church offers the best, the most natural instrument, for shaping the world into the kingdom of which he dreams. But will the church let young Jones stay in? Will the church frown on a man, give him the cold shoulder, because he trusts enough in God not to fear to ask every question and drive the question through until he gets his answer?"

Begbie in his book, "Painted Windows," has a passage, which, while not entirely true, illustrates the historic attitude of religions: "Every religion in history, from the worship of Osiris, Serapis, and Mithra, to the loathsome rites practiced in the darkness of African forests, has been handed down as unquestionable truth commanding the loyalty of its disciples. What logic, what magic of holiness, could destroy a false religion if tradition is sacrosanct and all innovation of the devil?" I think it is safe to say that no religion ever existed which was entirely false. Jesus came not to destroy and we must come not to destroy. But in the growth which fulfils there will be false traditions sloughed off, and outworn parts discarded. Youth comes from God, not to destroy the church,

but to fulfil its highest ambitions; the church must come, not to destroy the glow of youth, but to permit and *assist* in its fulfilment. "We teach them," says Wiggam, "to experiment fearlessly in chemistry, physics, biology, and even in psychology, but we begin lying to them about life the moment they leave the laboratory. Here they are, pouring by the millions through our schools, brave, wide-eyed, clean, unspoiled, ready to do and dare with the universe; their pulses tumbling with as rich idealisms as ever set the blood of a happy warrior singing upon a great enterprise. . . . Then we instantly close those open minds and teach them to belong to parties, to evaluate life in creeds, to express social power in catchwords, to compress vast ardors into conventional molds, to follow whatever spiritual goose-step suits the vested religious, economic, and political interests of the time."

This spirit, unfortunately, has been too often the curse of the church's work. From her door she has often driven her best thinkers, and too often stultified and crushed the aspiring minds of those who were admitted. Not long ago the moderator of the Presbyterian general assembly told of a campus of ten thousand students where to maintain connection with the church, to profess Christianity, "simply wasn't done." That condition, unfortunately widely prevalent, is just the result of the church's unsympathetic attitude. A recent conversation with a young college man explains it: "Students are against compulsory chapel and are treating Christianity with polite scorn, not because they regard it as a relic of the Middle Ages, but because it has no vital message for the world today!"

Can one imagine an astronomer, newly called to a chair in a university, held up by an examining board and only admitted when he had given his promise to teach only the astronomy of the second century, and to discover no new stars, and to advance no new theories as to the origin of the solar system? And yet that is practically the silly procedure which holds in some of our churches when they ordain a man to the ministry or install him in a pulpit. They hold him up at the point of a mental pistol—the accusation of heresy—and force him to teach what has always been taught on pain of expulsion! No wonder Channing says: "It is the tendency of the increasing civilization and expansion of mind to pro-

duce a tone of thought and feeling which is unfriendly to the church which is exclusive in spirit."

The church which will not mentally grow, and permit its membership all mental freedom, is absolutely doomed. For the church is in the position of the chick in the egg. Within the safe shell, life seems warm, secure. The change of its expanding life at first fills it with terror. That pressure on the shell is quite uncomfortable. It is terribly afraid of any new freedom which will break this separateness from the wide world. We know that unless the hindering shell is broken and the chicken comes forth, its life is settled. *It must come out of its shell or it will die.* That is exactly the fix of the church. *It must fulfil its religion or it will destroy it!*

Ah! like Jesus the church can trust its youth. Fundamentally, their minds and their characters are the equal of any in the last twenty centuries, or in all time. They are in revolt, but they do not wish for the destruction of that which is true and that which is eternally right. They will admit no divine dictum which is not indorsed by their own individual judgment. They believe in their own responsibility. They have come not to destroy the hopes of the ages but to fulfil them in a glorious new day. "I am happy to think," said Thomas Hardy, "that this religion without dogmas—in which, I think, we may see in advance the religion of the future, and by which all of the modern world that can be saved will be saved—may find shelter in the churches of today!" Let all forward-looking men and women hope and pray and work that the religion of the new day may find shelter in the old church. It will come to pass, if the leaders of the church understand Christ enough to see that his faith was a *faith in the fulfilling power of trustful freedom!*

III

It is a true sign of progress that the new generation is sick of cant and falsehood and the perfervid reiterations of old delusions. But, according to Jesus, the kingdom of heaven cannot be entered on the wings of new thinking alone. *Not one* of the old commandments must be broken. Those who break them, and teach others to do so, shall be the least in the kingdom of heaven. A new thinking must issue in a new

fidelity to life. A new faith must issue in new character. The achievement of a superior religion must result in the achievement of a superior character. *A religion which exceeds that of the scribes and Pharisees in genuine faith must exceed that of the scribes and Pharisees in genuine righteousness!*

So the new truth of Jesus was a corrective truth. It set up new and higher standards of living. It took the old ideals and exalted them. It took an old and futile and lifeless code and gave it a new dynamic. It took the old law, encrusted with hypocrisies and shams, and freed it for a new and larger life. It took the old law against killing and showed that the real sin that needed to be removed was deep down in the heart—anger. It took the old law against committing adultery and showed that the roots of the evil were deep down in the heart—foul and lustful thoughts. The ideals of the old law were not high enough, but he did not destroy them. He fulfilled them, by widening and deepening their applications.

Did the scribes and Pharisees live up to the old law? Some of them did, *strictly*. But most of them did not live up to the law, even though its requirements were not so high. They delighted in intellectual arguments, the sharing of opinions, polite ecclesiastical exercises in the temple. But when it came to life their professions were a long way ahead of their conduct. In the religion of Jesus there was very little room for creeds or fancy intellectual philosophies, but he cared tremendously about the moral obligations of religion. Faith meant nothing to him unless it was brought forth in a good life of love, truth, service, holiness, sacrifice. Time and time again he rebuked the Pharisees, on account of their wrong emphasis in religious matters (Matt. 23: 13-33, Mark 12: 38-40).

As we survey our world we feel it needs something of the same kind of rebuke that Jesus gave the Pharisees. With our physical science, which has built a world-civilization of enginery and machinery, we have achieved immense external wealth. With our new thinking and increased means of communication we have vastly widened knowledge and produced a wiser generation. But is it a *better* generation? The Athens of Sophocles, Pericles, and Phidias had none of our modernity but they did wonderfully. The soil that grew

Petrarch and Leonardo da Vinci and Luther and Columbus was enriched by other influences than we know. What, if with all our wealth and power in the physical world, we are left poverty-stricken in the realm of the soul?

The task of the younger generation with its splendid and courageous new thinking is to create *a new world of character*. It is to build in the new day a world-order wherein the personal and social ideals of Jesus have a real and vital part. "Lift up your eyes," said Roswell Hitchcock, "and you may see another stadium of history advancing. Its aim will be to realize the Christianity of Christ himself, which is about to renew its youth by taking to heart the Sermon on the Mount. He that sitteth on the throne is saying: '*Behold, I make all things new.*' This earth is *yet to be redeemed*, soul and body, with all its peoples, occupations and interests."

Let the church not sit down easily and agreeably beside the modern man with his scrappy culture, his opulent science, and his disordered soul. But let the church provide the enlightened and inspired leadership that will give that man what he badly needs: *a sane faith brought forth in superior character!*

"What ye want is light—indeed. . . .

God's light organized

In some high soul, crowned capable to lead

The conscious people, conscious and advised—

For if we lift a people like mere clay,

It falls the same. We want thee, O unfound

And Sovran teacher! if thy beard be grey

Or black, we bid thee rise up from the ground

And speak the word God giveth thee to say,

Inspiring into all this people round

Instead of passion, thought, which pioneers

All generous passion, purifies from sin,

And strikes the hour for! Rise up, teacher! here's

A crowd to make a nation—best begin

By making each a man, till all the peers

Of earth's true patriots and pure martyrs in

Knowing and *doing!*"

IV

There are some people who never get into step with the ongoing purposes of God because they are invalidated with a creeping disease called inert pessimism. Worthy enterprises beckon but they sit still, undecided and glum. Noble adventures challenge their devotion, but theirs is a weak and woeful response: "Impossible!" Apparently there are some men so cold and lymphatic in their temperament that they are moved by nothing. They hate enthusiasm. And they are not content with being stragglers in the onward march of human progress themselves, but seem to carry with them a portable fire extinguisher ready always to quench every spark of enthusiasm that begins to glow in others. They are men like the Georgia cracker who sat one day at his shanty door, smoking a corncob pipe. Along came a stranger.

"How's cotton coming?"

"Ain't none!" said the cracker.

"Didn't you plant any?"

"Nope!" replied the cracker, "'fraid o' boll weevils!"

"Well, how's your corn?"

"Didn't plant none, 'fraid o' drought!"

"Well," finally asked the stranger, "how's your potatoes?"

"Ain't got none!" said the cracker, "scairt o' tater bugs!"

"Well, what did you plant?"

"Nuthin'," said the cracker, "just played safe!"

Too often the oncoming kingdom is blocked by some pessimist *playing safe*. Mussolini may not stand as the ideal servant of the kingdom but he has given us a splendid motto: "Live dangerously!" It is the same ideal uttered one hundred and fifty years ago by Ben Franklin: "The way to be safe is never to be secure!"

All human progress is the result of faith. In the eleventh chapter of Hebrews the writer, glowing with a great vision of what faith had done for his people, pictured the heroes of Israel, Abraham, Isaac, and the rest, as accomplishing their deeds by faith. To which we might add these facts of our own: By faith Jesus adventured to fulfil the religion of his fathers and brought forth a new and glorious church; by faith Paul crossed the plains of Asia and the waters of the Ægean Sea and won the ancient world for his Master; by

faith missionaries saved Roman civilization and converted the savage Goths and Vandals to the religion of Jesus; by faith Columbus crossed the unknown ocean and opened a new world; by faith Washington established in the new world a great republic; by faith Livingstone opened up the dark continent of Africa to the light of a higher civilization; by faith Lincoln won freedom for the blacks and a greater solidarity for his nation; by faith Bell invented the telephone and Ford invented his automobile and Edison illumined the physical world with the miracle of electricity. So goes the record of faith; it is nothing but the record of all human achievement!

But the divinest achievers have always worked with God. Without him our efforts are vain. If we leave him out of account we have the sense of something lacking, an experience which Browning truly phrases:

"Inscribe all human effort with one word,
Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!"

Man is God's child and when Father and son work together what wonders can be accomplished! Truly we are "co-workers" with the Great Spirit, with God, the eternal Youth, who is ever questing onward, and calling for His children to follow. For as Bridges has well said:

"The world is unto God a work of art,
Of which the unaccomplished heavenly plan
Is hid in life within the creature's heart,
And for perfection looketh unto man!"

Shall we fail God in this new and dangerous day? Shall we heed the Pharisaic voices which, entrenched in old traditions, mock the ongoing purposes of the daring faithful? Shall we be untrue to the example of our Master who poured out his life in wondrous fidelity for the fulfilment of the great Kingdom? There is no avoiding the issue: *those who adventure upward with the ongoing God will be inspired and enheartened by an unshakable faith built on original thinking, nobler character, and the unfaltering conviction of coöperation with the Father!* They will sing with a brave knight of another day, Charles Kingsley:

"Gather you, gather you, angels of God—
 Freedom, and Mercy, and Truth;
 Come! for the Earth is grown coward and old;
 Come down, and renew us her youth.
 Wisdom, Self-sacrifice, Daring and Love,
 Haste to the battlefield, stoop from above—
 To the Day of the Lord at hand.

* * * * * *

"Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,
 While the Lord of all ages is here?
 True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
 And those who can suffer can dare.
 Each old age of gold was an iron age too,
 And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do,
 In the Day of the Lord at hand!"

*O Lord, our God, grant unto us the truth, we beseech Thee,
 in our new day, that we may follow it with unfaltering steps,
 that the agelong Kingdom of Thy heart may come nearer in
 our world. For Jesus' sake, Amen.*

LIFE QUESTIONS

1. Is adventure in the field of thought a Christian duty? Is it possible for a man today to be what J. M. Scott calls "a Columbus of truth"?
2. Are our ideas about God final? Are those of Jesus? Name some attributes of God suggested by the words of Jesus in this part of the Sermon on the Mount.
3. To discover the truth about life and religion is it necessary to give up our preconceived notions, dogmatic prejudices, customary cherished opinions? What are the chief sources of false notions in religion? Did Jesus mean to establish a rigid creed?
4. Of what did righteousness among the Pharisees and scribes consist? How did Jesus seek to improve upon their notions of right and wrong? Did he succeed? How would you describe this exalting of old standards in terms of today?
5. Are Jesus' standards, as we find them in the Sermon universal? eternal? applicable today? Will there ever be such

a thing as permanent moral and spiritual standards? Have we them now?

6. How can mankind best conserve the accumulated achievements and valuable experiences of the past?

7. What is the more imperative duty, the destruction of the false or the construction of the true?

8. "The word fulfil is used in the most strict and ordinary sense: He means that He is come to give that which fills up the husk of the outward law, its kernel, its substance. . . ." (F. D. Maurice.)

Do you agree that the new message of Jesus is a living and logical unfolding of the old law of the Jewish code?

9. "The effectiveness of the work of Christianity . . . has been proportioned to the thoroughness with which it has devoted itself to some higher principle than any which could be called worldly." (E. Lyttelton.)

Are the principles of Christianity's righteousness too high to be actually lived in everyday life? How many are truly living the higher righteousness?

10. Was Jesus' faith in God an active or passive affair? What were the vital elements of his faith?

CHAPTER V

Brotherhood in the New Day

DAILY READINGS

In one of our best magazines there appeared recently a poem by Elizabeth Morrow which exactly describes the problem with which we shall be dealing in the discussion of this chapter:

"My friend and I have built a wall
Between us thick and wide:
The stones of it are laid in scorn
And plastered high with pride.

"We talk across the stubborn stones
So arrogantly tall—
Only we cannot touch our hands
Since we have built the wall."

This fact we all realize: *there are walls in human life which frustrate fellowship!* There are artificial barriers built by the brutalized hands of men gone blind with pride and hard-hearted hate, barriers which successfully obstruct the spread of brotherhood. In our daily readings let us see some of these walls that shut men apart.

Fifth Week, First Day

Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.—Matt. 18:19-20.

One of the most obvious and insidious forms of intolerance, barring the way to brotherhood, is bigotry of belief! In our New Testament passage, selected from the words of Jesus, we hear him speaking about the way men come together most effectively. He does not say that they must agree on earth as touching anything they think; but he says when they agree to ask together, that seeking shall be rewarded.

Uniformity in thinking, therefore, is nowhere required in the New Testament. Nor will common sense require it. It is true that each life is in a sense different, each life has something unique and valuable to contribute. The iron hand which would compel uniformity would therefore be stultifying and stupid. To deny any man the right to think for himself about Reality is to deny what God does not. It is to violate the first duty man owes to God: *the obligation to think honestly for oneself*. "I think my credo is," said Hugh Walpole, English novelist, "that I believe one of the first necessities for a human being is an absolute tolerance of the religious discoveries of every other human being."

Liberalist and literalist must come together in the name of Jesus (which means with the spirit of his understanding love) tolerantly granting each other the right to follow the guiding of God as it is revealed aglow in a man's own heart. A contemporary seer pictures Jesus face to face with the bragging intolerance of the wise men of today:

"In sorrow spake the Christ: 'If ye had faith
As a mustard seed, this mountain 'twixt you twain,
Which cleaves your brotherhood, would at your word
Of loving understanding be removed.
War not with one another but with sin;
Talk not of "creeds" or "creedless," but of faith.
Your greatest heresies are pride of heart
And loveless scorn that wounds and cannot heal.
Your scourge of bitter words falls on my back
And by your strife again I'm crucified.'"

Fifth Week, Second Day

Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may

be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me. And the glory which Thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that Thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved me. —John 17:20-23.

This agonizing prayer of Jesus has been ringing in the ears of Christians for centuries. It is a passionate prayer for unity and the Master prayed these words a few hours before he gave his life for the redemption of men. But the churches have no more heeded it than if it had never been spoken. *Men have gloried in building exclusive barriers around God to shut their brothers out!*

Thus the Christians of the early centuries of our era put to death whole tribes who refused to accept the Christian God. The Christians of the Middle Ages made the church a closed corporation and anyone who questioned its infallible authority was at once branded a heretic and condemned to hell fire (which often became a reality in the form of burning at the stake or the agony of the torture chamber). The followers of Mohammed felt it their duty to put to the sword those who failed to embrace the religion of Allah and his one true Prophet. Thus through the ages groups have invented what they called "The One True Church," and have branded their brothers outside with shame! And all because certain inconsequential forms were exalted as essential: masses, indulgences, pilgrimages, baptisms, rituals, healings, popes, holy books, and pious practices of various kinds.

But there is only one true Church the world around and that is the Church of Humanity. All churches of whatever ritual are but expressions of the same human desires and needs. As all these cooperate in one common brotherhood, recognizing the one common Father, and living in love together, will the dream of Jesus be realized: "... that they all may be one, as Thou Father art in me ... that they may be made perfect in one!" As for me let my church embrace the world; as Burbridge does in his good poem:

"All who love God are in my church embraced,
 Not that I have no sense of preference—
 None deeper! but I rather love to draw,
 Even here, on earth, on toward the future law,
 And Heaven's fine etiquette, where? who? and whence?
 May not be asked: and at the wedding feast,
 North shall sit down with south, and west with east."

Fifth Week, Third Day

And as they came out, they found a man of Cyrene,
 Simon by name: him they compelled to bear his cross.—
 Matt. 27:32.

It is interesting to note that the first man who actually carried the cross of Jesus was a black man, a Cyrenean from the north of Africa. The men who killed Jesus were white and the man they made carry the cross was black. *And wherever white men make colored races carry a cross of shameful exclusion there the Christ of humanity is crucified afresh!*

It is hard to see how a pigment in the skin can make one race superior or inferior. But for ages foolish man has separated himself off with pride because his skin was colored differently from his fellows. We become suspicious of a man whose skin is not the same as ours. We create in our imaginations all kinds of evil about him. But this is childishness. Dark-skinned races are as much children of God as the light-skinned races. "Humanity," as Theodore Parker has so well said, "is the son of God!" The negro is the image of God cut in ebony. The red man is the image of God cut in mahogany. The yellow man is the image of God carved in gold. And because the white man is the image of God carved in ivory, shall he insist that ivory is a superior vessel to ebony, mahogany, or gold? *We must not separate natural brothers with walls of color!* Burns saw the vision long ago:

"Then let us pray that come it may
 (As come it will for a' that,)
 That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
 Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Fifth Week, Fourth Day

And he taught, saying unto them, Is it not written, my house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer?—
Mark 11:17.

National pride has always been one of the most sensitive elements in human nature. Flags, histories, traditions, heroes—all these conspire to give a set of mind that is dangerous to world brotherhood. Patriotism is a noble, wonderful, beautiful emotion. Every man feels it somewhat, and there is virtue in it. But when a prophet with the world vision in his eyes comes to his own people with a message which touches on universal kinship, the nation rises in indignation and heaven help the prophet after that. Jeremiah was stoned, Savonarola was burned, Wilson was beaten into helplessness. They wanted to kill Jesus, the very members of his hometown church, as we saw in one of the daily readings in the first chapter. Eventually, they did slay him for "betraying the nation!"

And here in our passage today we hear Jesus abruptly calling their attention to an old prophetic message which, in their national narrowness and pride, they had forgotten. It was in the holy temple of God that all nations of earth were to be brought prayerfully together!

The point is that it is literally true that there is no such thing as a separate nation! Try to define "nation" and see. Try to think of a nation on the planet that is actually composed of people of one kind only. Dr. Franz Boas, noted anthropologist, is right when he says: "Nationality is irrelevant. All nations are mongrel." God not only made man in his image but he made every man in the same image as every other. National barriers are largely artificial. Jingoism will go when Jesus' purpose of brotherhood throws these barriers down. An increasing number of people are beginning to feel like Emma Lazarus:

"Here was the lofty truth revealed, that each
Must feel himself in all, must know where'er
The great soul acts or suffers or enjoys,
His proper soul in kinship there is bound,
Then my life-purpose dawned upon my mind,
Encouraging as morning."

Fifth Week, Fifth Day

But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor? And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves? And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.—Luke 10:29-37.

Christian friendship is the most talked of and least practiced ideal in the world. Christianity is supposed to teach us to love our neighbors—but as a matter of fact modern society recognizes no neighbors. We quarrel with our relatives, gossip about the folks next door, compete savagely with the man who happens to be in the same business as ourselves. And as for the stranger within our gates or without our gates, he is utterly neglected.

The story of the Good Samaritan is so well known that we are apt to miss its deepest message, namely this: *No man is a stranger; every soul you meet is your brother; every soul you meet may need your help!* The Samaritan, a hated

alien, recognizes a brother in the half-dead Jew lying by the roadside, more readily than the priest or the choir singer. *It was his treatment of an utter stranger exactly as one would treat a brother that constitutes the heart of the story!* On every modern street (as one can imagine on every street of old Jerusalem) there are unfortunate strangers needing Good Samaritans. Bill Simpson's spirit is nothing else but the spirit of Christ: "Daily, everywhere they go, they shall find a dear brother or sister in the eyes of everyone they meet and shall feel themselves surrounded and accompanied by them on all their way."

Ah! Father in heaven, how languishing souls need tender touch of brotherly hands! One of our best modern poets, Thomas Clark, gives voice to our hearts:

"The touch of human hands—
Not vain, unthinking words,
Nor that cold charity
Which shuns our misery;
We seek a *loyal* friend
Who understands,
And the warmth, the pulsing warmth
Of human hands.

"The touch of human hands—
Such care as was in Him
Who walked in Galilee
Beside the silver sea;
We need a *patient* guide
Who understands,
And the warmth, the loving warmth
Of human hands."

Fifth Week, Sixth Day

And when the Pharisees saw it, they said unto his disciples, Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?
—Matt. 9:11.

And with him they crucify two thieves; the one on his right hand and the other on his left. And the scripture was fulfilled, which saith, And he was numbered with the transgressors.—Mark 15:27-28.

And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us. But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss. And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with me in paradise.—Luke 23:39-43.

In our daily readings we have been seeking to set forth the great fact of human brotherhood, a fact stated many centuries ago by a great Greek, Epictetus, "The universe is one city full of beloved ones." We have seen, however, that various forms of misunderstanding serve to erect walls of hostility between men: walls of creed, church, color, nation, and custom. There is still another wall which comes between men, and perhaps this is one of the most common: *the wall of class*. Pride in ancestry, virtue, wealth or position puffs us up until we commence to look down on our fellow mortals as wretched or degraded or inferior persons.

If we study Jesus' life with any appreciation at all we shall see at once how far from this attitude he was. He fraternized with the commonest people until it provoked criticism. Transgressors, malefactors, and men of low degree he counted as among his best friends. A common thief on a cross, even in the night of his death, was not too low to be befriended. Kingman has placed his finger on one of the most characteristic qualities of the Master's life when he says of him: "The face of Jesus was as wistfully kind to the unclean as to the clean, and to the ignorant as to the learned. . . . Whatever else was perplexing about his mission, this at least was clear, that He turned the light of God on the drab life of the common people, and lo and behold! it was a light tremulous with the deep colors of pity, and love, and sacrifice." And John T. Roberts understood Jesus too when he sang:

"Ancestry needn't disturb my mind; it never is in his thought;
He was born among men, he lived among men; he shares the
common lot.

Companions he finds in the places of toil; the homes of the sick he makes glad.

He is rich in God's way of being rich; he blesses the good and the bad."

Fifth Week, Seventh Day

One is your Master; and all ye are brethren.—Matt. 23:8.

In that breath-taking twenty-third chapter of Matthew which must have made his hearers gasp (and which still stabs awake our sleeping consciences), Jesus said that all these cruel barriers of blood and color, creed and church, class and custom and country were built on lies. He said that the true life of mankind was to be built upon a full and generous recognition of the fact of universal brotherhood. In the new dawn the passion of Jesus will sweep away these false fences of division. Aristocracy, orthodoxy, exclusiveness, bigotry, rampant nationalism—not one of these serves any useful purpose in the kingdom of God. Indeed, they are the prime causes of its estoppage. "Intolerance," says Dr. Fossdick, "is one of the great failures of history!"

The masterhood of Jesus cannot be a reality until we are all brought together as brothers. We must no longer think of ourselves as Negroes and whites, respectable and criminal, High Church and Low Church, modernist and fundamentalist, acquaintances and strangers—but as brothers and sisters under the leadership of the Divine Human. "At that time ye were without Christ," said Paul, "being aliens . . . and strangers . . . but now in Christ ye are made nigh by the blood of Christ. . . . For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us. . . ." (Ephesians 2: 12-14.) *It is easy to say those words, but how about living them?*

"We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
The brothers of Thy well-beloved Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit! like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one.

"We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,

One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes Thy children free
To follow truth and thus to follow Thee."

MEDITATION ON THE MASTER'S THOUGHT

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.

Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time thy adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.—Matt. 5:21-26.

In the next five chapter discussions we shall be considering *the new ideals of Jesus for the human family*. We shall see that his spiritual insight is keener, his moral requirements greater, and his social standards loftier than those taught in the old law. To men of his time his message seemed bold, radical, revolutionary. By men of later times his message has been estimated at its true worth—it is thought of as teaching for eternity. Jesus penetrated to the heart of things because he was so human. "He knew what was in man." He possessed a profound knowledge of human nature. He had a marvelous understanding of human life. He knew its problems; he recognized its capacities. He lived among people so intimately that he came to understand their needs better than anyone before or since. He made it his daily, prayerful task to relieve human care and sorrow and suffering. He opened the door of the Father's Spirit, and the light that

came through illumined life with new hope, new promise, new faith. In the illuminating process the law is not lost. To be sure, it is filled full with deeper significance; it becomes harder to live up to; it pins morality and religion down to fundamentals. We shall see that he means what he says: "I am come not to destroy, *but to fulfil!*"

I

One of the most ancient of all laws in the society of man Jesus first mentions: *Thou shalt not kill*. When man emerged from the jungle he brought with him vestiges of the old, savage, barbaric animal life. In the dim, dark ages before law, cannibalism, infant sacrifice, and other forms of homicide were practiced without qualm. But when man's social conscience developed to the point where he recognized obligation toward his fellow-man, blood-letting came as the curse of Cain: a brutal, barbaric deed of unbridled selfishness and fury. Though Moses announced the divine law against killing from Sinai the Israelites went down to the valley of Canaan and gloried in killing the Canaanites. There seems to be an instinct in human nature which tends to overthrow the conscience in the face of expediency, explaining slaying as an adventurous necessity. Thus George Bernard Shaw with his usual keenness describes the first murderer:

"Cain (to Adam): Still digging? Always dig, dig, dig. Sticking in the old furrow. No progress! no advanced ideas! no adventures! What should I be if I had stuck to the digging you taught me?

Adam: What are you now, with your shield and spear, and your brother's blood crying from the ground against you?

Cain: I am the first murderer: you are only the first man. Anybody could be the first man: it is as easy as to be the first cabbage. To be the first murderer one must be a man of spirit!"

("Back to Methuselah," Part I, Act II.)

Thus it is by clever, yet obviously false, reasoning that we explain away the hideous crime of murder. Ancient wars with their wholesale slayings, Indian massacres with the horror of the tomahawk, and the stories of ferocious cannibal tribes seem terrible to us. We read of the leopard-men of

Africa, described by Albert Schweitzer, the missionary doctor, organist, and theologian, and we can scarcely believe. They go on all fours, real leopard claws bound to hands and feet, and tear open the arteries of the throat as the leopard does. A magic potion is made from a murdered man's blood and mixed in a human skull. Secretly it is poured into a man's drink; then he is told he is a member of the dread brotherhood, and he goes out to lure a brother or sister into the hands of the leopard-men who attack and slay. We think these things are awful, but right at home in our own so-called high civilization we make human life just as cheap. The fact that there are thousands of murders in America every year, and tens of thousands of lives destroyed by faulty machinery, careless motor-car driving, and neglect of the laborer at his work, shows how little we heed the divine command: *Thou shalt not kill!*

But more disheartening still are *the legalized forms of killing!* Thus policemen carry guns and clubs and have the right to shoot and beat and often slay those who fall into their hands. Thus the state has its electric chairs, its gallows, its lethal chambers where human lives are sacrificed on the altar of heathen stupidity. One of the most amazing inconsistencies in modern life is the spectacle of the state taking the life of a murderer: *committing the same crime for which it has convicted the criminal!* And the arrant nonsense which poses for argument in defense of this barbarity is so silly that one can hardly believe it is sincere. Thus a recent newspaper editorial says: "Our chief concern is with crimes of violence and we shall have a speedy reduction in these if we send all murderers to the chair. If the chair were inescapable in all murder cases we should virtually abolish murder, as it has been abolished in Europe." The vaporous quality of such argument is quickly seen when it is asked: Since when does killing one murderer prevent another man from killing? The deliberate falsity of such a proposition is revealed when we find that the general experience has been that the number of murders is reduced *in those states where capital punishment has been abolished!* Murder has not been abolished, of course, in Europe (as the article seems to imply), but wherever it has been almost abolished we find that capital punishment has been eliminated.

In other words the mention of Europe in this connection proves exactly the opposite proposition from the one the editorial writer desired to prove, since three out of every four European states have already abolished the electric chair and the gallows, and have placed them in the museum where they belong, with all the other torture paraphernalia of ancient heathenism.

The attitude of the average man of society toward killing done by the state is well illustrated by an acquaintance, active in church work, and a man of good sense and fine character. He told me of going to the Charlestown prison in Massachusetts with a group of boys. When they came to the death house the warden would not let the boys see the dreaded chair. Speaking to me about his experience later he said: "I went into the death house alone. It was a gruesome feeling that came over me. I certainly would not want the job of the electrocutioner, but I believe in capital punishment!" A room the very sight of which may pervert the minds of boys has no place in our civilization. And a deed too terrible for the average citizen to do should not be done by anybody. The words, *Thou shalt not kill*, mean just what they say. No "ifs" or "ands" or "buts" are permissible. *Man has no right to destroy another human life under any circumstances!*

The truth about war is seen when we consider it in the light of this divine law. It is the same old curse of Cain, pure murder, explained away with specious excuses. The instruments of modern warfare are infinitely worse than ever before: science has devised them for maximum wholesale killing. Aërial bombs, torpedoes, long-range guns firing high-explosive shells and shrapnel, mustard-gas and chlorine, rapid-fire and machine guns—these clever instruments of modern warfare make ancient slaughter-stories sound like mere child's play. *The invention of gunpowder*, making possible all forms of destructive weapons from six-shooters to huge siege guns, *has proved mankind's curse.*

"Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?"

“Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals or forts.

“The warrior’s name should be a name abhorred!
 And every nation that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
 Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!”

Jesus repeats here in the Sermon on the Mount, with his supreme indorsement that it shall never be abrogated, the great law that man must not kill. It implies that all life is sacred; it declares the fact that man is wisest when he kills the least; that nothing must be killed except it minister to man’s need of food or clothing or condition of body. Hunting for sport that cruelly deprives the dumb beast of life unnecessarily, the destruction of anything that breathes, wantonly or without cause, is a direct sin against the natural law written in the book of life. *All nature is a brotherhood, and its fundamental sign is, Thou shalt not kill!* W. F., in the *Christian Science Monitor*, gives us wholesome philosophy which many might well heed: “Lying among the heather in the ceilings of a summer night, wi’ the stars blinking overhead and the hushing sound of the darkness all about ye, wi’ the eerie cry of the peewit coming through, the hoot of an owl, or maybe the rustle of a rabbit among the whins, scurrying from a reavin’ stoat, it’s then I seem to realize best what I am and where my true place is. Lonesome? No’ me! All nature is whispering to me; the stars aboon, the trees, the purlin’ burns. The rough steers in the pasture, the friendly horses at the fence, breathe to me the spirit of a brotherhood of which man is but a part.”

II

The old law, according to Jesus, is perfectly right. Killing is wrong, and when a man kills he becomes liable to the “judgment.” Killing is a dire evil and when a man does it he must suffer certain penalties of *divine justice*. The word in the Greek is *κρίσις*, which may mean “the local court,” but

which usually refers to a higher justice, or the judgment of God. But the old law does not go deep enough. The laws of the nation may stop with the actual killing, but the Great All-seeing Father looks upon the heart. Malicious ill-will toward a brother has its penalties of divine justice just the same as killing. *There is a malignity, says Jesus, which murders men as surely as the sword can slay them!* There is a scorn, a contempt, a disdainful hatred, which injures a brother as truly as the thrust of a spear.

The very fact that these subtle sins cannot be punished by national law is a clear indication that his meaning is spiritual here. The inordinately angry soul is liable to the *κρίσις* (local court) which symbolizes inevitable spiritual punishment. The contemptuous soul which cries, Raca (Good-for-nothing), is liable to the *συνηδριον* (sanhedrin) which symbolizes the High Court of the Universe. The scornful soul which says, Thou Fool, is liable to burial in the *γέεννα του πυρός*, the valley of Hinnom (Gehenna) which symbolizes a spiritual hell of destruction. The laws of the nation, he is saying, may overlook these spiritual misdemeanors of uncalled-for anger, unfair contempt, and unbridled scorn but the laws of God do not. *These sins violate God's spiritual plan for his children, and they have their unavoidable penalties!*

Just as in Jesus' day men took attitudes toward one another which destroyed life, so in our day brotherhood is spoiled by anger, contempt, and scorn. There is a story, bearing the ear-marks of truth, about a church of the west called "The Church of God," which would be amusing in this connection, were it not so tragically reminiscent of the spirit of hostility and division which exists within the fold of Christianity. There happened to be in the congregation two factions, which not being able to get along together, finally split, and the group which started a new church called themselves "The True Church of God." This group also quarrelled among themselves, and another split followed, with a new congregation formed, called "The Only True Church of God." Thus, with veiled scorn of each other the three hundred sects of Christianity go their divided way. We see religion then, not a unifying force, but the world's worst divisive influence, splitting whole communities and whole nations in twain with angry conflict and scornful hostility. It

is Protestant against Roman Catholic, Jew against Gentile, Christian against Mohammedan, Buddhist against Confucianist, Moslem against Hindu. For this stirring up of anger we shall be in danger of divine justice.

Particularly in the field of race relations we see the blasting of brotherhood by anger without a cause, and the contempt and scorn which spring from ignorance. Thus the Negro has been a notorious sufferer of racial madness. In Florida a woman screamed, Nordic feet came running, a Negro was captured, dragged through the streets, and hung. When he was dead the woman calmly explained that all the Negro did was to ask her for a glass of water! Behind that black injustice is a long trail of race hysteria, the kind for which our South is now too famous. But in both North and South a Negro is constantly the object of insult. A cultured physician buys a home in Detroit and a mob storms his house. A refined Negro buys a home in White Plains or Montclair and the injured feelings of the community make him feel as if he were guilty of murder. A colored minister steps into an elevator in the Senate house at Washington, and he is promptly informed that Negroes are not permitted to ride. In New Orleans, the pavement ends where the Negro quarters begin, streets hole-filled and miry, narrow, and ill-smelling, and dwellings not a bit better than hovels. In Washington, Methodist bishops of the North meet for a banquet. They are considering missions for that noble church. Three bishops are uninvited—they happen to be black. The explanation is that a banquet with Negroes in attendance could not be held in Washington. An international Sunday School Convention is on in Birmingham. The color line is drawn in the convention hall. The Negroes boycott the meeting. Why did it happen? Answer: A big Klan demonstration the day before the conference! "The white man," said a prominent colored leader of the South after the Birmingham fiasco, "is a good teacher of the theory of Christianity, *but he is a hell of a demonstrator!*"

Christian brotherhood is a beautiful theory, but we have certainly made a miserable mess of demonstrating it. The great so-called Christian nations have just completed a war which put ten million bodies in early graves. And we still go our way of blind, bigoted racial intolerance and hatred.

Not only the Negroes suffer. Take the Orientals. We mock them as inferiors. Thus a dying Chinaman in one of our hospitals was denied a nurse because none would serve him. A Filipino is ejected from a barber shop. A Japanese is asked if he is a Christian. "I was," he replies, "before I came to America!" Two Chinese laundrymen open a shop in downtown New York. East Side rowdies make life wretched for them by calling them names, stealing things from the shop. One morning a lady comes to leave some laundry and notices but one man left in the shop. "Good morning, John," says the lady, "where is the other John?" "He no come any more," is the reply, "some Clistian gentlemen hit him on the head with a blick." There are, of course, Christian gentlemen more worthy of the name! But wherever we shamefully treat men as "dagoes," "kikes," "hunkies," "chinks," "niggers," instead of brothers, we are violators of a divine law and we are in danger of divine justice.

The problem of brotherhood, of course, is a real problem because *there are real root causes for racial prejudice*. For one thing, many races actually do know how to make themselves most obnoxious. The hordes of immigrants who have overrun New York City in recent years, materially degrading living conditions and vastly complicating the crime problem, are a case in point. All of us have known grasping Hebrews, overbold Negroes, treacherous Italians. And no race has added more to the brotherhood problem than the English with their notorious conceit. Two illustrations are enough. We quote St. John Ervine, English novelist: "We English are a more individual people than the Americans. . . . We cannot be stunned into accepting things because they are incessantly repeated to us." And the braying Chesterton is always typical: "Exactly in so far as America seems to be leading the world, or supposes that it is leading the world, or is in any sense pressing upon or changing the world, it is the pressure of an inferior upon a superior; and it is simply, solely and utterly to be resisted." There are some things in the world which are real causes for the loss of brotherhood. Even we Americans must have our bold braggadocio, our swaggering, mammonistic pride, our blatant nationalism which disturbs our friends in other nations. Our Christian theories have been grand; our demonstration of

tolerant brotherhood has been woefully weak; if this weakness continues we shall be in danger of the hell fires of destruction.

III

Brotherhood is not only marred by religious and racial attitudes, but more obviously, in most communities, by *unfair industrial situations, which make life miserable for millions*. Degrading poverty is a tragic fact, but for hundreds of years the rich, the fashionable, the well-to-do have been dismissing it all with a wave of the hand, saying that the masses are what they are by virtue of their own laziness, their intemperance, their lack of thrift. What is this but the old contemptuous phrase which Jesus so strongly condemns, "Raca—good-for-nothing—worthless—poor trash!" As a matter of fact one of the truest tests of the spirit of Christian brotherhood is *whether or not we care for men, women, and children without regard to geographical or class lines!*

If Jesus could stand at a vantage-point today near any of the great cities, what would be his feeling as he saw the great, weltering, squalid slums, rotten with the foul air of many hovels? Would he say what the Rev. Dr. Guthrie once said as he viewed Edinburgh's "East Side": "A beautiful field—a beautiful field for demonstrating the power of the gospel!"? No! he would say: "A festering sore on the face of society!" and he would set about in some sane way to redeem the depravity of those in the "submerged tenth." He would go to Passaic and demand fair wages for the foreign mill-workers, many of whom are struggling along with their families on something like twenty dollars a week or less. He would go to the great steel mills and see to it that the fat and false philanthropists, who press their wine of life from the crushed, weary, exhausted bodies of mill-laborers, pay more attention to the human needs and less to the financial gains. He would see the young men in the hazardous coal mines of Pennsylvania, getting for their vital work less than 63 cents a ton on the coal they bring out of the black hole of the earth, and his rebuking indignation would rise. He would stand at the factory gate to watch girls and children going to work at seven o'clock in the morning, youngsters who should be in school or at home or out in the fields

at play, and his great soul would groan with compassion and sympathy.

It is *the injustice of the job situation* which works its havoc so terribly among the poor. They must work to live. But they cannot work where or how they please. Their job (which ought to be permanent and of such a nature as to bring the joy and satisfaction of work well done, and leave leisure enough for health and home) is at the mercy of scheming capitalists who care nothing for the worker but only for the keeping down of wages and the perfecting of profit efficiency. Walter Wyckoff gives a Chicago experience which reflects truthfully the condition of all too many of the workers: "Many of the men were so weakened by the want and hardship of the winter that they were no longer in condition for effective labor. Some of the bosses who were in need of added hands were obliged to turn men away because of physical incapacity. One instance of this I shall not soon forget. It was when I overheard, early one morning at a factory gate, an interview between a would-be laborer and a boss. I knew the applicant for a Russian Jew, who had at home an old mother and a wife and two children to support. He had had intermittent employment throughout the winter in a sweater's den, barely enough to keep them all alive, and after the hardships of the cold season, he was again in desperate straits for work. The boss had all but agreed to take him on for some sort of unskilled labor, when, struck by the cadaverous look of the man, he told him to bare his arm. Up went the sleeve of his coat and his ragged flannel shirt, exposing a naked arm with the muscles nearly gone, and the blue-white transparent skin stretched over sinews and the outlines of the bones. Pitiful beyond words was his effort to give a semblance of strength to the biceps which rose faintly to the upward movement of the forearm. But the boss sent him off with an oath and a contemptuous laugh; and I watched the fellow as he turned down the street, facing the fact of his starving family with a despair at his heart which only a mortal can feel and no mortal tongue can speak." Another tells how these wretched live: "In a room twelve by eight, and five and a half feet high, nine persons slept and prepared their food. . . . In another room, located in a dark cellar, without screens or partitions, were

together two men with their wives and a girl of fourteen, two single men and a boy of seventeen, two women and four boys—nine, ten, eleven, and fifteen years old—fourteen persons in all.” Thus one part of humanity rots while the other grows rich. And it is wicked employment conditions which push these folk deep, deep down to the slimy pit of the warrens of the poor!

We go on our easy way, wondering why the Kingdom of God isn't here, wondering why peace and brotherhood are so far from realization, when all about us is the sorrow and suffering of the hosts in the shadow. Woolman, in his “Journal,” tells how we are all caught in the great river of wrong: “Being then desirous to know who I was, I saw a mass of matter of a dull gloomy color between the south and the east, and was informed that this mass was human beings in as great misery as they could be and live; and that I was mixed with them, and that henceforth I might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being.” The false optimists of Satan may not be able to say F. C. Boden's lines, but those who have the heart of the Christ will find them congenial:

“How can I sing while others weep
And groan beneath their travailing,
And cry a God who's fast asleep
And hears them not—how can I sing?

“How can I sing when I've no salve
For putrid sore and deadly sting?
And people sleep in rags, and starve,
And will not wake—how can I sing?”

Does not the attitude of Romain Rolland sound very much like that of the Master?: “The edifice of glory and wealth which mounts to the skies has been built up on a basis of crime. . . . At a fated hour, which may sound a little sooner or a little later, moral retribution arrives—implacable. . . . The punishment is pitiless as was the crime. . . . The oppressors have so closely entwined their fate with that of the oppressed that it is no longer possible for them to disengage it without destruction. . . . White civilization as a whole is heading toward catastrophe.”

Let us glance back at the final punishment which Jesus referred to. It is to be cast into the γέεννα του πυρός. In all Jewish literature this phrase indicates the type of punishment which will be the reward of the wicked and godless. But it stands for an actual, historic, geographical place. And when we know what the place was like the symbolism is much clearer. It was a place called in Jesus' day "Gehenna," (originally "ge ben hinnom"—Aramaic, "gehinom") a deep cavity or valley southwest of Jerusalem. There, during the reigns of Ahaz, Manasseh, Jehoiakim, and others, human beings were burned alive. The same ill-fated spot was cursed by the prophet Jeremiah and called "the valley of slaughter." The refuse of the city of Jerusalem was there deposited for many years together with the lifeless bodies of the friendless or condemned criminals. There fires constantly burned amongst the rubbish; there foul odors arose from the decay of many bodies; there skulls and bones and the scoria of centuries were piled in one smouldering mass. *This terrible symbol of Gehenna, then, Jesus uses to describe what awful spiritual retribution will overtake the man or nation which persists in killing brothers with contempt, murdering men with malice, and slaying them with scorn.* It is a frightful prediction. But the centuries have, and will, prove it true. The words of James Alvord reflect the operation of this inevitable spiritual law:

"He tramples out the wine-press of his wrath;
He puts the mighty down from their high seat;
Time-rotted tyrannies topple at his feet;
Gaunt, discrowned specters flit before his path.

 Their doom was in his word
 When first Judea heard
Of brotherhood. Kings scuttle at his nod,
Blown down black battles by the breath of God!

"The night brims up with hate and misery;
As from the ground, at each thin blast of fire,
Gleam dead phosphoric eyes in deathless ire.
The hosts snatch freedom from their butchery.
 Dead—no lords they fear,
 Dead—their blue lips jeer.

Their cross, and his, drives on the smash of things.
The Carpenter builds scaffolds for the Kings!"

IV

From a lost document, called the Gospel According to the Hebrews, translated by Jerome and attributed to Matthew by the sect of the Nazarenes, some of the Fathers quote a splendid little fragment which might easily be a true word of the Master: "Never," he is reported as saying, "be glad, but when you have looked upon your brother in love." If some of us, kept that saying literally, *we should probably very seldom be glad*. And if, as we should, we took Jesus seriously here in this Sermon on the Mount, some of us might seldom go to church. For what Jesus says about those who come to church to worship God while all the time in their hearts they are hating someone else is a cutting and deep challenge to real brotherhood. If you come to the altar of the church with your gifts of money or prayer or worship, knowing that somewhere there is a brother whose love you have failed to win, go your way at once and be reconciled to him before you do business with God! We think that our church "piousness" will cover our multitude of sins. Never! If we steal and slander and scold and oppress and fight during the week and then go to church on Sunday, thinking that rose-water theology will take care of it all, we are hopelessly fooled. A man can't love God at all unless he loves his neighbor first, because the best he knows of God is right there in his neighbor. "You shall not," said Joseph (and we can imagine God as saying exactly the same thing) "you shall not see my face except your brother be with you!" (Gen. 43:3).

One of the most pathetic pictures in the New Testament is that found in the story of the Prodigal Son. The prodigal was returning from debauchery; the elder son was returning from work well-done in the fields. The prodigal had been disobedient; the elder son was the image of diligent obedience. The prodigal came back with a stained character; the elder brother could assert that he had a perfectly clear conscience. The prodigal had wandered far from the father; the elder brother had stayed close to the father. Yet how differently

the story ends from what we should expect. The prodigal has come home, truly repentant, with no hate in his heart for anybody, and when the curtain goes down he reposes in the very center of the father's love. The elder brother is precise but not brotherly, shrewd but not generous, good but not noble, diligent but hard. One exquisite touch makes plain his real character: the word "*brother*" is never on his lips. "He was *angry* and he would not go in." And when the curtain goes down he is standing in the outer darkness, estranged from the happy throng in his father's house, embittered, repelling the tenderest affection of his father, and at the last, by his own hardness of heart, *lost*!

A delegate returning from a world conference of nations in Europe gives us a hint as to how God wants us to work out the spirit of brotherhood in our modern world. "The meeting in England was a great privilege," he wrote. "We caught a glimpse of the thought and spirit of nearly forty nations. There was wide divergence of opinion along theological lines, but we were united in our eagerness to find and do God's will. . . . All were agreed that complete equality between races, nationalities, and religions is a fact arising from the Fatherhood of God!" What can Jesus mean but this: All the nations must come in before any nation can come to God. All the races must come in before any race can know God. All the religions must join hands before any one can know God fully. For each carries a stone that will fit into the temple of brotherhood. *Before Christ can make known to the children of men his world-wide plan for humanity's redemption, each and every soul must be brought together with a brother, each and every nation must be reconciled to its estranged brother nation!*

V

The law upon which all successful communities are based is the law of cooperation. The highest flower in the plant kingdom is that found in the order, Compositæ, and its future is assured in nature's world because its flowers have learned to live in groups. The future of human society is assured only as the fundamental principle of reciprocity is more and more incorporated in our common life. The co-

operative commonwealth makes for the highest level of life for all. Ignorance is balanced by wisdom; weakness is balanced by strength; falsehood is leavened by truth; ugliness is eliminated by beauty. As Edgar Guest has said:

"He who is wise is the strength of the fool, the strong is the guide to the weak;
As a man and his wife we are bound in our race, and one common glory we seek;
And the law is our tie, and who laughs at the bond or shrinks from the duty it asks,
Shall find with the morning the men of the field unwilling to go to their tasks."

The indispensability of cooperation in any form of civilization is a fact. Cooperation or starvation is a fact: twenty thousand men must join their forces to put the loaf upon our table; thousands more are needed to bring our meat, our vegetables, fruit, sugar, coffee, tea, spices, milk, butter, eggs and other edibles. *Cooperation or poverty is a fact:* houses, property, money, possessions, all of the things which go to make up modern life are but the sweat and blood of cooperative labor, and wherever you see degrading poverty or want, be very sure someone has failed to cooperate as they should. *Cooperation or anarchy is a fact:* far-reaching in our day is the fraternity-habit, Odd Fellows, Masons, Elks, Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, American Legion, I. W. W., K. K. K., Knights of Columbus, Indians, Royal Arcanum, Foresters, and so on; but when these societies, founded for the fraternity of man, become clannish, narrow, self-satisfied, thinking of themselves as over against some other body, stirring up antagonism and evil rivalries, and deriding full coöperation, they are sowing to the wind of anarchy and they will reap the whirlwind! *Cooperation or chaos is a fact:* nations are as much parts of divine order as electrons are parts of an atom or as planets are parts of the solar system; they must take their surrendered autonomy as a part of the higher law of harmony; when nations go off on a tangent of self-desire, failing to consider the law of the whole, they are sure to disturb the order of the world, and a chaos such as the world saw in the years 1914-1918 is the result.

Jesus is speaking, therefore, of a universal law, when he advises us to agree with the adversary as quickly as possible. For if we insist on refusing reconciliation we shall get conflict and not cooperation, a contest and not a contract, a battle and not a brotherhood. A lawsuit is always a dangerous process as many can testify, like old John Pomfret:

"Lawsuits I'd shun, with as much studious care,
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him who'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great
To give for my revenge so dear a rate;
For what do we by all our bustle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain?"

But getting into a jam with the law courts of earth is as nothing compared with getting into a smash with the holy, ordained law processes of the Universe. If you persist in making the universe judge your foolish, intractable rebellion, it will go hard with you. Verily, says Jesus, if you will not be reconciled, if you will not cooperate in time, then there is no escape but for you to pay with the last, uttermost farthing for your folly! How true the lines of Edwin Markham:

"The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race.
And till it come, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves."

VI

The way that points toward peace and the brotherhood of the new and better day is the way of Jesus. It is the way that will not kill, that will not stoop to scornful anger, that will not falsely worship while woe is in the heart of a brother, and that will not resort to the court of strife to try to settle differences. It is the way that will dissolve disagreements in the universal solvent of mutual understanding, mutual

sympathy, and mutual appreciation. It is the way that is built not on the shifting sands of private opinion (which never will permit of uniformity) but upon the firmer foundation of brotherly tolerance, brotherly service. Society needs no sudden shock of selfish communism to solve the increasing problem of capital *vs.* labor (which Whiting Williams says is *worse than at any time in history*) but only brotherhood in the way of Jesus. Society needs no purging of religion to stop the conflict of the churches, but more real religion, the gentle, tolerant spirit of the master. Society needs not some super-state to make the hideous warring to cease on our fair earth, only the reciprocal recognition of the nation's right to live and let live.

And one of the noblest illustrations of this saving spirit of tolerance is afforded, not by a Christian, but by a Moslem emperor of the sixteenth century, Akbar, ruler of Hindustan, and builder of the famous mosque of Futehpur-Sikir. Member of the fold of Mohammed, as he was, this noble man saw the vision of international brotherhood back there four centuries ago. He admitted the imperfections of his own religion and freely recognized the excellencies of others. He summoned a Portuguese missionary, Padre Rodolpho of Goa, to expound Christianity to him, and all his life he strove to establish in his empire a universal brotherhood where pagans, Moslems, and Christians might dwell in perfect understanding. Indeed, the spirit of our Lord appears often in unexpected spots. No wonder Tennyson wrote in "Akbar's Dream":

"I cull from every faith and race the best
And bravest soul for counsellor and friend.
I loathe the very name of infidel.
I stagger at the Koran and the sword;
I shudder at the Christian and the stake;
Yet 'Alla,' says their sacred book, 'is love,'
And when the Goan Padre quoting Him,
Issa Ben Mariam, his own prophet, cried,
'Love one another, 'little ones' and 'bless'
Whom? even 'your persecutors'! there methought
The cloud was rifted by a purer gleam
Than glances from the sun of our Islam."

When that spirit gleams from the life of man, there indeed is a purer light of hope than man has ever seen! It is the gleam that comes from the lips of a Paul Harrison when in loving sympathy he understands the Arab: "The world needs the Arab. Perhaps no race has a richer contribution to make than he." It is the gleam of generous understanding that comes from the heart of a Cadman: "The most surprising national transformation since the World War is the reconstruction of Turkey. . . . The Angora government has abolished the Caliphate, declared itself against polygamy, made civil marriage obligatory, adopted the Swiss civil code, done away with the rule of Moslem theologians, and mapped out a program of general reform which brings the Turkish people within the pale of civilization." It is the sensitive, discriminating insight of a Hubert Herring: "The good American boy must know how the Mexican boy feels about things. He must know what that Mexican boy thinks about *his* flag, *his* language, *his* customs, *his* people. He must know how that Mexican boy thinks about America, about American attempts to secure Mexican land and oil, about the war between the United States and Mexico eighty years ago. . . . It means that the American boy must find some way of understanding how the Japanese boy feels about things. This is difficult. We must shift the emphasis in education. It is vastly more to be desired that we should know and appreciate the culture and viewpoint of Japan than that we should know all about ancient Rome. Caesar is dead. Japan isn't." It is the spirit of a Lucius Porter, seeking earnestly to appreciate fully our Chinese brothers: "In the intimate friendships of the Christian circle there should be a truer and deeper understanding of alien cultures. . . . The Christian spirit should be more ready to discern the strong characteristics of brother races. . . . There is a contribution to be expected from the Chinese. Not only a contribution to world humanity, but a real contribution to the human understanding of Christ and of God. We must believe that China's long training in family ethics under the inspiration of her great prophet Confucius has been a preparation intended by God to make possible a special interpretation of Him whom all men call Father."

When the evangel-song of human comradeship begins to

sing in a human heart, it quickens a flaming ecstasy of adventurous friendship in whosoever hears. Out of such has come the Fellowship of Youth for Peace, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the World-Council of Churches, The World Student Christian Federation. It sings in the heart of an Elbert Hubbard, and we read over the doorway of the Roycrofters of East Aurora: "The Institution of the Dear Love of Comrades." It sings in the heart of Stevenson, and we find the Samoan savages rewarding his kindly friendship by building to his house the road they called "The Way of the Grateful Heart." It sings in the sympathetic soul of a Walt Whitman, and we get a hymn of understanding:

"This moment yearning and thoughtful, sitting alone,
It seems to me there are other men in other lands yearning
and thoughtful;
It seems to me I can look over and behold them in Germany,
Italy, France, Spain,
Or far, far away, in China, or in Russia or Japan, talking
other dialects;
And it seems to me if I could know those men
I should become attached to them as I do to men in my own
lands;
O! I know we should be brethren and lovers,
I know I should be happy with them!"

Some day there will be an open road across the world, built of loving hearts laid bare and close together until their warm blood beats in unison—welded close in indissoluble bonds of true brotherhood, which is made of tender-heartedness, mutual helpfulness, unfailing sympathy, understanding like that of Jesus!

"I am not an Athenian," said the great Socrates, "nor even a Greek, but I am a citizen of the world!" And standing in Athens, the home city of Socrates, the great Apostle said: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth" (Acts 17:26); and at another time Paul said: "There is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all, and in all!" (Col. 3:11). And it was the Master himself who sounded the great keynote of

world brotherhood when he exclaimed: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me!" (John 12:32). As citizens of the world, then, brothers of the blood of God, bearing in our very bodies the spirit of the great Brother, and drawn together by the majesty of his sacrifice at the foot of his Cross, let the children of men be bound in that undying fellowship which is the world's supreme, yea, and *only*, hope! Elizabeth Barrett Browning has the beautiful vision:

"No more Jew or Greek then—taunting
Nor taunted; no more England nor France!
But one confederate brotherhood planting
One flag only, to mark the advance
Onward and upward, of all humanity.
For civilization perfected
Is fully developed Christianity!"

God, we thank Thee that where human hands touch in brotherhood there is heaven. Save us from every anger and every evil thought and word and act which would harm our friendship. Soon, O, soon, dear Father, bring all Thy children closer in the fraternity of mutual understanding, in the spirit of our elder Brother, Amen.

LIFE QUESTIONS

1. In what respects was the circle of Jesus and his friends like a college fraternity? a mill-workers' union? a lodge of Masons? a Christian Endeavor Society? In what respects unlike these?

2. What good, if any, does capital punishment accomplish?

3. "We hunt down a murderer like a rat, while we let go entirely free the big bankers and capitalists who are really murdering thousands by depriving them of wages, leisure, and health." What truth, if any, lies behind such a statement?

4. "If you take 10,000 working girls picked at random and 10,000 girls from the college campuses, you will find the alert minds and brave hearts in the factory girls." (Lillian Herstein, Instructor, City College of Chicago). Do you believe it? If so, explain why; if not, why not?

5. "He is beneath my contempt; he has played the ass and the fool; I will have nothing to do with him." Can this ever be a right Christian attitude to take?

6. "That church is heretical, it is split off from the only true church, and all in it are lost. Only those under the pope (only those who have been immersed and who believe in the whole Book) can be saved. All other religions are evil, degraded, untrue. There is but one true religion and that is ours!" Point out the fallacies in such statements.

7. Usher: "We reserve these back seats in the corner for strangers."

Frock-coated Plutocrat: "We reduced our stenographers to twelve dollars a week yesterday. Our dividends are up to twenty, now!"

Fat, silk-gloved Lady: "I gave her a good piece of my mind. She won't get over it for a while either!"

Sleek Business Man: "I put over a fine deal the other day. Sold a nice fool that bungalow I had on my hands so long!" (Overheard in the First Church of Christ, Jonesville, U.S.A.)

How much of the Holy Spirit might you find in a congregation made up of Christians such as these?

8. Name God's custodians who take care of those who break the law of brotherhood.

9. Is the greed of a profiteer or a wage-slave driver as bad a sin as that of adultery or deliberate burglary?

10. Analyze the cause of racial intolerance, and note some ways world brotherhood may be brought about.

CHAPTER VI

The New Marriage

DAILY READINGS

One of the holiest words in our language has come to be used in a rather free way so that its meaning is not definite but diffuse. It is necessary for us, therefore, to make clear at the outset of this chapter the area of thought compassed by the word "*love*." This word is commonly used in a *purely spiritual sense*, denoting an attitude of unlimited good-will which one has toward his fellow men. But when used in a *physico-spiritual sense* the word has another and quite different meaning, namely that of the affection existing between a man and a woman. Notice that in both cases the word has deep spiritual connotations, the chief difference being that in the physico-spiritual sense of the word, *sex attraction* plays a prominent part. In the rest of this book (primarily Chapters V, VIII, and IX) where "*love*" is mentioned, divine good-will is meant; in this chapter we shall think of it as divine good-will plus sex affection.

The two great poles of being, according to Anatole France, are love and hunger. If this be true then it is not hard for us to understand why the two most insistent problems of life are the economic problem and the sex problem. In olden days sex problems slept restlessly under a hard, cold, cruel, rigid crust of ignorance, suppression, and intolerance. The dawn of a brighter, freer day upon the world has melted the frigid sod of the colder Puritanism until a new and beautiful spirit is rising in the hearts of the new generation. The increase in the number of divorces, the changing home life, the unusual frankness on matters of sex among the youth

of our day may not be, as many seem to think, signs of a retrogressing world, but rather incidental tokens of a fresh springtime in social progress when high and noble and true ideals are replacing the old false and ignoble ones.

Sixth Week, First Day

From the beginning of the creation God made them male and female.—Mark 10:6.

All creation from top to bottom and from beginning to end seems to be characterized by an inner urge which perpetuates and propagates life and its environment. As the electron with its electrically charged particles rotating about a central axis seems to be the fundamental principle upon which the structure of matter is based, so sex attraction, a truly electrical process, seems to be the device by which the continuing cycle of life is secured. It is true that all of the bacteria, most of the lower algæ, and the protozoa possess simple methods of reproduction wherein sex plays no part. But as life-forms mount higher and higher on the scale of being we find that sex comes to play a larger and larger part. *The differentiation of living units, therefore, into separate male and female forms represents a high stage in God's creative program!* The seed, which is the product of the union of male and female cells, is the wonderful device by which practically all of life's higher forms are perpetuated. Parthenogenesis and vegetative reproduction occur in many of the higher plants and animals, but it is notable that in the highest living form of creation, *man*, the only means of perpetuation is the union of male and female forms.

That man should be attracted to woman and woman to man is as inevitable as the rising of the sun, the visit of the bee to the flower, the singing of the lark, or the spark that leaps between the positive and negative poles of an electromagnet. They are drawn together through all creation, male to female, and it seems to be as much a part of God's way of working in the world as anything we can well imagine. "From the very beginning," says Jesus, "God made them male and female." And man accepting God's arrangements cannot help but see behind them the purpose of the Infinite Will.

Charlotte Eaton gives us in noble words the operation of this divine law:

“Happiness—that word conveys no idea of the joy that each senses in the presence of the other,
 It is more—it is the fulfilment of that which God saw when he created Man and Woman,
 A Power that is as strong as the law of gravitation,
 As resistless as the coming in of the tide,
 As necessary as the turning of the earth on its axis,—
 It is the perfection of that harmony in which is enfolded all the harmonies of the life of the Universe,
 That Law of Love—that is its own explanation, and that rules all Infinity,
 Before which every human substitute has no weight or reality.”

Sixth Week, Second Day

For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh: so then they are no more twain, but one flesh.—Mark 10: 7-8.

We have seen the sex relation as a God-ordained biological method to perpetuate and develop life on our earth. We now move on to a logical and vital deduction from this fact: *if the Almighty Power which orders the constellations has provided this necessary function of sex its exercise is not the commission of sin but the natural and inevitable performance of divine duty!*

In many minds, however, the old superstition of the unqualified sinfulness of sex lingers. To primitive ideas, perhaps, inherited from our past, this unfortunate attitude may be due. Even in our Bible we find remnants of an old view of love between man and woman, which, in our modern day, no longer can be considered sane.

We read of the first parents, Adam and Eve, who before sex knowledge are naked and unashamed, while after sex knowledge they are cursed and driven from the garden; and the general impression we gather is that their children are the product of their sinfulness (Gen. 2:4). We read the

Psalms, and we hear the Psalmist reflecting accurately the accepted attitude of his day: "In sin *did my mother conceive me!" (Psalm 51:5). We turn to the New Testament and there too we find recorded the current belief that natural generation is somehow unclean, unholy, and soiled with the taint of sin. Paul certainly gives us this impression (I Cor. 7); and the beautiful but legendary story of the Virgin Birth is clearly an effort to separate the sublime divinity of Jesus' character from the taint of natural birth.

On earth or in heaven there is nothing more beautiful or holy than the consummation of awakened love. No blossom more fair, no fragrance more sweet, no witchery of art more exquisite, no inventive genius more marvelous than the dawning of a new and infinite human soul out of the bosom of holy wedlock.

To be ashamed of sex is to pervert God's own gift. To distort, misuse, minimize, or depreciate this divine relation is to ruin the most pure, the most harmonious, and the most wonderful function the Creator has given his children. *Sex love, rightly used, is the keynote of the heart's highest happiness.* What more perfectly can picture the divinity of man's love for woman than Longfellow's exquisite conclusion of "The Courtship of Miles Standish":

"Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in
the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love
through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure
abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his
splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them
suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and
the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of
Eshcol.

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
 Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca
 and Isaac,
 Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
 Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
 So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal
 procession."

Sixth Week, Third Day

What therefore God hath joined together, let not man
 put asunder.—Mark 10: 9.

At a fashionable wedding I once heard an audience twitter with amusement over an unfortunate but curious mistake made by the officiating clergyman. He raised his hand and said over the blushing bride and smiling bridegroom: "Whom God hath put asunder, let no man join together!" Behind that unintended mistake there lies a wealth of truth. By their very nature God hath ordained that man and woman shall come together and be one flesh; but there are people in this world who are constitutionally unfitted to be man and wife. The "priest" or the "church" may put them together by going through the motions of a ceremony, but if God has produced them as incompatible personalities, then they should not be united: "Whom God hath put asunder, let no man join together!" *For not one couple in a hundred, racially, physically, and temperamentally unfitted for one another, can surmount the obstacles and win through to a contented married life, let alone a radiantly happy one!*

We often hear the marriage system of Europe and the Far East criticized, because there parents frequently pick mates for their children. But quite often this system works out better than the haphazard marrying of the West. Parents, ministers, and society let young people rush into ill-considered and sudden marriages which frequently end disastrously. Little serious consideration is given to the vital question: *Are they truly and divinely fitted for one another?* It is difficult to lay down hard and fast rules, but generally speaking it is safe to say that a lifetime of disagreement may result if two hot-tempered people marry, if the inborn conservative marries the

inborn progressive, if the temperamentally nervous marries the temperamentally nervous, if the naturally selfish marries the naturally selfish. There are some lives which naturally produce, when brought together, the torch of discord. The engagement should be a testing time when the man and woman should frankly face together the question whether or not they have it in them to make a concordant household. *Natural affinity should be the basis for marriage!*

The perfect congeniality of true love is, of course, a rare gem. But it is unquestionably the finest and best gift of life, and all pains should be taken to approximate it. They are true lovers where every faculty in the one finds a responsive faculty in the other, where the moral sense of the one is enriched by the answering moral sense of the other, where the thoughts, tendencies, and tastes of the one are in tune with the thoughts, tendencies, and tastes of the other, where the spiritual hopes, aims, and purposes are mutual, where the sweet and pure social affections of the one are fed and supplemented and satisfied by the soul of the other. They are truly lovers "whose concordant, concurrent beings are like two parts of music, rising, and floating, and twining, and mingling to make one harmonious whole!" What earthly bliss can compare with the beautiful and superbly happy unions of the Brownings, the Rossettis, the Hawthornes, General and Mrs. Booth, and M. and Mme. Curie? In general it has seemed, but this is only a guess, that perfect harmony was more nearly reached when physical opposites and spiritual similarities were united. *Certain it is that somewhere in the world there is one woman for one man, and happy, wondrously happy, are those God-destined partners when they find each other.*

"Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That one day out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes!"

Sixth Week, Fourth Day

And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there: and both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage.—John 2: 1-2.

When in the army I recall conversing with a young "buddy" who was engaged to be married. In marriage he could see nothing but the physical satisfactions it brought. Such is the unfortunate attitude of many. The structure of marriage is, in many cases, erected on a very low plane. Sometimes in meadows one sees larks and other birds building their nests in the low-lying grass where soon the mower comes with his sharp scythe and the nests are utterly destroyed together with their young. How often men and women build the nest of their love in the dust of physical passion, where eventually it is crushed and broken and annihilated! Love must be built above passion. *Unless the higher elements of faith and hope and spiritual love control, love cannot last!* Like Alfred Noyes we must see something of the angel in each other:

"But I never went to heaven,
 There was right good reason why,
 For they sent a shining angel to me there.
 An angel down in Devon,
 (Clad in muslin, by the bye)
 With the halo of the sunshine on her hair!"

True manhood and true womanhood cannot develop in wedlock so long as we make the marriage relation a mere excuse for animal indulgence. It must be a means of high, spiritual advancement. Physical love is only the seed beneath the earth, earthy; its noblest possibilities are not realized until it lifts its branches high in response to heavenly sunshine from above.

One would have liked to have been in Cana at the wedding Jesus attended. He came with no prudish attitude which hindered wholesome fun. But there must have been something about his presence there that put all thinking on a high plane. Hearts must have been awakened to new visions of what true love can do in a life. The living Christ can still come to

our wedding ceremonies, adding to them the sanctity of a true sacrament.

Many, many couples might say with W. J. Dawson that Christ had purified and exalted their love-life:

“One there was with face divine
Who softly came when day was spent,
And turned our water into wine,
And made our life a sacrament.”

Sixth Week, Fifth Day

And he left them, and went out of the city into Bethany; and he lodged there.—Matt. 21: 17.

One might wonder why Jesus was so often in Bethany, that little village three miles southeast of Jerusalem. The explanation is, of course, that there Lazarus, Martha, and Mary lived. He counted them among his dearest friends; and we find him in today's passage lodging there for a fare-well visit before the trying days of that last terrific week of his life. But one has the feeling that it was something more than mere friendship which drew the Master to the Bethany home when the shadow of death was already falling upon his life. *That there was in his heart a deep love, and an affectionate love for Mary*, which perhaps no one else shared, seems at least hinted in several gospel passages: she had the same name as his mother; if we may suppose that the woman, mentioned in Matthew 26: 6-13, Mark 14: 3-9, John 11: 2, and John 12: 3, was Mary, she was one of his most loyal friends; she loved to sit at his feet and hear his voice (Luke 10: 38-42); and she was last at the cross and first to meet him in the garden (John 19: 25 and 20: 16). We cannot, of course, be sure. But may it not have been (judging from the numerous visits to Bethany and the numerous examples of her discipleship) that Mary's friendship was one of the chief treasures and inspirations of his life?

Indeed, it may be said that *no life attains to the heights of achievement and power and vision without this electric inspiration of love*. In the humblest example of modern life one can see something of the glory that comes from this

power. Brann has put into words a familiar experience: "The young man goeth forth in the early evening and his patent leathers. His coat-tail pockets bulge with caramels and his one silk handkerchief, perfumed with attar of roses, repositeth with studied negligence in his bosom. . . . He calleth upon the innocent damosel with soft eyes and lips like unto a cleft cherry when purple with its own sweetness, and she singeth unto him with a voice that hath the low sweet melody of an æolian harp. . . . When the gay young man doth stagger down the doorsteps of her dear father's domicile, he is drunken with the sweetness of it all and glad of it!" When this divine spirit of love rolls across the ocean of life to break in splendor upon the heart's shore, what tongue can utter, what words can express the strange and enchanting mystery of it? It is as if the gates of heaven had been opened and the wonders of God had been revealed. The whole universe takes on new colors, and life is a new thing. The deepest joys, the highest hopes, the richest powers spring out of this heavenly bond between man and woman. A soul's noblest living may date from the day when in love came that bright experience, whose empowering influence is so well expressed by Elizabeth Browning: "I felt so young, so strong, so sure of God!" Joseph Camp has given us a poem which tells how much love means to life:

"The love of Man for Woman,
The love of her for him,
Has been the song of ages,
Of heroes, kings and sages,
Of poets, queens and pages
From times remote and dim,
The song divine and human!

"The world has always striven—
And it is striving still—
The song of songs to render,
The song of soul and splendor,
The song of hearts made tender
By Love's delicious thrill
That turns the world to Heaven!"

Sixth Week, Sixth Day

Another said, I have married a wife, and she has not come.—Luke 14: 20.

Love is certainly a wonderful experience—
*soon dries up and withers, leaving only a brown husk
was once a fragrant flower.* Before marriage
young people have! How forgetful of self are they,
seems too much to bring that girl of your heart.
seems too sweet to tell that lad of your dreams. What
vows and murmured promises for the future before
wedding, but "*after the honeymoon*" too frequently there is
another story!

"O! who but can recall the eve they met,
To breathe in some green walk their first young vow?
While summer flowers with moonlight dew were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,
How all was rapture then . . . *but now!*"

Love is like an oil lamp which soon will burn out unless replenished. We seem to think that these glorious ecstasies of perfect love are perpetual and that we need not take precautions for their preservation. But the flame of love can be very transitory; nothing needs renourishing so much. The way to keep the love-light burning is to replenish the flame every day with the oil of patience and thoughtfulness and gentleness and praise.

How many young men and women have gone bravely into the state of marriage only to discover one sad day that they are suddenly destitute of love and understanding, unable to realize the home they dreamed. The glad adventure of their visions has faded to a listless, boring nullity! They experience that strange winter of discontent which comes to every married pair who awake to the fact that their partner is not a saint after all but a very human being:

"You set your heart on Nancy,
You won your fancy, lad.
But love had never taught you
What other names she had,
Or what gay Naiad lent her grace,
What shining Oread. . . .

MASTER'S MESSAGE

on your pretty Nancy,
e was all you had.
starry woman vanished.
lonely lass and lad
utely upon each other gaze
Nor know why they are sad. . . ."

ous aftermath of wedding days can only be
ad overcome by adequate reserves of understanding
radeship. In the parable of the banquet, which is the
ing for our thought here, the Master tells of a man who
was kept from the Lord's table of Life because he was mar-
ried. Thus, for many, marriages are obstacles not privileges,
weights not wings, scenes of conflict not doors to Eden. *How
sad is the fallen nest where highest hopes and interwoven
memories lie all crushed and broken!*

Sixth Week, Seventh Day

If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and
mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters,
yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.—Luke
14: 26.

This is one of the most baffling lines from the lips of Jesus. It seems to cut straight across the most treasured bonds of human life, to sever such dear relationships as parental love, brotherly and sisterly love, wedded love, and regard for one's own life. One notices, however, in thinking upon these strange words, that Jesus is not here rejecting or depreciating family life but *actually exalting it, because he is stating the price of discipleship in terms of the most precious things on earth.* To truly understand this piercing passage we must see it as one of those Oriental apothegms which shrines some hidden truth. In another connection Jesus spoke of saving life by losing it. Something of the same paradox is behind his saying here. It is when you turn from the love of your own self-centered life to my challenging cause, he is saying, that you are really having the highest regard for your own soul. It is when you turn from a too self-centered and self-satisfied family circle to me and my holy human service that

you realize the highest possibilities of family life itself. *You love your loved ones best*, he says, *when you serve me most!*

It is not so hard to see why this should be true. The Gulf Stream which has felt the warmth of the tropical climate makes cold shores bloom where it flows. So the life that has first given itself completely to the warm purity and sunshine of Christ comes to mortal loved ones bearing a love more fruitful than ever would be possible otherwise. That wife or husband, brother or sister, father or mother, whose life has been sun-brightened by the Christward, Godward, heavenward look blesses loved ones nearby with far more power than the one who has a direct but unspiritualized love. A remarkable example of this fact is furnished by the lives of Dr. and Mrs. Francis Clark of Christian Endeavor, who announced upon the occasion of their fiftieth wedding anniversary that they were "fifty times happier than the day they were married." Was not the explanation of so beautiful a married life the significant fact that through all those years they had been forgetting themselves so much in the service of their Master that at last they found themselves with a love more devoted and more rich than ever they could have found apart from discipleship to Christ? That ship of married life sails safe when steered by the star of God's will and not by the uncertain shore lights of earthly purposes. Because Elizabeth Barrett Browning's love grew up out of the deepest devotion to her Lord, it could bloom in most fruitful ways for her husband:

"God's will devotes

Thine to such ends, and mine to wait on thine!

How, Dearest, wilt thou have me for most use?

A hope, to sing by gladly . . . or a fine, sad memory,
With thy songs to interfuse? . . . a shade in which to sing
Of palm or pine? . . . a grave on which to rest from singing?
. . . Choose!"

MEDITATION ON THE MASTER'S THOUGHT

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: but I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart. And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is

profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement: but I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.—Matt. 5: 27-32.

I

A newspaper article, which reported the rather interesting fact that archæologists had discovered a love letter among the ruins of Babylon, inspired Don Marquis to write a notable poem called "News from Babylon":

"The world hath just one tale to tell, and it is very old,
A little tale—a simple tale—a tale that's easy told:
'There was a youth in Babylon who greatly loved a maid!'

"The dust of forty centuries has buried Babylon,
And out of all her lovers dead rises only one;
Rises with a song to sing and laughter in his eyes,
The old song—the only song—for all the rest are lies!
For, oh! the world has just one dream, and it is very old—
'Tis youth's dream—a silly dream—but it is flushed with
gold!"

Of course, what Marquis is saying is perfectly true: love is the most intense, the most creative, and the most universal emotion of the human heart. From it comes all the finest in poetry, in music, in literature, and in art. But as love is the source of most of human happiness so it is the reason for most of human tragedy. *Blessings perverted become the worst curses; and love is no exception to that rule!*

In our day, too, the noble impulse of love has been reduced to lust. We debase the heavenly gift of love when we make it the means of self-gratification. This wrong-heartedness is what Jesus rebukes in his Sermon on the Mount. Today his holy indignation ought still to pierce to the black depths of

our low, current standards, revealing to us the need and the way to the recovery of one of God's choicest blessings.

Man will be delivered from the evil train that follows in the wake of misused love when he achieves three steps forward and upward: Firstly, *lust must be replaced by a noble love wherein man and woman are considered equals.*

Woman, for ages, has had nothing but the status of a chattel, and the home was nothing but a place where a man kept his sex property under lock and key. Beginning with the Decalogue, where a man's wife is put in the same category with his ox and his ass, the belongings which a neighbor must not covet, down to modern times when in the marriage ceremony the father of the bride still answers the ancient question: "Who giveth this woman away?" with the "I do!" of the owner of property, the deplorable inequality of woman has existed. In India she was burnt on the funeral pyre; under the crescent of Mohammed her life was one of complete servitude; the ancient Greeks spoke of ruling their slaves as a despot, their children as a king, and their wives as a magistrate! Early Christian anchorites fled from woman as from life's greatest temptation, and she, by many abnormal monks, was spoken of with unpleasant epithets. Emancipation of woman has steadily progressed until today she has practically reached an equality with man, although still in some countries she bears the brunt of the heavy labor, owns no property, and receives careless consideration. When man makes woman his honored and equal mate then love begins to have its high and rightful estate.

"As a woman ranks in the esteem of man,
 So in his heart is love unclean or pure;
 So much, too, he esteemeth honor, or
 So little, and so himself is honored.
 Who not esteems himself, ne'er honors woman,
 Who honors woman not—doth he know love?
 Who knows not love, is honor known to him?
 Who knoweth honor not, what hath he left?

Again, *lust must be replaced by a noble love wherein the partners respect each other as spiritual personalities.* The love of Jesus was always a love for the person which grew

out of a longing to be of service, and a complete control of selfish desires. The secret of a right and happy love-life is found by reproducing in our own lives that spirit of Jesus, which seeking nothing for itself, desires but to honor and please and bless the partner-personality. But how truly does a French poet, Paul Gerdely, describe the attitude of many, many people in their love-life:

"You said, 'All day I think of you!'
'Twas not true.
'Tis love you think of endlessly,
'Tis not me.

"'Nightly as I lie in bed,
All my thoughts are yours,' you said,
'Never o'er my weeping eyes
Slumber slips.'
But love to you is not a flame,
'Tis a game,
And it is the kiss you prize,
Not the lips.

"Any hint of pain you smother.
'Tis a truth you've always known
That our joys are all our own. . . .
But love is a necessity.
Would you care much less for me
If I were another?"

Self-controlled love is the secret of real happiness. Through mastery the joys of love are enhanced. No wickedness destroys the beauty and the wonder of love more quickly than the selfishness which prizes only the love and not the loved one. No man really begins to love highly and nobly until he has thoroughly hated the lust which would make a mockery of his loving. Browning, in a rare line in "One Word More," pays a worthy tribute to Dante because he was a true lover:

"Dante, who loved well because he *hated*,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving!"

And with what attractive humility and self-evident grace does Robert Louis Stevenson enter the sacred portals of

married life: "I . . . who have hitherto made so poor a business of my own life, am now about to embrace the responsibility of another's. Henceforth there shall be two to suffer for my faults. . . . Marriage is the last act of committal. After that there is no way left, not even suicide, but to be a good man!"

Once more, *lust must be replaced by a noble love wherein all sex thinking is purified and refined!* He who entertains unholy, unworthy, impure thoughts is sowing the seeds of future ruin. He who goes in thought where he knows he dare not go in body is contaminating the soul. That man grows just as foul and evil as the obscene pictures which he hangs upon the walls of his imagination. It is a literal law of the spiritual life that a man becomes what he is in his thoughts (Prov. 23:7). The tragedy of the evil thought is pictured perfectly for us in the life of David, where one evil thought made a man a traitor, an adulterer, and a murderer. It is unfolded in the downfall of a Samson who with a mighty body, nevertheless, had a weak head. History has no more certainly provable lesson than this: *clean thinking makes for clean living.*

"Think and be careful what thou art within;
For there is sin in the desire of sin.
Think, and be thankful, in a different case;
For there is grace in the desire of grace!"

The disease of the great social evil will be cured only when men's hearts are made holy within. This does not mean suppression of sex, but suppression of lust in every form. In our current passage Jesus commands everyone not to *lust*, and this applies as much to the married as to the unmarried. The solution of the sex problem is not celibacy but affection; not unnatural repression but holy love inspired by thinking as clean as the thinking of Jesus. The achievement of this type of noble love is one of the best buttresses of all character. Carlyle has well expressed it: "Chastity, in the true form of it, is probably the most beautiful of virtues—essential to all noble creatures. A lewd being has fatally lost the aroma of existence, and become *caput mortuum* in regard to the higher functions of intelligence and morality." Upon that day when

a man drives from the cellar of his soul all mental vermin does he become spiritually whole. How healthy, how fearless, how noble is he who knows his mind is clean! How our prayer ought to be every morning of our days that great prayer of the Psalmist: "Create in me a *clean* heart, O God. . . . *All* that is within me, bless his holy name!" (Psalms 51: 10; 103: 1.)

The man who looks lustfully on any woman, says Jesus, has already committed gross sin. The agency of that lust, whether eye or hand, must be rooted out of life lest it ruin all. We have seen that the agencies that contribute to the lustful spirit in man are the inequality which makes of woman a piece of physical merchandise, the disrespect that fails to see the soul of woman as a holy temple of Godlike personality, and the evil imagination which creates from the holy relation of love a mental orgy of lewdness. The toleration of these obvious evils either personally or socially means death to the nobler joys in individual lives and a certain hell in human society. Unbridled passion which is lust makes hell; disciplined, spiritualized love makes heaven. Thomas Gray has a wise word of direction for that home or that social group which longs for the kingdom of heaven:

"Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God!"

II

Social and natural law have combined to create what we know as the institution of marriage. Around this institution twine the happiest and noblest experiences of the human soul. But all too frequently domestic joy is not achieved and the home becomes not the center of spiritual uplift and power but the source of some of the most complex agonies and the most bitter sorrows which the world can give. Many a girl has gone out from her father's house, borne on the seraphic experience of love, her feet scarcely touching the ground, only to find that the flowers of today turn to the thorns of tomorrow. Many a boy has gone gladly into the marriage relation with happy hopes, to discover that the angel-face he loved has turned to a devil-face, that the bubbling stream of

flowing love into which he once looked has dried up leaving but a bed of gravel and sand. Thousands there are who entered life with the choicest aspirations, hungering and thirsting for a real home. In the morning of wedlock every pane of glass had its candle, every meal was a feast, and every day a honeymoon holiday. But times of selfishness and jealousy and suspicion and disappointment and afflictive sorrow have blighted affection until the glowing candles have burned to their sockets, and married life has become a yoke and a burden, and husband and wife cry day and night: "Who will deliver us from the body of this death?"

"Oh! but Fate plays us many a sorry jest!

Dry dust and ashes crown our fondest quest!"

Now it is easy for society to point at such an unhappy situation with the finger of scorn and shame, thus adding to the bitter misery of the hapless couple. More helpful would it be to consider the causes and the remedies for our domestic tragedies. There are just three types of marriages: first, *the perfect union of ideal soul mates*, second, *the average up-and-down match which gets by fairly well because culture, education, convention, and religious beliefs buttress it*, and third, *the unfit union of utter incompatibles who never could make a go of married life though they should live until doomsday*. Any sane person, unprejudiced and well-balanced, would say that, in the third case, the right thing for the couple to do would be to separate quietly and go their way to some happier and more congenial union. But unfortunate customs intervene. When the church could help most by wise sympathy, the institution representing Jesus has only added to the miseries of the unhappy pair by the decree that divorce is utterly unapproved and even sinful. No matter if they have found it impossible to realize a loving comradeship, no matter if their marital unhappiness has made of one an incorrigible shrew and the other an inveterate drunkard, society ordains that they must perpetuate the impossible arrangement or be branded with the iron of public disgrace. Like Socrates and Xantippe or Rip Van Winkle and his ruthless spouse, many couples still live together with constant quarrelling, because of their own unfortunate mistake and their dread of what church and

society would say if they separated. Under such conditions, is not marriage a black nightmare? Is it not the cruel keeping up of an unfair contract under compulsion of the police?

A rigid divorce law has several unfortunate results. Here we shall note but three. First of all, a rigid divorce law may result in the forcing of two people to live together when they do not really love each other at all. God only sanctions the holy rite of wedlock where true love exists. Secondly, a rigid divorce law may result in court trials that provide opportunity for the airing of events which would be better kept quiet. In many states divorce will not be granted until certain first-hand evidence is produced. Detectives are therefore hired and when they come to court with their stories, a mass of salacious tid-bits are offered for a gaping audience and the pages of yellow journals. Thirdly, a rigid divorce law may result in nervous breakdowns by the thousands. A reputable physician, who makes his specialty the mental and nervous disorders of men and women, once told me that nine out of ten of his patients are nervous wrecks because of an incompatible sex life.

Of course no one will defend the frivolous, unserious persons who fly easily into marriage and out of it impelled by only one consideration and that a mighty low one. But the majority of unfortunate marriages, these unholy misalliances which cause so much hardship and unhappiness in our world, are not due to the weakness of the characters of the principals involved. *They are the result of an inevitable unfittedness of certain personalities for each other, and when divorce is sought under these conditions, it is not a sinful but a Christian procedure.* Many a luckless pair, honestly and courageously facing the fact of their unsuitableness for each other, have suffered the grossest indignities and vilest opprobrium in their efforts to secure a separation which would pass muster before church and state. The guilty ones, in such a case, are not the unfortunate people whose home has gone on the rocks. They are in a predicament which deserves only our deepest sympathy. The real guilt rests with the relatives who should have prevented the marriage in the first place, or minded their own business after the wedding; with the state which has held a club of compulsion over the heads of the pair; and with those, who either by gossip or false

advice, have made matters even more complex for the unhappy persons involved. Truly it is a social law: *Woe to them who have blundered into an ill-mated, unfortunate marriage! For them it were better by far that they were divorced and re-married!*

"But," ask some, "is it not the law of Christ that divorce is a sin? Has not Holy* Writ clearly stated to us that the man who puts away his wife and marries another commits adultery? Has not Holy Church pronounced in tones of unanswerable authority the strict duty of those who enter the bonds of holy wedlock?" And one, of course, will answer readily, Yes! what Jesus has stated, what Holy Scripture says, and what the Church through the ages has held dear, these demand the respect and consideration of every fair man. But God has also given us a conscience, a heart, and a mind. May it not be that these will help too in the solving of this complex problem?

As a matter of fact, what Jesus says about this problem of divorce, is, as we might expect, on the side of sound sense, broad-minded human sympathy, and the highest purity. If we turn to the passages where Jesus discusses the question (Matt. 5: 27-32—19: 3-12; Luke 16: 18; and Mark 10: 2-12), we shall find that he is not laying down a rigid law, but expressing a general spirit. We shall understand him best if we remember that his words in these passages are his reaction to two situations in his own day: *the bill of divorcement custom* by which any man at any time could simply give his wife a scrap of paper and get rid of her, and *the lustful hypocrisy* of the Pharisees and scribes. Rather than be classed with the low people who use the device of the unfair bill of divorcement, he meant, make the best of your married life. Rather than live in a painted hell like the Pharisees, posing outwardly as pious perfectionists, yet inwardly impure and vicious of heart, make yourselves celibate for the sake of the kingdom of God. Jesus, therefore, is not here giving us a static social standard which through all history must remain the same; but he is giving a rebuke to the hypocrites and a challenge to the disciples; he is putting the entire sex relation upon the highest possible plane!

Were Jesus here today he would not be speaking of "an inexorable law" which at all costs must keep married couples

together when they are unfitted for one another. Nor would he be a partner in any "back to nature" movement. His weight would be thrown on the side of good judgment and self-control both before and after the wedding day. He would not insist on holiness through celibacy, but happier sex adjustment under the spell of moral idealism. Our day is longing for the new marriage. Under the régime of the old marriage illicit love relations, waste of good fathering and mothering material, the exaltation of hypocritical celibacy, the breaking of hearts, the reveling in slander, and ecclesiastical bigotry thrived. With the sharp plows of the newer and more honest thinking we must plow up these old fields of ill-smelling weeds, and sow the good seed of a happier and more rational love-life. The economic independence and equality of women, the light of the new psychology, the new freedom in divorce are battering rams before which the old feudal stronghold of an inhuman marriage system is crumbling. It ought to crumble! In the new day when men and women have a nobler and finer and more spiritual view of love, they will not need the compulsion of church or state to keep them together. They will make their happy home on earth, not because they are forced to, but because they want to. *That, after all, is the only way a happy home can come.*

III

When one considers the precarious foundations upon which many homes are reared, one wonders why there are not more divorces, separations, and disagreements than there are. In how many homes are children reared in the cold, stultifying atmosphere of unhappy criticism and conflict. From how many family circles are children going out to the serious business of matrimony with no knowledge of their sex nature, and no preparedness for the towering problems which will meet them at every turn. With no counsel from mother and father they mistake the tiniest spark of physical attraction for the genuine flame of love; they plunge into misalliances when only a word of guidance would show them the folly of it. Often their wedding, which might be made into a beautiful and impressive and sacred ceremony, with elements powerful enough spiritually to give them a good start toward

a wedlock "till death do us part," is a shallow, meaningless affair, drooled by some unsympathetic clergyman, and followed by a hilarious party. The wedding day ought to be made one of the most sacred days in all life's history. From it a benediction should fall upon every day to the end of life. In the calendar of memory it should stand out like a star with the brightness of honored vows, plighted troth, radiant love.

The bridal gate, however, does not essentially open into the finished garden of Eden. On no undeserved silver platter is the perfect bliss of married life presented! *Noble and happy married life is a thing to be achieved.* The steps to that glorious and delicate peak of ideal wedlock lead up through the years and the stepping stones are purity and patience, nobility and sympathy, truth and wisdom, gentleness and forgiveness, unselfishness and glad self-sacrifice! How beautifully Emily Dickinson phrases for us the spirit of noble renunciation which lies behind all happy homes:

"Each bound the other's crucifix,
We gave no other bond.
Sufficient troth that we shall rise—
Deposed, at length, the grave—
To *that new marriage, justified*
Through Calvaries of Love!"

The new marriage, rising through Calvaries of Love, makes earth's most beautiful spot, the true home. Years ago in the old Castle Garden twenty thousand people gathered to hear Jennie Lind sing. After singing a few classical numbers she began "Home, Sweet Home." The audience could not stand it. An uproar of applause stopped the music. Tears gushed from thousands like rain. That word "home" had touched the springs of every heart. A Japanese boy, coming to America for the first time, was eager to see the sacred mountain which held the place in the hearts of Americans which Fujiyama holds in Japanese hearts. Disappointed, he said at last: "I think I have found your Fujiyama. It is your American home. Around that all your holiest ideals, all your best hopes and purposes gather!"

What are the elements out of which the glorious place

called home is made? What is the framework upon which the vine of happiness is twined? *It is the house itself*, in the first place. Though it be but a tiny cottage you can see character in a home, from the pansies and lilies and graceful shrubs in the front yard to the neat, well-kept attic. In a real home you feel cozy the minute you enter the door. The walls and the interior finish are friendly. The hearth has a look of welcome, there are pictures that inspire, the furniture may not be up-to-date but it is comfortable and homey. Days of gracious living have woven golden threads at every turn, and the fabric that has come from the weaving is full of beauty. *It is the children*, in the second place. Not until walls have heard the shouts of merry laughter, not until the stairs have felt the patter of little feet rioting through the house in happy play, not until the chastening sight of the cradle has bestowed its providential mysteries upon mother and father, does the house become a home, the household a heaven. The golden eagle, spreading its wings over its little ones in the storm, tenderly feeding the little birds and defending them from many dangers, is the symbol of that parental love which is in every heart. When children come to any home, mother and father are brought closer than ever, their best and noblest qualities are elicited.

In the third place, *the home is made out of that mutual growth into noble companionship and creative love between husband and wife*. There is nothing sadder than a lonely woman pining her life away in some tenement room when with the right man she might have found her place as an ideal wife. There is nothing more pitiful than a homeless man, eking out the selfish existence of bachelordom when he might have made with the right woman an ideal husband. There is an incompleteness in the unmarried state. Man is woman's supplement; woman is man's complement. The gentle, kind, generous, large-hearted, affectionate, virtuous man is a castle of refuge and hope to tender woman. She looks up into his face with confiding heart, knowing that he will keep safe all the sacred interests of her soul and life. He is her knight to whom she has entrusted her all. He is her hero going out to the world in courageous achievement both for her sake and her children's sake, and if he is a good man, her life twines about his stronger life as the ivy clings

to the sunlit wall. He is her stay and staff in life, and all the nobler wifely qualities rise in her in response to his nobility. The husband and father plays a vital rôle in the circle of the home, but in many ways it is the wife and mother who holds the key to the home's highest happiness. A man is like a watch; he is helpless, useless, if you take the spring out; and the spring in every man's heart is his home. A man is like a tree; there never was a man yet who grew great in character and ability who did not have the roots of his spirit deep in the fruitful soil of some good home. A man is like potter's clay; he is very easily molded by his environment; and a good wife is like a guardian angel who transforms the brute in him into the divine. What Otway says, many an honest man would echo:

"O woman, lovely woman, nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you,
Angels are painted fair to look like you!"

So the true wife makes a man's life nobler, stronger, grander by the omnipotence of her spiritual love, turning all the energies of his life into heavenward channels. What diamonds of literature and experience fill the fields of man's memory when one thinks of that precious boon, the loving woman of the home. We hear Mazzini saying: "Woman is the angel of the family! Mother, wife, or sister—woman is the caress of life, the soothing sweetness of affection shed over its toils; a reflection for the individual of the loving providence which watches over humanity. In her there is treasure enough of consoling tenderness to allay every pain. . . . The mother's first kiss teaches the child love; the first holy kiss of the woman he loves teaches man faith and hope in life, creates in him a desire for perfection and gives the power of reaching toward it step by step. . . . Through her the Family, with its divine mystery of reproduction, points to Eternity!" We see the courageous Danton going to the guillotine, yet at the foot of the scaffold, remembering the noblest blessing of his life, lifting his drooping head to cry out: "O my Wife, my well-beloved, I shall never see thee more!" We sense that glowing heart of gratitude for wifely

love in Robert Louis Stevenson when we listen to one of the sweetest of all his poems:

"Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel true and blade straight
The great Artificer made my mate.

"Honor, anger, valor, fire,
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench, or evil stir,
The mighty Master gave to her.

"Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free,
The August Father gave to me."

What a pity that so many men should fail to see in their loving wives such treasures as these men saw! How much is lost by nagging impatience, by selfish unsympathy, by hot-tempered blindness, by sour and glum dispositions, by neglectful carelessness. Our wives are round about us like angels of mercy and ministry and magnanimity, only like Jacob, we do not see them ascending and descending except in a dream. Many a man if his spiritual eyes were only opened would see that his tender wife was to him the very messenger of God and his home the very gate of heaven. But too many husbands are like old William Pynchon, founder of Springfield, who proved to his own satisfaction that Adam and Eve were created in the morning of the sixth day, that in the early afternoon of the same day they sinned, were sentenced, and banished, that, on the following day, they instituted the Church. "And if you ask," he said, "who was the congregation and who the preacher, I answer, Adam was the preacher, and discoursed to Eve upon the wretched state into which she had brought them and their posterity!" So, according to Pynchon, the Bible instituted the ancient and time-honored custom that husbands shall preach and wives listen. But the home where husband (or wife) assumes dictatorship is a "house divided against itself." Mutuality, equality, harmony,

—these are the great stones in the foundations of the home. The achievement of a divine unity—that is the great goal of married life!

“Yes! we go gently down the hill of life,
And thank our God at every step we go,
The husband-lover and the sweetheart-wife.
Of creeping age what do we care or know?
Each says to each, ‘Our fourscore years, thrice told,
Would leave us young—the soul is never old!’

“What is the grave to us? Can it divide
The destiny of two by God made one?
We step across and reach the other side,
To know our blessed life is but begun.
These fading faculties are sent to say
Heaven is more near today than yesterday!”

There are homes into which you go where one almost feels the disharmony, the conflict, the suspicions, the hates and the quarrels. Then there are other homes where one feels the higher influences of life everywhere present. It is a divine atmosphere and one can sense it. You pass by a garden wall and the sweet odor of the honeysuckle fills your nostrils. You cannot see it, but you know it is near. So in some houses there is an inescapable fragrance which says: “There is honeysuckle here!” And perhaps if you should search for the source of that divine aroma of love, which blesses all within that house, and goes out through the community in healing and health and happiness, you would find a family altar, where, as in Burns’ “Cotter’s Saturday Night,” the home congregation joins in kneeling humility before the heavenly throne. There, in tender, beseeching prayer, in happy hymns, in the reading of the sacred page the holy influences of God’s spirit are invited and generated. Thus the incense of God’s love penetrates and blesses every hope and heart of that fortunate home. “If I stay another day in your home,” said Lord Peterborough to Fénelon, “I shall become a Christian despite myself!” Is our home life filled with Christian influence?

The light that shines from that noble home in Nazareth

is the secret of the solution of all our problems connected with family life. A more liberal divorce law, a finer appreciation of the sanctity and beauty and nobility of the human body and its normal functions, the transformation of the home from an autocracy into a democracy, the more honest and frank facing of the whole sex question—these are distinct blessings in the program for the new day. But they are also dangers. And lest they be carried to extravagant extremes we need now as never before the holy chastening which comes from a consideration of that home where Jesus lived. The sweet purity of that noble mother, Mary, the sturdy, manly, fatherly qualities of Joseph, the obedience and freedom of the children, and the gentle, reverential atmosphere of that humble house of the carpenter teach us the way humanity's highest life comes. *A place which could produce a Jesus is a place the world needs.* An institution which could form the majesty of a life like Christ's is an institution indispensable for our day. Jesus Christ could not have become Jesus Christ without the wonderful influence breathed into his life from the bosom of that lowly Nazarene family. Here then is life's crown and glory, that palace of peace, that haven of hope, that sanctuary of love, that little bit of heaven on earth, called "home."

"The robin is the one,
That speechless from her nest,
Submits that home and certainty
And sanctity are best!"

O, our Father in heaven, we thank Thee for the precious gift of manhood and womanhood. We thank Thee that it is Thy holy will that we should come together in love to make a home, where little children, Thy little messengers of peace, should come and grow and brighten our days. Lead us once again beside that holy manger in Bethlehem, to that heavenly home in Nazareth where we may catch the gleam of the higher hopes and nobler purposes of life. In all our living may we be inspired by him whose love is named as a sacred bond among the whole family of humanity in heaven and earth, Amen.

LIFE QUESTIONS

1. Why is the lustful look as bad as the deed?
2. Is the modern, frank attitude toward sex a good or a bad sign? Why is marriage such a vital problem?
3. "Petting is all right, provided it is carried on between two people of equal age, who have sense enough not to carry it too far. It acts as nature's safety valve." (A noted physician.)

Analyze this statement from your own viewpoint. Is the widespread habit of petting an indication of some natural law which operates to develop the sex nature? What does Nature have to say in a guiding way as to the sex problem?

4. Name the most indispensable elements in a happy marriage. Name the noblest and most effective force which will keep a man clean and straight and pure.

5. "The heart needs not for its heaven much space, nor many stars therein, if only the star of love has arisen." (Richter.)

How vital a part does love play in creative achievement? What would you say was the most empowering inspiration of your life?

6. "Chastity is a preparation for love; and if you forbid love, whether by law, or by social convention, or by economic strangling, you at once make chastity a Utopian dream." (Upton Sinclair.)

Does suppression get us anywhere in anything? Is chastity the result of suppression of sex or intelligent, natural growth into maturity?

7. "In not a few cases the real reason for the divorce is a desire to marry someone else." (Bishop William T. Manning.)

Admitting the truth of this statement, analyze it by answering these questions:

Is this desire always prompted by evil intentions?

May it not be that the second marriage is more holy in God's sight than the first?

What right has the church or the state to prevent the honest choice of two people who have decided they are for each other?

8. What contributes most to making home a happy place?

What causes trouble most often in the home?

Name some practical obstacles which prevent young people from realizing the home of their dreams?

9. If the home should be eliminated as a social institution what blessings would humanity miss?

10. Can religion help to stabilize home life?

Can the Christian idea of God as a holy, loving Father offer any contribution to the government of the home?

Would the unhappy home be saved if the members of the family lived in the unselfish spirit of Christ?

CHAPTER VII

The New Honesty

DAILY READINGS

One finds today among many a profound and passionate seeking for reality. Not only our youth but many mature men and women are sorely disillusioned. They have found the conventional honesty and pious morality of society and the church absolutely unchristian. Not only do they discover that current ideas of right and wrong, popular standards of truth and falsehood are far away from those of Jesus, but they see, too, that few know what Jesus' real ideals are. For many years there has been a vagueness about the church's teaching which has clouded the issues. Sometimes the church has called the biggest villains honest and has put the stigma of its condemnation upon those who were really close to Christ. When men have truly been taught the lofty message of the Master they have laughed at his ideals as too impractical to be taken literally. So, caught in a deceptive scheme of things in a world which frankly follows false values and adopts lower standards than Jesus, Christians have resigned themselves to a position obviously hypocritical: *professing one thing and living another.*

With pitiless candor Emily Dickinson reveals her own reaction to society's state when she sings of the only occasion when she can be sure of sincerity:

"I like a look of agony
Because I know it's true,
Men do not sham 'convulsion
Nor simulate a throe."

And the writer of "Painted Windows" picks Bishop Gore as the spiritual leader of England, not because of outstanding scholarship or ability, but because of the "grave sincerity of his soul."

Let us try to discover in our daily readings the Jesus standard of honesty. In this chapter let us examine certain aspects of contemporary civilization to see how sham honesties and subtle hypocrisies are robbing us of the life that is open and honest and truly sincere.

Seventh Week, First Day

Then came to Jesus scribes and Pharisees, which were of Jerusalem, saying, Why do thy disciples transgress the tradition of the elders? for they wash not their hands when they eat bread. But he answered and said unto them, Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God by your tradition? For God commanded, saying, Honour thy father and mother: and, He that curseth father or mother, let him die the death. But ye say, Whosoever shall say to his father or mother, It is a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me; and honour not his father or his mother, he shall be free. Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition.

Ye hypocrites, well did Esaias prophesy of you, saying, This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.—Matt. 15: 1-9.

There is a tradition among us called "*going to church*." It is a Sunday habit. We put on religion like our Sunday clothes. That is the day to think of God and of Jesus. That is the day for the Bible. So we tune psalms and sing songs and look especially pious. So we go through the motions of the false religion which is little more than an ancient custom. On Monday we are back to normal. So the encrusted traditions of men cover over the powers of God. So men praise him with their lips, but their hearts are cold and unmoved. So religion becomes a thin veneer of pretty words and polite conventions. *It is a black fraud—underneath there is no concern or willingness whatsoever for the real ends and cause of Christ!*

Is it then strange that many of us have had experiences with these lip-Christians like that of H. G. Wells: "I never yet met a man who talked proudly of his honor who did not end by cheating me"? Is it then so strange that our whole Christian society should have a kind of sham courtesy or customary etiquette with rigid rules that are followed by the "best people" who, underneath in their hearts, have little honest grace or love or *courtoisie de cœur*?

As the scribes and Pharisees temporized with the law of God, twisting and turning it to fit the easy-going standards of contemporary morality, we, in our day, are content to take the mighty truths Jesus died for and to make them of none effect, toning them down to suit a materialistic civilization. So we draw nigh to him with our mouths and honor him with our lips but our hearts are far from him. *Our lip-worship is vain until we really try to take his teaching and make it regnant in our hearts and central in our lives!*

Our complacent neglect continues to crucify him, as Wattles says:

"I bide my time, I keep my peace, I bind, I loose, I winnow,
I bear no wounds as witnesses in hands and feet and side;
I wear instead upon my brow the thorns of your complacence,
And through earth's generations my heart is crucified.

"If you were brave, if you were kind, if you had faith sufficient,
If you believed the things you say, and died to make them true,
I should not need to come again, returning and returning
Through all the lonely centuries and Golgothas for you."

Seventh Week, Second Day

Then the Pharisees took counsel how they might entangle him in his talk.

And they sent out unto him their disciples with the Herodians, saying, Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man: for thou regardest not the person of men. Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar, or not?

But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Shew me the tribute money.

And they brought unto him a penny. And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Cæsar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's.

When they heard these words, they marvelled and left him, and went their way.—Matt. 22: 16-22.

Disloyal church folk, however, are not the only ones who crucify Jesus afresh. The worldly wise men, the Herodians of the day, are always seeking how they might entangle his teaching and bring it to naught. *Shamed by the challenging morality of Jesus, they seek to prove him false!* The passage selected is a cogent example of much modern mockery of Jesus.

The inquisitors have come with a tricky question to trap him into a seditious utterance. "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar?" was a query filled with impertinent irony and sarcasm. He asked for a denarius, and when they brought it, he asked: "Whose is this image and superscription?" (As if he did not know!) "Cæsar's," they reply. And then the wisdom of his answer makes them marvel: "Very well, this coin is stamped with Cæsar's image; then it is no more than right that you should give it to Cæsar; but your soul is stamped with God's image, so it is no more than right that you should give *it* to him!"

Giving our soul to God means most of all giving it to the search for truth. Unwittingly the enemies of Jesus here preserve for us one of the finest statements of his magnificent honesty and transparent sincerity. "Master," they said (and the tones of bitter mockery were in the voice) "we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man: for thou regardest not the person of men." *That was plainly true!* Jesus felt it his divine duty to state the truth without regard to whom it injured or what hoary lie it exploded. He was there to teach the way to God, and he did it with the most relentless sincerity. Worldly wise men who laugh at Jesus' religion as superstition should consider this testimony of his enemies.

As a matter of plain fact all truly religious men, searching

for their God through their loyalty to truth have had the experience of the writer of "The Magic Flute": "Where all else is doubtful this one thing is sure—the impulse that drives me on to truth. Though I deny all else, I cannot deny that I may never find, but I must always seek. To that bottom my wanderings have brought me, *and it is firm.*" And Robert Collyer hints at the suffering which all prophets must endure who would follow Jesus in the struggle for a truthful religion: "I tell you it is no matter what you may come to be, as the result of your true and honest life. Men may revile you and cast you out; but through it all, if you are true to God, you shall feel that there is a life of the soul that pales all others in its exceeding glory." The proper tribute to God is *a fearless search for all his truth.* This spirit of dedication to God through truth has been beautifully phrased in a recent popular song, written by Maude Louise Ray:

"To follow truth as blind men long for light,
To do my best from dawn of day till night,
To keep my heart fit for his holy sight,
And answer when he calls: *this is my task!*"

Seventh Week, Third Day

But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. . . .

Woe unto you, ye blind guides, which say, Whosoever shall swear by the temple, it is nothing; but whosoever shall swear by the gold of the temple, he is a debtor! Ye fools and blind: for whether is greater, the gold, or the temple that sanctifieth the gold? And, Whosoever shall swear by the altar, it is nothing; but whosoever sweareth by the gift that is upon it, he is guilty. Ye fools and blind: for whether is greater, the gift, or the altar that sanctifieth the gift?

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy, and faith; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.

Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess; Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye be the children of them which killed the prophets. Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers.

Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?—Matt. 23: part of 13-33.

Never was there a more tremendous denunciation than this. Let any one read the entire twenty-third chapter of Matthew meditatively, and he will be convinced that here, as nowhere else, is *the naked soul of Christ aflame against the worst sinning of all!* And obviously it is the sin of falseness, of perfidious iniquity posing as respectability.

We need not think that Pharisees are the only ones in history deserving such denunciation. Human society, over and over again, has been guilty of exactly the same sin. The church, bearing the very name of Christ, has repeatedly done the very things which Jesus here analyzes with such scorching censure. *Shutting folk from the kingdom of the spirit and not going in herself*—the church has done that. *Swearing by gold and gifts and not the holy temple and the sacred altar*—the church has done that. *Confining attention to tithes and neglecting justice, mercy, truth*—the church has done that. *Straining at little gnats of sins like intemperance and irreligion, and swallowing great big evils like slander, industrial injustice, and mammon-worship*—the church has done that. *Making a polished outward appearance of eminent respectability, yet within full of bitter quarrels, meannesses, ac-*

rid animosities, and hatreds—the church has done that. Burning prophets at the stake, stretching them on the rack, or breaking the hearts of heretics with persecution—certainly the church has done that.

This terrific indictment by Jesus of the wily hypocrites of his day is a cutting challenge to modern church and society to make inward righteousness conform to outward respectability! The simple, pure Savior must chasten our sins again:

“Not through the empty mazes of old theology,
Hiding thy simple message in intricate words,
Throning thee in the heavens, turning your life to a creed,
You who knew as a brother the call of a brother’s need,
Who knew the glory of serving, of facing with fearless eyes
The shame of a dead religion’s charneled hypocrisies,
And drove in thy flaming anger with a whip of knotted cord
The shrinking slaves from the Temple, who buy and sell
their Lord.

Come to us, O Jesus, come as you came of yore
When you walked with Andrew and Peter by the Galilæan
shore,

And called to the young men fishing, as I to the hearts of
men,

Is it strange that the loving Jesus should wander his world
again?”

Seventh Week, Fourth Day

Then assembled together the chief priests, and the scribes, and the elders of the people, unto the palace of the high priest, who was called Caiaphas, and consulted that they might take Jesus by subtlety, and kill him. But they said, Not on the feast day, lest there be an uproar among the people.—Matt. 26: 3-5.

The simplicity of this picture gives us an insight into the subtle craftiness and unscrupulous cunning of Jesus’s enemies. They hold a consultation to plan his ruin. But he must be taken and killed diplomatically, “not on a feast day, lest there be an uproar among the people.” The shrewd, evil motives of their hearts are not hidden; they are playing politics; they are afraid of this man, and he must be gotten out of the way.

In our churches, our businesses, our communities we find today, also, the foxy politicians. They are always thinking of how they can best further their own ends without any regard for mercy or honesty. They will do anything to win, anything from slandering a brother to groveling at the feet of a bishop or a man of wealth. They consent that stealing a horse is stealing; they punish the culprit and condemn the fault. But often in the church, in the government, Lord help you! swindling, stealing, crucifying is called by some fine name and grandiloquently passed for "policy."

The Brother of peace and tenderness and love they made the cause of half the wars in history, and called it "policy." The Rejecter of earthly goods, the wayfaring preacher in sandals and girdle they made the cause for the pomp of pontiff and prince and cardinal and bishop, with robes of purple and palaces of marble and gold, and called it "policy." The humble Friend of the slave, the poor, and the outcast they made the cause for stretching the masses on a cross of industrial exploitation, and called it "policy." The Man of truth and fearless honesty they made the bearer of superstitious systems of theology with which they poisoned the minds of children, and called it "policy."

Now as never before we need to know this fact: *Jesus never surrendered honesty to diplomacy, and the knave who does can be no follower of his!* Whittier sounds the note of true Christian idealism in his poem, "For Righteousness' Sake," when he says:

"God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime;
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of Truth to Time!"

Seventh Week, Fifth Day

Now Peter sat without in the palace: and a damsel came unto him, saying, Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee. But he denied before them all, saying, I know not what thou sayest. And when he was gone out into the porch, another

maid saw him, and said unto them that were there, This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth. And again he denied with an oath, I do not know the man. And after a while came unto him they that stood by, and said to Peter, Surely thou also art one of them; for thy speech bewrayeth thee. Then began he to curse and swear, saying, I know not the man. And immediately the cock crew. And Peter remembered the word of Jesus, which said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out and wept bitterly.—Matt. 26: 69-75.

Insincerity results not alone from lip service without heart loyalty, the squeamishness which makes men disloyal to God, inward vileness which belies outward estimability, and the diplomacy which puts policy first and honesty last, *but also from dangerous circumstances which cause the surrender of high loyalties in the face of great fears.*

We can sympathize with Peter. He was confused, shocked, terrified by the sudden disaster which had overtaken Jesus. It seemed every one had turned against the Master. Petrified with fear, lest he too be dragged before Pilate for sedition and crucified, and carried along by the wave of popular hostility to Jesus, Peter three times disavowed his Lord, the third time even cursing and swearing against his Master. Afterward, overcome with his utter failure, we see him weeping bitterly.

Let us not criticize Peter. If there is any common ailment of Christians today it is the old trouble: *disavowing Jesus when the world makes it hard for us to take a stand for the Master's convictions!* We too become petrified, heart-hardened. In the office, in the shop, on the street, in the home, when the chance comes for us to stand for Jesus Christ and his pure ideals how often we deny the Savior and his way. We lack moral backbone. We are even ashamed to mention his name, to say we go to his church, to avow that he is our spiritual leader. *Is it honorable to join his church, take his holy name on our lips, and then go out before the world and in every moral crisis, repudiate him?*

"If I had been in Palestine

A poor disciple I had been.

I had not risked or purse or limb

All to forsake and follow Him.

"With the glad crowd that sang the psalm,
I too had sung, and strewed the palm;
Then slunk away in dastard shame
When the High Priest denounced His name.

"Beside the cross when Mary prayed,
A great way off I too had stayed;
Not even in that hour had dared,
And for my dying Lord declared.

"But beat upon my craven breast,
And loathed my coward heart, at least,
To think my life I dared not stake
And beard the Romans for His sake!"

Seventh Week, Sixth Day

And while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people. Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he: hold him fast. And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, Master; and kissed him.—Matt. 26: 47-49.

There is much to make us believe Judas was a good and able man. Jesus himself selected him as one of the twelve. Because of his financial ability he was appointed custodian of the funds of the little company. A creeping leprosy of the soul, however, must have been growing upon him for weeks before it was revealed in the doing of the dastardly deed of betrayal. It was an ingrowing selfishness which in the end came to the point where a few pieces of silver meant more to him than his Master.

The brothers of Judas are still with us. Simulating affection they go up to temples, and feigning allegiance they caress him with words, and speaking through their creeds, they say: "Hail, Master!" Then, when they get to the factory, the financial district, or the shop, they forthwith forget their pious protestations in the selfish pursuit of shekels. They are ready to sell their own soul, their Christs, and their brothers, for the sake of profits. *When we take any money under circum-*

stances which outrage the high ideals of Jesus, which we hold in trust, we betray him as truly as did Judas!

"Hear them on Sundays with a pious bliss
Saying 'Hail, Master' with the Judas kiss,
Droning in churches from their perfumed pews
Empty hosannas on the Christmas morn,
When in vile brothels and in shameless stew
Some unacknowledged, birth-cursed Christ is born
Of some sad madonna whom the good folk scorn.

"Not by the walls of dead Jerusalems
Breaks the brave heart before betraying friends,
But here, each day, in hands that clasp and cling,
With faces stained by foul disease and shame,
With bodies bowed beneath the cross they bring,
Walk *the sad Christs, hungering and lame!*"

Seventh Week, Seventh Day

Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come.—Matt. 12: 31-32.

The Holy Ghost is nothing else but the Holy Spirit in the human heart. Call it conscience if you choose; call it the inner voice of Almighty God; call it the Christ-spirit in man. Whatever the name, *it is a reality*. It is the light in every man which is born into the world.

Flinching here is fatal. Man must recognize this light, heed it, follow it, be ever terribly true to it, or he will die, spiritually, mentally and even physically. By this star of the soul the son of man must steer with a merciless sincerity. In following the guiding of this Holy Ghost of conscience it may be necessary to steer straight across all cherished orthodoxies, conventions, and accepted ways of men. Every departure, every turning, every deviating from the following of this light will lead man deeper into a darkness and blind-

ness of the soul which is worse than death. Every loyalty to this light will help others to find their way to God through that sincerity. Every welcoming of the Holy Ghost will bring deeper peace and joy, will be used of God for one's fellow-men. The clear bright honesty of that life will become as a candle in some lonely spot, as a beacon for storm-tossed mariners, or as a star set high for multitudes to follow.

But let that light be denied, and God himself cannot prevent the moral destruction which must follow. This Holy Ghost in man, as in Jesus, is the divinest thing we know on earth. *The desecration of it by deliberate falseness is unforgivable!*

"This is the sin against the Holy Ghost:
To speak of bloody power as right divine,
And call on God to guard each vile chief's house,
And for such chiefs turn men to wolves and swine.

"This is the sin against the Holy Ghost:
This is the sin no purging can atone:
To send forth rapine in the name of Christ:
To set the face and make the heart a stone."

MEDITATION ON THE MASTER'S THOUGHT

Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.—Matt. 5: 33-37.

I

When we first read these words of Jesus we may suppose that they refer to that quite common abnormality, in the past and still today, of using the holiest names of the race in vulgar oath or curse. This habit of profanity has been defined as *the mental disease that results from a starved vocabulary*. But the more we ponder these words of the Master

the more do we discover that they go deeper; they penetrate to the roots of one of the most serious problems in human life, the problem of dishonesty. The substance of the old law regarding honesty is stated by Jesus: *Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths* (see Num. 30:2). This meant that if a man swore before the Lord to do a thing, he was morally obligated to do it; if he bound his soul with an oath he was not to break his word. Now, obviously the reverse of this law was taken for granted: If you do not swear before the lord you are not morally obligated; if you do not bind your soul with an oath you may break your word! We may well believe that such a precarious custom as this made it possible for innumerable tricksters to take advantage of the people. Jesus spurns such unworthy standards. He says: "This law is not enough, you are not to swear at all, neither by the heaven nor the earth, neither by Jerusalem nor the hairs of your head, but let your plain word be as good as your bond. Stoop to no trickery, no subterfuge; but let the transparent honesty of your life speak for you. You should not need to go into long-winded evasions; simplify your conversation and your life by sincerity. *Yes* and *no* is enough to tell the truth. Whatever is more than the truth is evil and will work evil."

We can see that Jesus is pleading here for one of the fundamental virtues. He is pleading for the unembellished charm of a simple sincerity. There is no quality quite like it, for when we see it in a man or a woman, it is as if the very breath of heaven had come to our hearts. It is a life as chaste and fragrant as the lilies of the field, as the flowers of the meadows. It is such a life as radiates toward others nothing but love and light. It is to be as simple as a little child, to be as innocent and true as that utter undesigning frankness which characterizes the face of a little child. It is to have a life in which there is nothing to hide, transparent as daylight, as free from deceit and all deception as the sky is free from pollution. Matthew Arnold describes how fair is such artless simplicity:

"Plainness and clearness without shadow of stain!
Clearness divine!

Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign

Of languor, though so calm, and though so great
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate!
Who, though so noble, share in the world's toil,
And, though so task'd, keep free from dust and soil!

"How vast, yet of what clear transparency!
How it were good to live there, and breathe free!
How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still!"

Surely Longfellow was right when he said: "In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity!"

Diogenes, searching in vain in Athens of old for an honest man, is the prototype of many a soul today. For reliable men, men who can be counted upon through thick and thin, men who make their word as good as their bond, how rare they are in our day, too! An unfortunate and unhappy English poet, on trial in a sordid London courtroom, hopelessly in the wrong, could yet force cheers from the floor by his simple, frank replies to the tricky lawyers who cross-examined. How attractive is sincerity even in strange places! No finer compliment could be paid to anyone than that which Shakespeare gives to one of his characters:

"His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth."

Above all other virtues we are to cultivate "the simplicity that is in Christ." (2 Cor. 11:13.)

II

But as beautiful and attractive and worthy as we may recognize the virtue of sincerity to be, there are barriers against our possessing it which often seem insurmountable. There are elements in human nature, acquisitiveness and rivalry and trickery, which urge us on to get the better of our neighbors without regard to right and wrong. And in the scheme of our society there are situations which seem to make sincerity

and absolute frankness and honesty unusually difficult, if not absolutely impossible. But chief among the causes of dishonesty in our day is *a weakmindedness which likes to lie*.

Perhaps the author of "The Pleasures of Lying," Clemence Dane, is chiefly in a playful mood when she says such things as: "Kit, the blessed baby, is also experimenting with the pleasures of lying. Why not? Lie for the love of it, and the lie becomes a work of art. . . . The lie is the gilt on life's gingerbread!" It may be that it is only a gentle twisting of the word "lie" to cover harmless fairy tales told in fun. At least this is sure: *The article in question is good proof that the line between the innocent legend and the tricky, deliberate lie is becoming very misty in our minds*. A few years ago men used to debate the question: Is a lie ever justifiable? A few years hence we shall be hearing lectures on "How to Make your Lying Enjoyable." The pendulum has swung so far over in reaction to the rigid, false code of honesty of the Puritan that the cheerful, unblushing liar is not at all unfashionable. There are other root causes, of course, for a crime wave, but a truly important one is the general light, careless, popular insincerity which makes all forms of cheating easy.

A journalist tells us of a suave modern swindler who had no trouble swindling the secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Swindling. Whether the rib-tickling tale is true or not we cannot tell, but the story indicates, at least, one of the commonest characteristics of our educated age: *More folk than ever before are making a living by a suave cleverness in the art of deception!* One only needs to call to mind the charlatans who sell patent medicines, the fakers who advertise books which will help you do anything from grow hair to preach a peppier sermon, the smirking fortune tellers, and fifty-seven varieties of quacks, spiritual, mental, and medicinal. The growing acclimation of banditry as a profession is reflected in the testimony of a prominent city magistrate, William McAdoo of New York City, "When I was a boy, you could spot a bad character at once when you looked at him. But to-day the gunmen, murderers, and robbers are suave, well-dressed young men who look like fashion plates." Civilization should not be startled if some fine day the morning's paper tells of the praying burglar who says

his prayers before he goes to work. Scott was writing a good many years ago but he describes for us many a modern young man:

"Not serve two masters! Here's a youth will try it—
Would fain serve God and yet give the devil his due,
Says grace before he does a deed of villainy,
And returns thanks devoutly when 'tis acted!"

The poisoning power of the increasing dishonesty is very great. Imagine a great city lying before you; from thousands of chimneys you see rising clouds of black smoke. Soon a heavy, hazy pall, like a shroud, darkens the sun and blots out the stars. Thus up from the chimneys of society our insincerities and lies rise like sooty smoke to settle down on our common spiritual life in a palling smut of dark deceit and immorality. Every breath of insincerity and untruth we breathe upon the world adds just so much to the common spiritual darkness and oppressiveness.

Two little girls once conversed in my hearing:

"Do you know Tommy Jones?" said one. "Well, yesterday in school he tried to copy from my arithmetic paper; you know what I did? I wrote the wrong answer down, and after he'd got it, I rubbed it out and put the right one down. Served him right for copying!"

"O, Mary!" warned the other, "you shouldn't have done that. Don't you know it's wrong to deceive!"

So very innocently the experience of cheating begins. So begins the practice of deception which may end in something far worse. *Contemporary dishonesty is a condition of the popular mind which makes defection easy for everybody!* The attention which a man attracts to himself by being *deliberately honest* is disclosed by the incident of the Civil War veteran who wrote to the pension bureau in Washington to have his name dropped from the list. He had been suffering from a supposedly incurable disease, contracted in the army, but had fully recovered. The authorities were so astonished at such unheard of honesty that they sent an investigator to interview the man, supposing him to be insane.

In the new day of Jesus when men have taken his ideals and lived them, when brother will meet with brother knowing

that each comes with simple, unalloyed sincerity, as frank as the day, like Jesus himself, our witness, our bond, and our testimony will be as good as our life and will not need to be written or oathed over or sworn to. Notary publics will not need to sign for us; there will be no swearing over sacred books to establish our word as true; there will be no contracts, no courts, no lawsuits. And strange as it may seem, there is a place in our own time which comes very near embodying that lofty ideal. An African missionary tells of a tribe in central Africa where no officials are necessary, no courts, no judges, no lawyers. Extraordinary happiness and peace reign in the village. Stealing is almost unknown, as well as marital quarrels. The secret is a strong public opinion against all forms of corruption. If a man is discovered in dishonesty, the village adults meet in the evening and a spokesman for the tribe solemnly warns the offender. Following a second offense, the tribe is called together and the same warning is given. After a third offense (which practically never happens) the culprit is called to the village group again, and after a solemn farewell, sent from the village out into the forest. It works. *That black tribe in the depths of the jungle can teach civilization lessons in peace, social happiness, and high morality!*

In the very last chapter in the Bible the writer has something to say about those who, by virtue of their own behavior, have qualified or disqualified themselves for entry into the heavenly kingdom. "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last. Blessed are they that do his commandments that they have the right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates of the city. But without are dogs and sorcerers and whoremongers and idolaters and murderers *and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie!*" (Revelation 22: 13-15.)

III

We sometimes have a shock in life, when we discover that some people are not really as good as we thought they were. They prove themselves not as fine as they look. They are untrue to their educational advantages. They have failed to fulfil the promise of their youth. Their character does not

seem to match their personality. Their fruits do not match their faith. If we will but take time to think more deeply upon the matter, however, I think we shall come to the conclusion that instead of appearing better than they are, by far the majority of people are better, far better than they appear to be. There is, therefore, a kind of insincerity more common than that of deliberate dishonesty: *the insincerity of smothering our own goodness.*

Fundamentally, deep down, practically every man has a heart of gold, but he is actually ashamed to be thought of as good. He goes through the world living an inconsistent life, not living up to the best that is in him, not expressing his best, deliberately making people think of him as a grouch, an ignoramus, a sinner, when we know of golden possibilities in him which belie the impression he makes. A man once refused to unite with the congregation I was serving because he insisted that his life was so unworthy he was not a fit candidate for any church. I happened to know that he was one of the best-hearted men in the state. Of course we admire humility, but here was a case where a man was carrying humility too far. He was inconsistent. Actually he was living a good life; in his own mind he was a "miserable sinner." He was smothering a beautiful light of character under a depressing bushel of personal depreciation.

One of the commonest forms of that insincerity which smothers potential goodness is *the fear of independent thinking!* We are actually afraid to express ourselves because we think the statements of others are more likely to be true than our own. So our heads become patchwork quilts of other people's thoughts. A glass eye, a wooden leg, false teeth, a waxen nose, a wig—these artificialities we shrink from. But our reason becomes disastrously debilitated by atrophy so often that we needs must prop it with the glass eyes, wooden legs, false teeth, wigs, and waxen noses of ideas which we borrow from others. In our minds are divine and original powers. There is a charm in the natural, unaffected spontaneity of our own thinking which is one of the truest ways God has of expressing his life in us. Instead of tying the flowers on we ought to be letting the natural buds unfold. Naturalness is the soul of sincerity, and natural things are always best. The most beautiful artificial

flowers cannot compare with the humblest violet by the roadway. The most beautiful pictures ever painted are no match for the ordinary landscape colored with the beauties of nature. The most expensive rouge ever put on a girl's cheek is ugly beside the beauty of natural color. We spoil our lives by failing to be our natural selves; we ruin our minds by neglecting to think for ourselves. "I had a teacher once," said Henry van Dyke, "who helped me to think for myself—the first of my real teachers; and what the others gave me came through the door that he opened." *Thinking is the starting-place of character and no life is true and strong which lacks the honesty of original thought!* Victor E. Southworth has expressed better than I can the gist of the matter in his keen poem:

"Follow me not,' the wise man said,
'But go the way of your heart instead.

"The power divine in you has wrought—
Follow the way of your honest thought.

"Follow the light within your breast
For it alone gives strength and rest."

"This was the word of the man divine:
'Follow your heart as I do mine!'"

A patient in a school of occupational therapy was given two work-baskets, one on each side of her, and was required to work with left and right hands alternately. "Why," said the woman, who tried it for a few days, "I never knew I had a left hand before." There are in our bodies, minds, and souls smothered capacities, all unused and undreamed of. We are using nowhere near all of ourselves. Within us are capacities for sympathizing and working for others that we have not realized. We have, locked away, wisdom for life's problems, glad-hearted tenderness for lonely, bruised souls, burden-bearing powers, hidden treasures of spirituality, lying all unused within us. Visions of God, experiences of his goodness, blessings from his hand have been ours, and we have not thought of sharing them with others. *Until we commence to cultivate with use the neglected powers of our hid-*

*den life we cannot be honest with God, with our neighbors,
or ourselves.*

"Use all your hidden forces. Do not miss
The purpose of this life and do not wait
For circumstance to mold or change your fate.
In your own self lies destiny. Let this
Vast truth cast out all fear, all prejudice,
All hesitation. . . .

* * * * *

Once let the spiritual laws be understood,
Material things must answer and obey."

IV

Character is what we are. Reputation is only what men think we are. Our own heart and not other men's opinions about us is the test of our honor. It is, I think, almost universally true that all men begin by wanting to be true and right in their own hearts. They see that to be right in the heart is one of life's chiefest glories. No one, however, strives long to keep his heart right and true without eventually coming to this discovery: *To know the truth and speak it, to know what is right and do it, that is one of the most difficult things in the world!* For just what is truth? Pilate asked the question long ago and we are still trying to answer it. Just how shall we encompass a right life? The young man who came to Jesus asked the question and he went away sorrowing because he was unwilling to pay the price to find out. Many men come to this crucial question of life with the cynicism of Huxley: "I protest that if some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning, I should instantly close with the offer!" Scientists, giving their life-blood to capture truth, find in the end but fragments in their hands. Saints, striving continually to plumb the depths of duty and to climb the heights of honor, find themselves at last only a little on the way. *Trueness and rightness men want but often they find it all too hard.*

A timidity in the presence of facts is one common source

of our spiritual difficulties. If we faced facts fearlessly and resolutely our problems would be cut in two. Here is a man who knows his teeth need attention. There are evidences of decay in bad breath and the throbbing irritation of tooth-ache. But he dodges the dentist by telling himself all will be well. He ends with a continual array of tooth and body troubles, because in the first place he wouldn't face facts. Or, here is a woman whose doctor tells her the truth about her condition—she should have an operation at once. Fear makes her practice deception upon herself—she keeps telling herself she will be better. The end of such failure to face facts is death. But there are even deeper, subtler forms of this type of insincerity. Psychiatrists in the study of nervous and mental ailments find it difficult to get at the root of these troubles because people will cleverly evade moral issues which center in themselves. There are favorite temptations, secret faults, little hidden sins which they will not drag to daylight and destroy. That sad insincerity which looks in the mirror of life, perceives blemishes, yet goes away leaving them all unredeemed is well expressed in the New Testament: "But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." (James 1:22-24.)

To face facts fearlessly with the faith of Jesus is the first step on the road to a right life. To be positively honest with ourselves as we view our own lives in the mirror of the Master's scale of values is the solution of the spiritual problem of being true. He is the way, the truth, and the life because in his presence we see incarnate the highest sincerity, the noblest righteousness which man's mind can conceive. It is a perfectly marvelous fact to realize that here in this man was such a life as would redeem the world if all followed it. To be a Christian means to be as courageously strict with ourselves as Christ was with himself. It means surrendering the finest show for the poorest reality. It implies frequently surrendering the confidence of others that we may go the way of truth. It means standing squarely up to the social consequences of our own actions. It implies the courage to cross-

examine our own souls to discover and correct faults: "My conscience, I want to ask you a question. If the whole world was to be guided by you, would it be a better world? Would deceit and falsehood be banished altogether? Would malice, selfishness and lust be entirely eliminated? Tell me truly, if every other conscience worked like yours, would the world be a good place in which to live?"

"If all of the things in your dreams had come true,
Would the earth have been very much better for you?

"If you'd got what you asked for whenever you prayed,
What sort of a place would your prayers have made?

"If creating the world had been left in your care,
How would you have furnished the everywhere?

"As it is don't you think things are nicely arranged,
With only yourself that needs to be changed?"

A serene, deep-founded sincerity, then, a sincerity which rings true, not based on the dissimulation which seeks applause of others, must always be based, as it was in the case of Jesus, on the unflinching courage which looks life squarely in the face and keeps true, no matter what the world offers as prizes for deviating, no matter what worldly people choose to think. To achieve this authentic Christian veracity requires courageous constancy like a Christ who goes to his bloody cross rather than prove false to his deepest convictions. Any honesty which does not go so deep is but painted falsehood. It cannot be genuine because it does not face *all* the facts. "I should say sincerity," said Carlyle, "a deep, great, genuine sincerity is the first great characteristic of all men in any way heroic!" The same truth an anonymous poet has stated in flaming words that burn across our deceitful modern life like red hot irons:

"To be sincere! To look life in the eyes
With calm, undrooping gaze! Always to mean
The high and truthful thing! Never to screen
Behind the unmeant word the sharp surprise
Of cunning, never to tell the little lies

Of look or thought; always to choose
 Between the true and large, the true and small, serene
 And high above life's cheap dishonesties!
 The soul that steers by this unfading star
 Needs never other compass! All the far
 Wide waste shall blaze with guiding light, though rocks
 And sirens meet and mock its straining gaze,
 Secure from storms and all life's battle shocks,
 It shall not veer from any righteous ways."

V

We have seen how insincerity arises: from the weakmindedness of deliberate lying, out of the sin of smothered goodness, and from the dread of facing facts. We now come to the most subtle insincerity of all: *dodging life's vital issues by clever compromise*. There is, for example, *the compromise of false modesty*. There are those who make splendid pretensions about their own morals and frown furiously upon others whom they deem shameless and indecent. They speak of the perfect morality of the good old days and wax eloquent in denouncing the members of the adventurous younger generation. They do this, knowing perfectly well that the transgressions of today are not new at all, that whereas of old they were committed under cover, today there is a frankness and aboveboard attitude which shocks but which is all on the side of honesty. This bubble of compromising pretension is punctured by the keen mind of Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"True modesty dwells

In the same breast with knowledge, and takes no offense.
 Truth never harmed anything yet but pretense.
 There are fashions in modesty; what in your time
 Had been deemed little less than an absolute crime
 In matters of dress, or behavior, today
 Is the custom. And however daring you may
 Deem our manners and modes, yet, were facts fully known,
Our morals compare very well with your own!"

Another common type of compromise is *the false faith which claims to be free of all doubt*. It is characterized by the crass generalizations which speak of the dogmas of re-

ligion as "being established beyond the possibility of doubt." And it is not unusual to hear devotees of this particular compromise saying that they have never had one single doubt about anything in their faith in all their lives! The falsity of these assertions is revealed when we pin these folk down to individual aspects of their faith; they reveal then that they have no deep-rooted certainty at all, but are hiding behind a smoke screen of secondhand religion and doubting all the time. See some folk at funerals when loved ones go, and how their faith collapses under the strain. "The most celebrated of charlatans and the boldest of tyrants," said Volney, speaking of Mohammed, "begins his extraordinary tissue of lies with these words: 'There is no doubt in this book!'" Real faith begins with honest doubt, and no amount of false compromising with truth can be compared with the fearless, frank questioning of every aspect of religion.

Again, there is *the compromise of gambling*. A gambler is one who wants to get without giving. He wants to win life's struggle by luck and not by pluck. He expects gain by the turn of a wheel instead of the hard road of work. Many a man who is noble and true in every other way goes down to a deep hole of trouble and moral destruction because he compromises with one of the many forms of gambling: speculation in stocks, cards for money, roulette wheel, etc., etc. The evil behind the gambling compromise is the violation of a fundamental principle of honesty: *Life's values are most honorably received, not on a basis of accident, but on a basis of service rendered.*

Moreover, there is *the compromise of half-honesty*. How pleasant it is to let our tongues slip easily and plausibly over little half-truths, not deliberately deceiving, but just turning the truth enough to fit our purpose. We satisfy our easy-going consciences by just telling enough of the truth to make our story reasonable. We defend our spiritual disobedience by showing only the white side of the shield. Tennyson reveals his usual spiritual discernment when he puts the matter thus:

"A lie which is half a truth is ever the greatest of lies,
 Since a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought outright,
 But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

The youth movement so universal in our day is nothing else but a mighty protest against the obvious compromises with truth which undermine modern life. It is the rebellion of an intensely honest generation against the false modesty which parades as virtue, against the untruthful attitude which denounces doubt as sin, against the gambling spirit which seeks to gain life's good things by chance, and against that crowd of plausible half-truths, abroad in our world, masquerading as sacred verities. Max Müller is not far from the spirit of these adventurous young people when he says: "With *real faith* I believe one can pass through this life without let or hindrance. What I dread are compromises. There are false notes in them always, and a false note goes on forever."

VI

Up to now we have been noticing in this chapter certain elements in personal honesty. We have been following fairly closely the well-beaten track of the traditional code. This standard of honor may be limited by a few well-placed rules: do not lie, pay your bills, do not steal, keep yourself within the well-fenced area of the accepted morality of respectable society. A little knowledge of the world and its ways, a little insight into the realities of life, however, will serve to remind us that one who lives up to the letter of the traditional code, indeed, a very *paragon* of virtue in the eyes of the "best people," may still be very far from the standard of Jesus. For he may be lacking in another kind of honor which we may term for lack of a better name: *social honesty*. He may be guilty before God of one of the most mischievous and diabolical forms of dishonesty which now infect our social system. George Bernard Shaw in his usual penetrating style pulls the mask from this popular scheme of insincerity when he says: "A great deal of the morality which is taught at the present time, and which children are taught to regard as very sacred, and as being the quintessence of honesty, you must remember, is nothing but picking pockets and trying to cover up the fact with fine phrases."

This insight is based on the clear recognition that *there is more than one kind of theft for which God will hold men*

guilty. There is the theft of acquiring that which is not our personal property. There is also another, that of defrauding others by retaining that which we owe them. Parents may rob their children of tender affection and religious training. We may rob our employers of the time for which they pay us. Families may be robbed of peace and happiness by the sons and daughters who recognize no obligation to the home. God may be robbed of that which is properly due him: our reverence, our loyalty, our communion. This type of stealing, which retains unfairly, has many expressions, but the form concerning which we are most interested now, and which is the most common and most dangerous, is this: *the industrial imperialism which steals opportunity, health, and wage from the helpless worker.*

The biggest lies, the vilest shams, the most hideous hypocrisies spring not out of our own personal problems, but surge up from that great, black, festering mass in modern life which we call our economic system. There truth is prostituted in the temple of the Holy Alliance of World Capitalism, there humanity is crushed in the great, mad, selfish rush of big business, where the only slogans heard are: "Dog eat dog!" and "What is there in it for me?" As examples of burglary and oppression, labeled "honesty" and "respectability," in our modern life, let us see several very typical cases. In my own home town the mill workers were on strike. I personally attended their first meeting in an open lot. They were like sheep without a shepherd. Everyone bore that haggard look that comes from overwork. Many were pale and consumptive. The company had just cut their wages ten per cent, and they struck in protest. I asked them what their wages were: married men with large families, faithful workers, were getting then in some cases less than twenty dollars a week, a few not much more; some girls were getting as low as five dollars a week, many of them below ten. The operators claimed they had to cut because of hard times. But all of the mill owners were living in luxury, buying new houses, new cars, new jewelry; they were prosperous, opulent, on the wages they had stolen from the workers when times were good. Their policy was to dodge taxes and keep prices high by underproduction when times were bad. Because the workers had been faithful in good times they had to suffer in

bad times. And such thievery and tyranny by insolent "business men" are blessed and sanctified by city and church alike.

Another example of the brazen dishonesty upon which industrial life is reared is afforded by the twenty-fifth anniversary report of the United States Steel Corporation, under the direction of that past master of industrial injustice, Judge Gary. "A campaign was started," says this report, "to abolish the twelve-hour day in the steel mills. . . . It met with vigorous opposition from many sources, *principally from the workers themselves.*" A disingenuous lie, of course. "The United States Steel Corporation," goes on the report, "is not an eleemosynary institution. . . . All activities for the good of the worker have been amply justified for business reasons . . . the first object of any company is to make money for its stockholders." Probably this is the ethic these men learn at church. *Does it sound like Jesus?* In one deliciously revealing sentence, the steel report gives the big corporation away. Not opportunity, health, leisure, larger freedom for the workers—but *profit-burglary for stockholders.*

One of the best illustrations of industrial injustice posing as honesty is that of four great stores selling articles at a cheap price, which in 1925 had a combined profit of over fifty million dollars. A report of these stores shows that eighty per cent of the workers receive less than twelve dollars a week. What do you think Jesus would say of a business which paid its stockholders thirty-five per cent of the value of the stock in one year while the majority of the employes were receiving less than twelve dollars a week? Is it honesty, is it Christian principle? No. It is downright robbery!

How our dishonest industrial situation works out for the masses is shown by the Passaic strike. In October, 1925, the small wages of the workers were cut in two ways: ten per cent, and work days to four a week. A strike, which eventually spread to all the neighboring mills until eleven thousand souls were out, was organized by a young Harvard graduate. The strike was entirely orderly so far as the workers were concerned, despite the fact that families were destitute for a period of six months. But following one daily conference a procession of strikers homeward bound was stopped by the police. A crowd gathered. The chief of police ordered the cops to charge. On horses and motorcycles they rode into

the mass of men and women. Clubs, gas-bombs, and firehose were used indiscriminately with the result that many were hurt, including women. To suppress the truth about this uncalled-for violence the police smashed the cameras of the newspapermen. So do "the powers that be" support the rich and add to the misery and hopelessness of the children of poverty.

So might we go on *ad infinitum*; for examples of this one great dishonesty lie thick everywhere in our economic system like sands on the seashore. But covering it is a crust of false propaganda carried on by newspapers and capitalist-controlled sheets. The camouflaging of this gross influence in modern life is a marvel of clever deception. Bolshevism, ghastly pictures of revolution, weird tales of bewhiskered socialists, bloodthirsty proletariats have scared folk so that the slightest mention of some new system by which Christian justice might be a reality almost sends them out of their wits. Speak to the average man who looks at life in the average way about the lot of the industrial worker, and, if he does not call you a dirty pessimist or a Bolshevik, he will put his hand over his mouth, swallow his yawn and walk away. It is hard to present the facts of the situation so that they will give the average man a chance to do something about it. We need new idealists who will dramatize for us in telling ways the injustices of modern industrial life.

Even more unconcerned about the lot of the underdog are the state and the church. The church condemns the little thief and the state promptly puts him in jail. The church praises the big thief and the state sets him on a throne of honor. There seems to be a blind and blundering conspiracy between church and state for the avowed purpose of straining out the gnats and swallowing the camels. Thus banks that shoot down poor, depraved, half-witted victims of poverty are commended, while the bankers themselves grow sleek and rich on the purloined profits derived from foreclosed mortgages and other clever little underhanded business deals. Thus the big trusts in oil and coal and steel and meat hire armored cars and gunmen to shoot down offenders, and call out the militia to kill strikers, while all the time they plunder the public's pocketbook, and rob their employees. I know of a case where a poor tramp, penniless and starving in a small

New England town, was shot in the act of stealing a loaf of bread, and died in jail. The man who used his gun with such deadly aim in defense of his property happened to be one of the town's "first citizens," an individual who had grown rich on the ill-gotten gains of wage-slavery. The tramp died in disgrace, the rich man went scot-free. "Which of them twain was more in accord with the will of the Father?" The answer is suggested in an old couplet from an old song:

"Why prosecute the man or woman
Who steals a goose from off the common,
And let the greater felon loose
Who steals the common from the goose?"

It is hard to believe that the average wealthy, corporation man is fully conscious of what modern industrialism is doing to folks. He is frequently placidly and blissfully unaware of the sufferings of the masses. Your typical Mr. Muchmoney is an office-bearer in the church, where he probably ushers and passes the plate on Sunday. He provides a luxurious home for wife and children, has two or three cars, is very keen on golf, and is a member of an expensive club, is surrounded by servants and fawning friends, has been mayor once or twice, and is a prominent citizen in the community. He leads a fairly decent and regular life. Monday morning you see him drive up to his factory or office in a limousine. In busy days he sticks pretty closely to work; in summer he is usually at the links or the ball park. Practically the only contact he has with the lower classes is through the hired men and women in his office. Frequently he prevents even this by seclusion in a private office. His eyes are focused on his own selfish pursuits, the profits of the business, and the pleasures of leisure hours; he has no time to consider the humanity problems, the slum conditions, which cry to high heaven for reform. When these things are called to his attention he blithely speaks of the beauties and blessings of poverty; he tells of the poor boys who have become great; he says that sickness and disease and degradation and squalor are due to carelessness, vice, bad management, and drunkenness; and as a sop to conscience he gives a few dollars to

charity. If he is the proprietor of a huge newspaper, he hires some slick editorial writer to pen a paean of praise to poverty like that which appeared in the *New York Times*: "Perverted thus as we are in our natures, how unwelcome at the door of life is the presence of poverty. . . . Yet poverty is not a curse but a blessing. So if some day Lady Poverty stand at the door . . . fling back the creaking hinges and let her in. Make room for her gracious presence in the wide guest chambers of your heart." When our "honest" big business man undergoes rough experiences in the profit-hunting campaign, he motors about town in a jaunty style with an expensive cigar in his mouth, thus lulling the suspicions of creditors. When he is jubilantly gathering in the shekels he goes afoot in a shabby suit, talks of "hard times," so as to attract as little attention as possible from the treasurer of the local hospital and similar annoying people, such as tax-gathering and donation-gathering officials. He also wishes to be able to plead poverty when his employes demand fairer wages. He worships at the shrine of Industrial Efficiency, where the golden text is "More profits, less overhead," and whose patron saint is Henry Ford. To him the words of a Garvin are especially soothing: "Karl Marx, the mid-Victorian Calvin of economics, is dead as a dodo. The practical, original Henry Ford, as the symbol of high wages and profit sharing, is the real spirit of the morning!" He fails to see that neither the Ford scheme nor the Marx socialism nor the present industrial tyranny can be a worthy or permanent system for an enlightened humanity. It never enters his head to bring the dynamic of the spirit of Jesus into the factory and the office and the mine.

Once in a while, in an unguarded moment, a capitalist sees the truth and speaks out. "I have resolved," said the late Cleveland H. Dodge during the war when he was selling copper to the government at a big profit, "that not one red cent of this blood money shall stick to these fingers!" He felt that the dollars he gained from copper sold to make bullets to kill men was blood money. But is it not equally true that money made from the enslavement and the oppression of millions of lives, profits built up on the prostrated and destitute bodies of men and women is blood money? The crushed and exhausted millions who feed the modern indus-

trial wine-press are as truly pouring out their life blood for the fattening of rich plutocrats as if their bodies were actually devoured in cannibalistic style. In the rayless, sordid, horrible, industrial city slum we see, also, the utterly destructive results of an economic system, which is the source, as William Dean Howells truly said, "of almost all the sins and shames that ever were." "In the body of this death," he confesses, "they fester and corrupt forever." As long as we tolerate a wage system which is unfair, an exploitation system by which private persons greedily exhaust natural resources for personal profit, a ruthless system of competition by which smaller businesses are put out of commission—as long as we have the dishonesty which prates of honor with one breath and burglarized profits with the next, we shall have the conditions which warrant the statement that "modern wage slaves in their tenement hovels are worse off than chattel slaves on their quiet farms." We shall have human beings, as Robert Browning says,

". . . born slaves, bred slaves,
Branded in the blood and bone slaves!"

And we shall have a country, not the land of the free and the home of the brave, but the land of the cheat and the home of the slave. Lowell was not telling fairy stories when he penned these prophetic lines:

"Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
Son of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched the
earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey;
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless children
play?"

VII

We hear much these days about crime and the checking of it. Make the punishments severe, say some. Cut out the maudlin sentimentality, say others. Even the Chief Justice deploras the fact that "the sentimentality of many develops into an obstructing sympathy for bloody-handed murderers

who are brought to justice, leading to efforts to prevent the execution of sentences." But in all this silly talk about checking crime one rarely hears a single clear statement about *the root reasons for criminality. To try to stop the petty crimes of individuals while the hideous social crime of industrial slavery lasts is the grossest kind of hypocrisy.* It is like trying to dam Niagara with a sheet of paper. The origin of ninety per cent of crime may be described in three steps:

1. Society creates the city slum and the wage struggle for existence.

2. A child is born in a dirty hovel of the slum and faces the hopeless struggle.

3. Deformed from birth and despair-stricken by economic conditions the child grows to be a criminal. *Whose fault?*

We deny human beings moral rights; then demand they be morally right. We build society on the backs of crushed humanity; then tell them to get up. The economic order grinds out multitudes morally and mentally and physically exhausted; we then condemn this social grist for being what they are. The repulsive mob with its crimes and horrors is not the product of itself, but the normal product of that ruthless industrial war waged for property at the expense of humanity. "From possessions," said Richard Wagner, "which have become private property, and which now, strangely enough, are regarded as the very foundation of good order *spring all the crimes of myth and history!*"

When anyone attempts to point out these facts about industrial injustice, which, to a truly honest man, cry to high heaven for attention, the safe, satisfied rich begin their calling names: "Radical! Bolshevik! Pessimist!" They say, "Peace, peace, all is well!" And one will be willing to grant the statement of Charles Stelzle that "in every human relationship standards of practice have been definitely lifted higher." But the fact is that they are nowhere near high enough. *The real pessimist is the man who thinks no reform is possible because things are as good as they ever can be.* Where would we be today were it not for the great reformers of the past who laid their martyred lives upon the altar of progress? False optimism is not only real pessimism, but the most mischievous and cowardly betrayal of human destiny anyone can imagine. For it paralyzes the power and

enthusiasm of social amelioration at its very source. The spirit of revolt against the hypocritical social crimes of our day is not pessimism, but militant optimism, the source of all radical reform. Let Ernest Crosby speak to us of its meaning:

“Hail, spirit of revolt! Thou spirit of life,
Child of eternal love—

Love, rebelling against lovelessness—life rebelling against death;

Rise at last to the full measure of thy birthright,
Spurn the puny weapons of hate and oppression.

Fix rather thy calm, burning protesting eyes on all the myriad
shams of man and they will fade away in thinnest air.

Gaze upon thy gainsayers until they see and feel the truth
and love that begat and bore thee.

Thus and thus only give form and body to the noblest aspirations.

And we shall then see done on earth as it is in heaven
God's ever-living, growing, ripening will.”

VIII

As we contemplate, then, this vast social hypocrisy, whereby wolves of selfishness masquerade as honest citizens, covering their brutal, arrogant, wholly unashamed sin with the sheep's cloak of public approval, reaping their wealth from the prostrate bodies of brother-men and displaying the offending tokens of their iniquity in infuriating luxuries, even at a time when little children die like flies of pestilence and starvation, and while men tramp the streets, hungry and bitter-hearted and tired, looking for work, this conviction grows upon us that it is *only as the radically honest and intensely humane spirit of Jesus Christ permeates the hearts of all men shall we arrive at a solution!* But in this crisis what is his church doing? Precious little! There are prophets who take their lives and reputations in their hands and dare to condemn wickedness in high places. But the church as a whole has shown a marked reluctance to face the facts of industrial despotism. This is partly due to a remote and nebulous notion as to what Jesus really wants. But the fal-

tering hesitation of the church, in the presence of gross social iniquity, in applying to the situation the dynamic of Jesus' gospel, is due not so much to ignorance but to deceitful Pharisaism which caresses social sinners to keep the money-bags full.

The disrepute of the church among the laborers, and the defection of multitudes of the working people from its folds, is due primarily to this prostitution of the truth of Christianity by the moneyed groups which wield the controlling influence in the institution supposedly founded by a Nazarene peasant carpenter. "I was then carried in spirit to the mines," says John Woolman in a passage which penetrates to the heart of this hypocrisy, "where poor oppressed people were digging rich treasures for those called Christians, and heard them blaspheme the name of Christ, at which I was grieved for his name to me was precious. I was then informed that these heathens were told that those who oppressed them were the followers of Christ, and they said among themselves, 'If Christ directed them to use us in this sort, then Christ is a cruel tyrant!'"

But the *real* Jesus is the best friend the working people have. He is conscious of their sufferings—he will find hands and hearts to bring hope and release, as Margaret Sangster so truly sings:

"He sees though we make Him unseeing,
He knows when the factory wheels
Grind down the life-blood of children;
When the poor little bond-servant kneels
In the pang of its frightful abasement;
Though all are deaf to its prayer,
There is coming a dark day of judgment,
And the Lord of the child will be there."

A newer and truer evangelism is calling for servants of Jesus, the Lord of justice and humanity. It is the divine ardor of a new enthusiasm which seeks to change the system of things and rescue thousands of lives where the old evangelism saved one. It is an evangelism inspired by a genuine solicitude for the welfare of human beings. It seeks to lay the axe at the root of the evil economic tree upon which

all manner of immoralities grow as natural fruits. Moses' first step in leading the Israelites into the disciplines of the New Covenant was the demand upon Pharaoh to free them from slavery. Paul's first clarion call of Christian liberty was the deliverance of a whole people from bondage to the Jewish law. The Pilgrim's first move in the adventure for the new freedom was to go out from under the yoke of a religious despotism. Lincoln's first step in the development of the African Negro was emancipation from chattel slavery. The new social evangelism is based on the earnest conviction that *the spiritual salvation of the individual begins with the liberation of the whole people from the curse of economic servitude*. This is the supreme task of the modern church and no pious subterfuge proposing to save individuals in miraculous manner or by pious mysticism can take its place.

This vision, this ardor, this enthusiasm for social justice will work out into detail as the spirit of it permeates the fabric of all social life. Broadly speaking, prophets can now perceive that the solution of the problem lies in such a spiritualization of individuals and organizations as to make the world a place where *every soul born into the world will be equally secure in the material means and social resources needful for a complete life*. Upon this new spiritual plane of society natural resources will be considered as the property of the whole community to be administered for the welfare of all alike. The necessities of life, coal and iron and lumber and meat and food, will not be exploited by a few for personal profit any more than select individuals bottle and sell sunshine and fresh air now. Municipal control of industry will prevail, and merit will be rewarded at its true value. In all industrial production the main business will not be the article produced, although that will have its importance, but the bodily welfare, liberty, and spiritual education of men and women. And the crowning goal of the new evangelism will be the carrying of the spirit of the Christian Cross into the market square, the enthronement of the Christian Heart in the commercial world. This is what Jesus means by the leaven of the Kingdom of Heaven: the influence of his truth, honesty, mercy, and love amidst the perplexity and strife of the present world system. His day is coming; help it come!

IX

One other battle on the side of sincerity must be fought, and that is the struggle to make the Christianity of the churches more truly the religion of Jesus. At the decadent condition of the churches many people are filled with a deep and depressing gloom. Like Joshua they feel that God has failed his people and they cry out: "Alas, O Lord Jehovah, wherefore hast Thou at all brought this people over the Jordan, to deliver us into the hands of the Amorites, to cause us to perish? O Lord, what shall I say . . . and what wilt Thou do for Thy great name?" (Josh. 7:7-9.) But God's answer to Joshua is a good warning in our present plight: "Get thee up! the fault is your own! You have sinned; therefore the children of Israel cannot stand before their enemies! In obedience you have failed, you have not been loyal to my truth, your inconsistencies and hypocrisies have come before me, and I promise you no success until these are remedied!"

One serious matter of insincerity which has crippled the church everywhere is that of money. Most churches are woefully weak financially because so-called Christians do not take their church financial responsibilities seriously at all. Where men do give liberally to the church life, as is the case in many aristocratic churches, it is found that an even more profound element of dishonesty enters in: *men imagine they can buy the Christian life, and that when they have discharged certain moneyed debts the salvation of the Holy Spirit is upon them.* The mere paying of money into the coffers of the church is no substitute for a full-orbed, right serviceable life, as an incident in the early church bears out: "Simon saw that the holy Spirit was imparted through the laying on of hands, so he offered them money, saying, 'Give me also this power to communicate the holy Spirit to anyone I place my hands upon.' But Peter said to him, 'Go to destruction with your money, for thinking you could buy God's gift with it! You have no share or part in this movement, for your heart is not honest in the sight of God. So repent of this wickedness of yours, and pray to the Lord, to see if you may not be forgiven for thinking of such a thing. For I see that you are a bitter poison and a bundle of iniquity!'" (Goodspeed's Translation, Acts 8:18-23.)

Not only are the people of the churches guilty of financial disloyalty, but they have taken the wonderful religion of Jesus with its life-giving power, its naturalness and reality and everyday livability, and out of it they have made an artificial, unreal, archaic cult of deadly formalism. Within the close walls and arid atmosphere of the modern church the dynamic energies of the great spiritual Christ have been smothered until we have in many cases, instead of a powerhouse for radiant, heroic, soulful adventure, a quiet, dignified museum of credal and ritual antiquities. No wonder J. R. Lowell characterized the restlessness within the church in such startling language: ". . . a struggle for fresh air, in which, if the windows could not be opened, there was danger that panes would be broken, though painted with images of saints and martyrs. Light, coloured by these reverend effigies, was none the more respirable for being picturesque."

That the gulf between religion and reality has worked harm to the cause of Christianity may be seen in several quarters. For example, we hear John Baillie, reporting on the religion of the Armies in the War, saying: "Some eighty per cent of the prime manhood of Great Britain and America stand in little or no living relation to organized Christianity, and behind their indifference there is a strong and rising tide of feeling that religion, as it is presented to them in the Christian Church, is out of touch with reality and with the real business of life. They do possess faith; faith at least in duty and in the rightness of doing the right thing. . . . But they do not know how essentially Christian are such faith and loyalty, nor do they think of these things as having much connection with what is commonly known as religion." And Francis Miller, speaking for the students of America, says in words which sound strangely similar: "What college men need is a faith which sees all the facts, fears no scientific discovery, takes into account every natural law and in the face of the sternest conclusions which these facts may necessitate, can turn to Jesus on the Cross and find in him God actively at work redeeming human life. . . . They are hungering for greater reality!" Are we going to give it to them? Are we going to achieve in our day a religion which at all costs

eliminates the hypocrisy of theological subterfuge and gets down to the realities of human need and scientific truth?

We must make Christianity itself remorselessly and totally honest. If we do not do this, we shall be raising up a generation of youth who inevitably will come to think like Nietzsche: "I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great intrinsic depravity, the one great instinct of revenge, for which no expedient is sufficiently poisonous, secret, subterranean, mean—I call it the one immortal blemish of mankind." Whether Nietzsche rants against Christianity because he has seen its perverted counterpart in churches or because he is violently opposed to the message of Jesus itself, one finds it hard to say. But this at least is sure: the future Christianity will be open to just such bitter Nietzschean criticism if the Church continues on down the road to superstition which leads to Endor. It is the road leading back to old magical beliefs, supernatural theologies, dead creeds. That backward road is the way to confusion.

"Oh, the road to Endor is the oldest road,
But the craziest road of all!
Straight it runs to the Witch's abode,
As it did in the days of Saul;
And nothing has changed of the sorrow in store
For such as go down on the road to Endor!"

The church needs now as never before *a tremendous trust in the power of truth*. Church leaders must be possessed of a dogged veracity, a remorseless fidelity to truth which will put to rest the fears of the younger generation that the church is primarily a club of dishonest thinkers. Men like Dean Inge, Prof. L. P. Jacks, and Dr. Fosdick are contributing mightily to the salvation of Christianity through their refreshing honesty in religious thinking. "Candour, moral courage, intellectual honesty, scrupulous accuracy, chivalrous fairness, endless docility to facts, disinterested collaboration, unconquerable hopefulness and perseverance, manly renunciation of popularity and easy honours, . . . these and many other cognate qualities," says Baron von Hugel, "bear upon them the impress of God and His Christ." The more the mists of pious credalism disappear, the more real and won-

derful and beautiful shines forth the lovely Face of the living Christ. The nearer we come to his Truth, the more earnestly do we set about the living of it. And the only thing that can make Christianity thoroughly honest is for us who are professing Christians to place the Master's message seriously in the center of our living. "One of the greatest hours in Christian history," says Dr. Fosdick, "will have struck when once more the religion of Jesus takes the center of the scene!"

X

We have seen, in the discussion of this chapter, that Jesus' solution for many of life's most difficult problems is a pure and unalloyed frankness, a transparent simplicity, a deep and searching standard of honesty. In the last analysis, however, we must see clearly that the fight for a true life is no child's play. The man who sets out to fight the battle of truth must expect hardship, grim opposition, possibly martyrdom. Being through and through an honest man makes playing safe out of the question. The man who keeps the bark of his life steered straight according to the polestar of the ideal must often beat right into the teeth of the wind, right through the fiercest storms. History's roll-call of heroic idealists is nothing but a list of martyrs who died in disgrace rather than be found false. Such was Woodrow Wilson:

"Condemn him if you will! His is the place
Of honor in our land, due every man
Whose soul has glimpsed ideals and whose heart
Has fought to prove them true!
He was lone out-post for that world-old hope
Humanity can never quite release;
He gave his heart, his life, his soul, to hold
Our eyes upon the gleam of lasting peace.
If he was right (God knows he may have been!)
Come, bring heart-laurel for his sleeping head!
If he was wrong, still true his heart and brave
His fight; his place is with our soldier dead."

When we look, however, for a pure example of perfect sincerity, for one who lived for truth, who made the will

of God his meat and drink, we pass by the Napoleons, the Alexanders, the mighty captains of earth to a humble Galilean. Here *was* a true life, like a perfect star, shining with glorious constancy . . . *and still shining!* The poor he loved, but with no patronizing air of superiority. The heavy doors of base prejudice and gross unbelief were closed against him, but with infinite patience he beat his bruised and bleeding knuckles upon them until all marveled at his loyalty. He smote with all the acid of his keen tongue the wily hypocrite who sheltered under his robe of sanctimonious piety a false and selfish heart. He tore from life's shams the mask of pretense and showed the world the hidden shame and all deceit. He went down to the outcasts and distressed of life, and redeemed them with a simple and wonderful faith. In his soul there throbbed a divine melody of God's spirit which was transmitted to other hearts until the same holy vibrations of faith and hope and love were set going there. *He followed his light, never faltering in suffering, in doubt or in death!*

We have the chance to be as true as Jesus was, to achieve the same magnificent freedom he achieved. But we manacle ourselves with falsehood. We shackle ourselves with dishonesty and insincerity. We shrink from the tremendous demands of facing the whole truth. Too many of us desert the Christ, the Captain of Truth, to become prisoners in the land of sham! To seek truth is to find freedom. To achieve trueness is the best contribution we make to life: true to our fellowmen, that is the best citizenship; true to God, that is the best religion; true to the best in ourselves, that is the best manhood or womanhood!

"Who are the free?

They who have scorned the tyrant and his rod,
And bowed in worship unto none but God;
They who have made the conqueror's glory dim,
Unchained in soul, though manacled in limb,
Unwarped by prejudice, unawed by wrong,
Friend to the weak and fearless to the strong;
They who would change not with the changing hour,
The selfsame men in peril and in power,

True to the law of right, as warmly prone
To grant another's as maintain their own,
Foes of dishonesty, wheresoe'er it be,
These are the proudly free!"

O God, our Father, Source of Truth and Light, forgive, we pray Thee, the conspiracy of unworthy living which confuses our complex world. Deliver us from all blood-guiltiness, all trickery and dishonesty and deceit, by which we betray our brother-man. Help us, we beseech Thee, to achieve the beauty of a true life. Create in us a clean heart, O God! And may the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts and the deeds of our days be always acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our Strength and our Redeemer, Amen.

LIFE QUESTIONS

1. "God is everywhere and all words are uttered in his presence; therefore truth is of universal obligation." (Bishop Gore.) In the light of this fact, give your opinion of swearing on oath, of profanity, of perjury.

2. "To me it seems that the history of civilization is made up of a mass of repetitions of one never-ending truth: The intellect discovers error and treasures it; the eye discovers all the truth that later ages will endorse." (Henshaw Ward.)

Is this statement true? What does it suggest as to the way we arrive at *reality*?

3. What do you consider the one outstanding insincerity in modern life?

4. "Why is it that a concern which does not render service enough to make profits is permitted to use our labor of which we have not too great a supply, or our capital, which is always difficult to get?" (Owen D. Young.)

Notice carefully this question of a great corporation leader. Can you discover any fallacious assumptions behind it?

Is making profits the measure of service? What does the speaking of capital and labor in terms of use and supply suggest as to the attitude of big business toward the laboring man? Is it Christian to think of the masses as things to be used, a supply to be dipped out like water or dug up like dirt?

5. "It is organized industry that has brought about the present unprecedented development in this country. . . ." (Andrew W. Mellon.)

Analyze the truth or falsity of this statement by asking yourself these questions: What element in the industrial machine is indispensable in all production? Is this boasting of big industrial activity based on benefits to all the people or a privileged few? Can you think of anything that would be better for a country than "unprecedented industrial development"?

6. "It is our duty to fight against this religion of imperialistic civilization. Since the invasion of Christianity in China thousands of men-of-war and guns have followed on the heels of the missionaries who come to us clad in black gowns and carrying banners of evangelistic volunteers. Many ports have been yielded, concessions have been granted and millions of dollars of indemnity have been paid." (Chinese Anti-Christian Poster.)

What is the most serious handicap Christianity has?

7. "It is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself. Infidelity does not consist in believing, or in disbelieving; it consists in professing to believe what he does not believe." (Thomas Paine.)

Can a man be honest with himself if he publicly professes something which he does not believe? if he believes something which he does not live?

8. "For many hereditary Christians certain types of sins are practically impossible . . . by an inhibition which is more a matter of etiquette and taste than of conscience. But at the same time you know that the most appalling sins of the disposition—jealousy, malicious gossip, resentment at the precedence of another, irreverence, misconstruction of motives, parochialism, the itch for human recognition, reprehensible ignorance, pride—that sins like these are rampant in our church life and almost unchecked." (Johnston Ross.)

Has the church been honestly and earnestly trying to know God's will and to do it?

9. "Is corn to grow by method, and character by caprice? If we cannot calculate to a certainty that the forces of religion will do their work, then is religion vain. And if we cannot express the law of these forces in simple words, then

is Christianity not the world's religion, but the world's conundrum!" (Henry Drummond.)

Has Christianity proved itself a reliable religion in meeting and solving the world's problems?

10. Did Jesus ever play safe? Did he ever play politics? Did he ever trim the truth to suit the members of the synagogue? Did he ever hedge and dodge issues to satisfy the leading men of Jerusalem, the church and its rich men? What is your definition of a martyr?

CHAPTER VIII

Conquest of Evil in the New Day

DAILY READINGS

The Great War was an ulcer on the body politic, a revealing symptom of an underlying disease. The blood of the nations was poisoned with the old virus of a faith in force. The catastrophe was the natural result of an unhealthy reliance upon physical power, invented in laboratories, produced in munition factories, stored in arsenals, and resident in armies. A combination of scientific discovery, military efficiency, and political ambition, with the "reeking tube and iron shard" philosophy, conspired to leave Europe demolished and the world shaken. Since the war Fascism in Italy, Sovietism in Russia, dictatorships in Spain, Poland, Greece, and Turkey seem to suggest that the nations did not learn any lesson concerning the futility of force. While international friendship seems to be increasing, the nations never were more frankly putting their trust in the rule of the iron arm. Under these conditions is human government safe?

In the daily readings and discussion of this chapter we shall study the safest way, *in the long run*, for nations as well as individuals. Our thesis might be put in the five words of John Bright: "Force is not a remedy!" Or, better yet, in the words of an earlier prophet: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." (Zech. 4: 6.)

Eighth Week, First Day

Then said Jesus unto him, Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.—Matt. 26: 52.

Strange, isn't it, that these words have been known for nineteen centuries, yet the principle enshrined scarcely applied? Nation after nation, group after group, however, has taken the sword and perished by it. Even Christians have backed their ambitions with the instruments of brute force only to find that the very stars in their courses fight against him who tries to overthrow by physical might. *For a long time we have been praising our theological Christ and disobeying our teaching Christ.* And here is one of his teachings which the modern world needs tremendously to learn: *Violence is self-destructive; he that lifts the sword shall perish by it!*

Why should this be true? One might as well ask why gravitation should be true. It is the way our world is constructed. It is a God-ordained law that when a man employs force to destroy another he sets going a series of events which may eventually destroy him. In the long run it *always* works out that when a man sows violence a man reaps violence. But the employment of physical violence is never justifiable, not only because it destroys both violator and violated, but also because it is futile to overcome evil or to accomplish any good intention.

The complete elimination of the necessity for arms was Jesus' method. It is impossible to imagine him, under any conditions, taking a heavy sword and cutting off a man's head. An extract from Raymond's travels in the Pyrenees reflects the spirit of the Master: "These smugglers are familiarized at all times with peril, and would be a subject of dread to most travelers. . . . As for myself, *alone and unarmed*, I have met them without anxiety, and have accompanied them without fear. *Armed* I should have been their enemy, unarmed they have respected me. . . . I have long since laid aside all menacing apparatus whatever. The man of peace among mankind has a much more sacred defence—*his character!*"

Eighth Week, Second Day

When Jesus was come into Peter's house, he saw his wife's mother laid, and sick of a fever. And he touched her hand and the fever left her: and she arose, and ministered unto them.—Matt. 8: 14-15.

With a few exquisite strokes the writer here gives us a little window through which we can see one of the most beautiful characteristics of the Master's character—*his gentleness*. With infinite tenderness he ministers to the mother of Peter's wife and the vibrant touch of that gentle hand so revives her spirit that she can rise and serve the guests. "The first true gentleman that ever breathed" sang a poet about him. And if there was ever a man supremely gentle, it was he. He *was* a gentle man, but he was not a weak man. *The self-control of quiet patience is a greater power than the brutal might which gives blow for blow*. More strength is required to keep the calm way of love than to express the impulse of unguarded hatefulness. The sensitive soul of Jesus shrank instinctively from lifting the fist to give injury. He shunned with abhorrence the coarse, crude, revengeful spirit of the hardened man of the world. He was constantly on his guard lest he be guilty of giving pain. Here *was* an extremist, if you will, *an extremist in the art of gentleness*.

Concerning no virtue is the New Testament more unanimous. The servant of the Lord *must* be gentle (II Tim. 2:24); the characteristic of the apostles is that they are *as gentle as a nurse* (I Thess. 2:7); gentleness is declared to be *one of the chief fruits of spirituality* (Gal. 5:22); gentle meekness is the required attitude toward *all* men (Titus 3:2); and violent men are exhorted to turn from their evil in the very name of *the gentleness of the Christ* (II Cor. 10:1).

"Oh! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
Large bounties to restore we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain!
So trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from *this* weakness springs:
We learn not life's best gifts of help and strength
Proceed from peaceful gentleness at length!"

Eighth Week, Third Day

This is that bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live forever. These things said he in the

synagogue, as he taught in Capernaum. Many therefore of his disciples, when they had heard this, said, This is an hard saying; who can hear it? When Jesus knew in himself that his disciples murmured at it, he said unto them, Doth this offend you? What and if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where he was before? It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life. But there are some of you that believe not. . . . From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him.—John 6: 58-66.

The opposing powers of the world are not personalities but thought values; therefore the warfare is located in the realm of the mind and spirit. The real struggle is a spiritual one: low ideals *vs.* high ideals, evil powers *vs.* noble powers. The powers that move, control, and determine the world are *primarily subjective*. Matter is passive; mind is active. Matter is ruled and flesh is shaped by the sovereign spirit. Paul described this fact when he said: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places!" (Eph. 6:12.) And Jesus put his finger on the real dynamic of life when he said: "The flesh profiteth nothing; *these words of truth which I speak to you, they are spirit and they are life!*" Not strong right arms, nor bullets, nor knives, nor clubs, nor votes, nor mighty organizations, nor anything else on earth but these noble ideals of justice and truth and love, these are the leaven which will undermine and topple every evil kingdom to set up the sway of the righteousness of the one true God!

Some of Christ's followers had no faith in this kind of thing. They did not believe in anything but material forces; they were not thoroughly spiritual, therefore they turned and walked no more with the Master (*just exactly what many do today*). At last he hung dying on a cross and the last thing his eyes saw was the great, foul, reeking city of Jerusalem, emblematic of the sordidness of all the Roman Empire. When he had walked with them, they pleaded with him to organize an army and strike the iniquitous social order and the oppressive system of organized slavery. Because he would not work with the point of the sword, they turned and left

him. But he smiled, and planted in the minds of a few fishermen his flaming ideals of justice. Peacefully he touched the hearts of a few peasants with a glowing and wondrous love. Quietly he imparted to the souls of his friends mighty truths. Then nothing seemed to happen, until these ideals began to work from heart to heart and slowly but surely through the centuries *these things have transformed the structure of the world*. Truly the ways of the flesh profit nothing, but it is the spirit which quickeneth powerfully. All great seers have seen this, and W. L. Garrison has nobly repeated the method of Jesus in modern words: "I believe in the spirit of peace, and in sole and absolute reliance on truth and the application of it to the hearts and consciences of people. I do not believe that the weapons of liberty ever have been, or can be, the weapons of despotism. The sword, the revolver, the cannon, the bomb-shell are weapons to which tyrants cling and they are not the weapons for me as a friend of liberty!"

Eighth Week, Fourth Day

But take heed to yourselves: for they shall deliver you up to councils; and in the synagogues ye shall be beaten: and ye shall be brought before rulers and kings for my sake, for a testimony against them. And the gospel must first be published among all nations. But when they shall lead you, and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate: but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye: for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost. Now the brother shall betray the brother to death, and the father the son; and children shall rise up against their parents, and shall cause them to be put to death. And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake: but he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.—Mark 13:9-13.

Jesus promises that the path of the patient Christian will not be *safe* in the worldly sense at all. He prophesies in the following of truth a steep cliff all stony with terrible tests and hardships. Delivered up to savage councils, brutally beaten in misunderstanding churches, dragged before austere rulers and cruel kings—these are the tests. It is as the holy spirit of patient endurance speaks through his saints under such

circumstances that Christ's gospel of love will be testified to. We bear witness by suffering joyfully for his name's sake, by enduring unto the end.

A little insight will show us that *every unreasonable demand is a stepping stone to greatness!* Every excessive and unnatural outrage against us borne patiently and cheerfully and forgivingly so much exalts our own characters. *Like the martyrs of the ages we can make golden opportunities out of monstrous inhumanities!* For a brother to suffer betrayal by his own brother, for a father to suffer injury at the hands of his own son, for a parent to suffer death at the hands of one's own child, seems almost too much to bear. But even here the unresisting submission of a disciple of the meek King *will win the crown*. Not safe always, in the physical sense, but *saved* in the spiritual sense will they be who suffer unto to the end to gain the quiet victory of reproachless courage. Henry Taylor's poem perfectly describes the spirit of the hero of non-resistance:

"What makes a hero?—an heroic mind
Expressed in action, in endurance proved.
And if there be preeminence of right,
Derived through pain well suffered, to the height
Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
But worse—ingratitude and poisonous darts,
Launched by the people he had served and loved:
This, with a free, unclouded spirit pure,
This, in the strength of silence to endure,
A dignity to noble deeds imparts,
Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown.
This is the hero's compliment and crown;
This missed, one struggle had been wanting still—
One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
One self-approval in his heart of hearts!"

Eighth Week, Fifth Day

But which of you, having a servant plowing or feeding cattle, will say unto him by and by, when he is come from the field, Go and sit down to meat? and will not rather say

unto him, Make ready wherewith I may sup, and gird thyself, and serve me, till I have eaten and drunken; and afterward thou shalt eat and drink? Doth he thank that servant because he did the things that were commanded him? I trow not. So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do.—Luke 17: 7-10.

A noble martyred nurse of the World War, Edith Cavell, gave us an immortal line of truth when she said: "I see now that patriotism is not enough, I must die without hatred toward anyone!" Anyone who aims at the heights of life will soon come to see that *duty is not enough*, that it is only as we serve "over and beyond the line of the duty" that we win the service cross of life. In our parable for today we read of a servant who did his duty. He ploughed the field, fed the cattle, prepared supper for his master and probably cleared the table off and washed and dried the dishes. But at the close of the parable he is spoken of as an *unprofitable* servant, *because he had done his duty and no more*.

The *profitable* servant is the man who does more than his duty. He never shrinks from a burden laid upon him, but with yielding spirit and meek submission he will do twice or thrice what anyone expects of him. He does double duty on every task because he sees it as another opportunity in God's Providence for deeper and deeper inward joy. Like Nanak, the sixteenth century Hindu, he says: "If people ill-use me and take advantage of me, I will still bear it all meekly!" His is the spirit of the slaves of the south emerging from the burdens and duress of slavery days patient and humble, and untainted by bitterness. In this yielding, second-mile spirit, which fights not against force but submits, surrenders, labors beyond what is to be expected, there is something eminently and *uniquely* Christian. Are we unprofitable servants who have done our duty and no more, or are we on the double-duty honor roll?

"Yield a little to a brother!

Sometimes yielding is a grace;
If it smooths life for another,
Yield a point with smiling face.

"Yield your way—if it be better,
Prove it by the yielding test;
It will leave someone your debtor
When he finds your way is best.

"Yield your comfort to some other
Whom but few have thought to please—
Find your comfort in the brother
Whose sad load you help to ease."

Eighth Week, Sixth Day

When they therefore were come together, they asked of him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom of Israel? And he said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.—Acts 1:6-8.

The disciples were impatient. They could not wait. They were wondering if God was going to do His part and they were forgetting their own part. Besides, they were anxious to have the new kingdom set up as soon as possible so they might have lucrative and comfortable positions. But Jesus corrected their impatient spirit. "Trust in God and do your own part," he advised. "Be witnesses of the holy spirit's power in Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria and the uttermost parts of the earth, and through you the Father will work His will in His own good time!"

One of the main reasons why we use brute force to accomplish our desires is that we do not trust God enough. We would need no mortal defense, no overt violence if we trusted completely in him. And this *trust* is no blind belief in an absentee God. It is a wise, discriminating confidence that *the supreme secret of the universe is the power and predominancy of Spirit*. It is a belief that love in the long run works better than anything else. It is an assurance that truth is ultimately triumphant, that the scales of justice are in-

evitably righted by the strong right arm of God. *Secure is he alone that trusteth in the power of the heavenly spirit!*

"O clothe us with thy heavenly armour, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine;
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not Thine:
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
Enough to know that we are serving Thee!"

Eighth Week, Seventh Day

And when he was accused of the chief priests and elders, he answered nothing. Then said Pilate unto him, Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee? And he answered him never a word.—Matt. 27: 12-14.

And some began to spit on him, and to cover his face, and to buffet him, and to say unto him, Prophecy: and the servants did strike him with the palms of their hands.—Mark 14: 65.

And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it on his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews. And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head. And after they had mocked him, they took the robe off from him, and put his own raiment on him, and led him away to crucify him.—Matt. 27: 29-31.

The meek, unresisting, uncomplaining fortitude with which Jesus faced the cruelties of the trial and crucifixion are the surest signs of his greatness. Perhaps the best name we can think up for him is the Hero of Longsuffering. Yet how wondrously *strong* his meekness appears now beside the brutalities of his oppressors. While there was but the confusion of hatred and the tempest of anger in the hearts of his enemies, through it all in his great soul was the quiet peace and profound calm of the heart of a little child. You may talk of armies, money, horses, cities, but you will name nothing so strong, so enduring, so powerful as this noble fortitude of the Master. They spat on him and struck him, they buffeted and bruised him, they mocked and scourged him, but through it all he never gave one sign of reproach or re-

sistance—not one word did he utter in protest, “He answered nothing!” There is a beautiful negro spiritual which tells the story in striking lines: “They crucified my Lord, they crowned his head with thorns, they nailed him to a tree, *but he never said a mumbalin’ word!*”

When Paul speaks of sharing his sufferings (Phil. 3:10), and when Peter speaks of witnessing his sufferings (1 Peter 5:1), what do they mean? Not some mystical appropriation of virtue through the passion of the Savior *but a real and practical part in the purposes which prompted his patient submission and fidelity.* In the ordeal through which he passed he was simply teaching the generations to come the nobility and power of uncomplaining patience. He was giving himself as an example of the way goodness must triumph. *The future of our world may depend upon the number of men and women who see this and understand it and suffer ignominy as he did for the great cause of truth in the world!*

“Ye tired old olive trees, rigid, as if in agony,
Distorted and so greyly wrinkled, why?”

‘Save for ourselves, He was *alone* in His Gethsemane,
We were His comrades in the strife and victory!’”

MEDITATION ON THE MASTER'S THOUGHT

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.—Matt. 5:38-42.

I

Here again we find the noble mind of Jesus penetrating through the shallow shams of the orthodox standards of the day, revealing their baseness and inadequacy, and setting up new and lofty ideals of the greatest generosity and most lofty requirements. A blow in the face was a common form of insult in first-century Palestine. Jesus says to take it

peacefully, yes—and *turn the other side of your face* for another blow if your enemy wishes to give it! The personal injury of such a blow was usually not great but it was considered very humiliating. Even a slave, says Seneca, would rather be scourged than to suffer the insulting buffet in the face. A creditor according to law had a right to take a debtor's coat but not his cloak. *Keep nothing* that some one else wants, says Jesus; give your enemy your cloak too. Throughout the Roman Provinces there was a system of compelled service, by which any Roman soldier had the right to commandeer to bear his burden both beasts and men whom he might meet on the road. The proud Jews bitterly resented the enforcement of this system, and rebelled against it at every opportunity. But there was no petty spirit of grudging resentment in the heart of Jesus: When service is forced upon you, no matter by whom, respond cheerfully and generously; give "good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over" (Luke 6:38); *do twice as much as any one could possibly expect*. To insulters, extortioners, tyrants, beggars, and borrowers one uniform, yielding response was to be given; the Christian's conduct was to be characterized *always*, not by pride and thought of self, but by undefending meekness and thought only of others.

But these amazing ideals are rejected by our modern world. Wordly-wise men laugh them out of court, and pretending Christians explain them away with plausible logic. Like Augustine, who was so steeped in the Roman theory of autocratic power that he was poles asunder from the meek simplicity of the Christ, we of today, who wish to dodge the plain meaning of Jesus' words, still use fourth-century reasoning: "These precepts pertain more to the preparation of the heart within than to the work without. . . . Who would suffer ought to be taken away from himself by an enemy, or would not wish to requite their mischief to the spoilers of a Roman province by the right of war?" A typical modern author gasps at the very thought of applying ideals which might abolish the magistrate's office and the soldier's profession. To deprive a nation or an individual of their proper legal redress seems to him the most awful situation imaginable!

When will we be honest enough to see with Saint Francis

and George Fox and Leo Tolstoy and Bill Simpson that *complete and absolute non-resistance is the very essence of the religion of Jesus?* If Jesus did not mean these plain words to be taken literally, directly, frankly, the way he spoke them, then Christianity is a hodgepodge conundrum, for every deed of Jesus' life was an application of the teaching of this passage! There are, of course, times when the Master does use figurative language, when what he says cannot possibly be applied in our lives literally. But there are two tests which will help us to know when he is speaking literally or not: first, did he consistently live the teaching literally in his own experience, and second, is the living of this passage literally in accord with the will and character of God? In the case of our present passage, the answer to these test questions is in the affirmative unquestionably. Jesus rejected the theory of private ownership, counted nothing as his to hold back, and went out into the world as a simple servant, a lowly minister of all who commanded his assistance or his aid. That is the root-principle of this passage: *God is the only owner.* Not only the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, but man and all his works have come from God, belong to him, and some day will go back to him. Yielding submission of anything we are or have is therefore not unreasonable but perfectly natural. By the very nature of life we ought to be willing to *surrender body and all property, time and energy and all personal ability to God's children whenever they command it.* In his beautiful poem, "Where is the real Non-resistant?" Vachel Lindsay gives us the spirit which ought to be the outstanding virtue of every Christian on earth:

"Who can surrender to Christ, dividing his best with the stranger,
 Giving to each what he asks, braving the uttermost danger,
 All for the enemy man? Who can surrender till death
 His words and his works, his house and his lands,
 His eyes and his heart and his breath?

"Who can surrender to Christ? Many have yearned toward it daily,
 Yet they surrender to passion, wildly or grimly or gaily;

Yet they surrender to pride, counting her precious and
queenly;

Yet they surrender to knowledge, preening their feathers
serenely.

"Who can surrender to Christ? Where is the man so trans-
cendent,

So heated with love of his kind, so filled with spirit re-
splendent

That all the hours of his day his song is thrilling and tender,
And all of his thoughts to our white cause of peace

Surrender, surrender, surrender?"

II

One day I heard two lads talking. One said: "Do you
remember that Big War?"

"Yep," replied the other, "that was a good war. I like big
ones like that."

"Huh!" came the answer, "you wouldn't like it if ya' got
killed. There was my uncle—he got killed!"

"Did he, how?"

"Well, ya see, he was bringin' German prisoners in and
one of 'em pulled a knife and stabbed him."

"What did they do to the German?"

"Oh, he got his—they threw him under a locomotive!"

There is no telling if the story is accurate. It is certain,
however, that incidents like it occurred during the War.
What was the Christian thing for the German to do? To go
the second mile of submission; instead he pulled a murderous
knife! What was the Christian thing, then, for the Americans
to do? To go the second mile of forgiveness; instead they
practiced the murderous spirit of revenge. War is full of
just such cruel examples of the old law: *An eye for an eye,
and a tooth for a tooth.* It has always been so. Go back
to the time when pious preachers spoke of General Amherst
as "that renowned general, worthy of the most honorable of
titles, 'the Christian hero'," and then learn the truth about
Amherst by reading a few lines from one of his letters
where he speaks of the Indians with great contempt: "You
will do well to inoculate the Indians with smallpox by means

of blankets, as well as to try every other method that can serve to extirpate this execrable race."

Not only in wars, ancient, medieval and modern, however, do we find the hateful, retaliative spirit. Another humble recollection from real life will give us reality in this matter: another lad overheard saying something like this: "Just let him touch me. I'll give him (showing his muscle) something he won't forget in a hurry!" *Right down through society today that spirit is everywhere.* In most of us the animal is still largely dominant. Illustrations are legion here. A newspaper article tells of one man who spent his whole life in one unrelenting purpose, that of getting revenge. An article in a current, capitalistic journal urges a return to the cruelest kind of prison conditions and wholesale execution of criminals. Another suggests arming all the army reserve officers with revolvers to hunt them down. An austere judge sentences a youth less than twenty to life-imprisonment for burglary. One clergyman says of the bandits: "String 'em up where you catch 'em!" and another says of the socialists: "Shoot 'em down like dogs!" Imagine Christians praying in church "Father, forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us!" and then going out to wreak vicious and unChristian revenge at every chance they get. Imagine Christians coming into the presence of a Lord who prayed, dying, from a cross "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do!" and then going forth with any such principle as this: "If they slap you, slap them back twice as hard. Be proud, and if any one injures you, get even with him double!" No such Christianity will ever save the world. Indeed, such barbarous slap-back, tit-for-tat behavior, when carried to its logical conclusion, will make of society a dog kennel full of snapping, barking, back-biting human bulldogs. An anonymous writer of the sixteenth century truly discriminates between the baser and nobler elements in human society:

"Like as the gentle heart itself bewrays
In doing gentle deeds with frank delight,
Even so the baser mind itself displays
In cankered malice and revengeful spite."

Does the policy of prideful retaliation get anybody anywhere? As a matter of fact it is the most disappointing process one can imagine, for *never yet has any victory been won by revenge. Never yet has anything worth while been achieved by retaliative punishment.* The patience that leaves punishment to God—the patience that leaves readjustments to the inevitable, automatic processes of the universal law which is above and beyond man's control—that is the spirit that always, always wins. Æsop was a wise old owl, and he has told no more telling tale than the one of the oak and the reed. A furious storm had uprooted the oak and left it thrown across a stream. "I wonder how you," says the oak to the reed, "so light and so weak, are not entirely crushed by these tempests." "You fight and contend with the wind," replied the reed, "and so you are destroyed; while we, bending with the least breath of air, remain unbroken." That Washington reporter, who, beaten over the head with a congressman's crutch, offered no vengeful blow in return but kept his temper in calm restraint, was, by reason of his humility, the victor. That friend of mine, who, attacked by a burglar in the streets of Cleveland late at night, genially and meekly offered the bandit watch and money and friendship, had the joy of seeing his meekness rewarded by the reformation of that same midnight pickpocket. Even Mussolini wins our admiration, dictator and autocrat as he is, when he says, after being shot through the nose by an assassin: "I want no reprisals. It is my will!" Sir James M. Barrie has said many good things, but none better than this: "Life," he said in his beautiful story, "The Little Minister," "life is one long lesson in humility!"

III

Why is it that we continually learn that humility is the best? Why does the patience of non-resistance work better than the violent force of anger? There is a perfectly good reason—*spiritual law*. Two evils never make a good—two wrongs never make a right. But good always prevails over evil, like the acorn rising through weeds and briars to become king of the forest. Good always conquers evil, like the sun

which dispels the mists. The bad perishes before the influence of the pure, the true, the loving, as

“Discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.”

Kindness is irresistible, if only there be enough of it. Goodness is unimpeachable, if there be but true faith behind it. No brutalisms can overthrow the man who abides in the panoply of prayer. No enemy can conquer the man who loves him as a friend. Can man bayonet brotherliness? Can man bombard love? Shooting at the stars to stop them from shining is no less effectual than the attempt to conquer the prayerful, faithful, loving heart with force. One nation some day is going to realize this, and giving up all arms, will put its trust solely in patience and love. It will commit itself to the higher forces, trusting that good will prevail. When a nation really makes this experiment a new stage of progress will open up for the human race. And what if an under-developed nation does then take advantage of that nation's good-will! Are not J. Brierley's words a prophecy of the result: “If the faith-people suffered for a time the extremities of violence, could that experience be other than a Calvary out of which a world's redemption would flow? Could we pity the sufferers? Would not theirs be the greatest place in history?” There is only one safe and permanent and rational way for truth and goodness to triumph and that is not by the power of brute force but by the marvelous overcoming power of good-will. Edwin Arnold saw it:

“I think that good must come of good, and ill of evil—
Surely unto all in every place or time, seeing sweet fruit
Groweth from wholesome roots, or bitter things
From poison stocks: yea, seeing, too, how spite
Breeds hate—and kindness friends—or patience peace!”

In unmistakable accents the New Testament has been saying the same thing! “Recompense to no man evil for evil.” (Rom. 12:17.) “Follow after faith, love, patience, meekness.” (1 Tim. 6:11.) “See that no man render evil for evil.” (1 Thess. 5:15.) “Provide things honest in the sight

of all men . . . live peaceably with all men . . . dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath . . . if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. . . . Be not overcome of evil, but *overcome evil with good!*" (Rom. 12: 17-21.)

In unnumbered examples history has been saying it too! A small town in the Tyrol was founded by Christian settlers who lived their faith. A regiment once marched to capture it. That they might not be unprepared a friend from a neighboring village ran to warn them. "Troops are coming!" he cried. "Arm yourselves quickly or they will take the town."

"We believe in Christ," replied the people, "not in arms. If they will take it, they must."

The soldiers came riding in, colors flying. They looked for the enemy, but saw instead the blacksmith at his anvil, the farmer at his plough, and the women at their spinning wheels. The boys ran out to see the horses, the babies danced with delight.

"Where are your soldiers?" asked the intruders.

"We have none."

"But we have come to take the town."

"No one will stop you." In the military school the commander had not learned how to deal with such an emergency. "It is impossible to take a town like this," he said, and the soldiers rode out of the village. Bullets cannot touch nor sword conquer such resistance.

Wherever we see one meeting the savagery of force with the gentleness of good-will we see the same victory. William Penn goes out to the American Indians. They are accustomed to treachery and hatred; they are used to the sword and the bullet; their territories have been stolen by selfish and unscrupulous adventurers. But the gentle Quaker comes to them unarmed, with justice and mercy, and finds the savage ready to understand love. Like answers to like. In the breasts of those wild, untutored children of the Great Father is a nobleness which rises to meet the noble heart of a human brother. Paton goes to the New Hebrides and is greeted with a shower of spears. He says to them: "We come to you without weapons of war! We come only to tell you about Jesus," and village after village of habitual warriors, overawed by this brave, undaunted Christian who trusts only

in God, surrender to this extraordinary conquest of good-will and become happy Christians. Mary Slessor goes into the African bush, passing from place to place amid drink-maddened, debauched savages, unarmed and alone, sleeping in huts and on lake shores, in weariness and many dangers, settling disputes, casting out sorcery, onward she goes in her peaceful victory, fearless and with perfect faith. Her conquest for Christ among the slum dwellers of Negroland was based not on force but on an utter reliance upon an unfailing power. "A spiritual force," wrote a friend, "seemed to radiate from her when in danger."

In all the great countries of the world today leaders are saying the same thing! We hear Lloyd George of England saying: "Europe has been drinking of armaments until it has gotten delirium tremens and it is drinking secretly now. We must rid ourselves of the idea that anything can be settled by force. Whether guns or cannon, strikes or lockouts, they belong to the barbarism of the past." We hear the Mahatma Gandhi of India saying: "A truthful man cannot long remain violent. He will perceive . . . that so long as there is the trace of violence in him, he will fail to find the truth for which he is searching. . . . The attainment of freedom, whether for a man, a nation, or the world, must be in exact proportion to the attainment of non-violence by each. . . . Let those who believe in non-violence keep the light burning in the present impenetrable gloom. The truth of a few will count, the untruth of millions will vanish even like the chaff before a whiff of wind!" We hear President Coolidge saying: "We need to substitute the method of understanding for the method of compulsion, the method of love for the method of force!" The whole world will come to see at last what a great Christlike denomination, the Quakers (Friends) have seen and lived for years, that *where violence begins Christianity and humanity ceases*. All mature minds now must understand that nations never will come to their orbits of order except around this central sun of undying good-will. The holy land of peace never can be captured by force of arms. Jericho's walls will fall and God's people will enter at the triumph of tears and prayers and love. For those of us who want to travel heavenward there is but one way, and Grenville Kleiser well maps it:

“To be strong and true;
To be generous in praise and appreciation of others;
To impute worthy motives even to enemies;
To give without expectation of return;
To practice humility, tolerance, and self-restraint;
To make the best use of time and opportunity;
To keep the mind pure and the judgment charitable;
To extend intelligent sympathy to those in distress;
To cultivate quietness and non-resistance;
To seek truth and righteousness;
To work, love, pray and serve daily;
To aspire greatly, labor cheerfully, and take God at His word;
This is to travel heavenward!”

IV

Out in our modern world, wide and varied and complex, blind and hurried and callous and materialistic, contacts are bound to come with thousands of different opinions, habits, traditions, cultures, aims, standards, tastes, motives, characters. Society's maelstrom of ceaseless searching and striving, its constant action and reaction we cannot escape. Though we go with the most genial temper, the most settled equanimity, the broadest charity, and the sweetest disposition, our spirits will be rebuffed, our rights trampled upon, our hearts made sore with blows. Cheeks will be slapped, coats torn and stolen, money and possessions begged and borrowed, and burdens grievous laid upon us by careless hands. The true follower of the Master will meet every inroad upon his life, every last unreasonable claim, in just one way—he will go forth with complete trust in the arm of God, in complete reliance upon spiritual conquest, girt with truth, with the breastplate of righteousness, having on his feet the sandals of peace, and taking the shield of faith. He may know the hardest kind of experiences, but there will be a glory in it surpassing anything a lower life can give. Because he has taken the hardest road, victory will bring the deepest satisfactions. A Paul's conquest is the result of a Paul's faith and hope and love: “Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool.) I am more; in labours more abundant, in

stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the great deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countryman, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. . . . I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities." (II Cor. 11: 23-30.)

In my study is a crucifix. One day, looking steadily upon the face of Jesus, there seemed to come this message from the lips of the suffering Man: "The end of the road of love is always a cross! This is my plight of love amidst sin, but it is also my victory, the victory that overcometh the world!" Here then is Christ's great secret—*the Cross is God's crystalized proof of what sin does to goodness, of what happens to a consistent spiritual conquest in a consistently evil society! It is the black shadow of the world's towering selfishness thrown against the holy brightness of God's sky!* What but this stretched body on the tree could reveal the fate and the glory of yielding love in a materialistic, acquisitive, sinful society? What eloquent symbolism is here: the stripped body of one who gave all, the arms stretched wide in world-embrace, the feet torn and tired from walking love's way, the head made royal with nature's crown, the life blood dripping from body that never gave violence to any, his thought not for himself but for John and his mother and his foes who killed him, and companied to the last with sinners. Is this not the symbol of a life that dies rather than deny the supremacy and potency of goodness? Surely from this high hill of Calvary this Cross of Christ seems to cry out to the men of the ages the fact of the spiritual victory through loss: "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul!"

In some crucial crisis of our own lives we may need to prove in the same spirit of Jesus that faith is the victory which overcometh the world! We too may have to say in the shadow of some mighty danger: "Here is my blood of the new spiritual adventure, shed for the redemption of the sins of many!" We too may know the pain of the stretching

of arms controlled only by love, of bleeding hands which never struck a cruel blow, of side spear-pierced with un murmuring patience, of crushed spirit unselfish and sweet to the end, of great inward suffering borne inwardly and uncomplainingly, and face upward-turned to let the light of God's love be upon it! Thus will we come to a deeper and deeper understanding of Jesus. We will be able to sing sincerely with Thomas Lynch:

"O break my heart; but break it as a field
Is by the plough up-broken for the corn;
O break it as the buds by green leaf sealed,
Are, to unloose the golden blossoms, torn!
O break my heart; break it, victorious God,
That life's eternal well may flash abroad!"

And sincerely will we be able to pray with St. Francis:

"Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation: blessed are they who peacefully shall endure, for Thou, O Most High, wilt give them a crown!"

O our Father, teach us the law of peace, that we may walk this world like Jesus. Let us never vent our force upon any one of Thy children. Never complaining, never refusing, never repining, never resisting, O may we bear our cross to win this glad and great victory of the Spirit, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.

LIFE QUESTIONS

1. Name specific differences that following Jesus' law of non-resistance would make in a modern man's life.
2. What is the Jesus' way of meeting unfair demands or treatment? What is the Jesus' idea of "getting square"?
3. "There is one thing stronger than armies, and that is the power of an idea whose time has come."

"History has taught us that cannon and machine-guns are poor weapons against ideas and principles." (Ferdinand Ossendowski.)

Why is an idea, an ideal, a great truth, more powerful in the long run than physical or military force?

What are the 'great ruling elements of our universe?

4. Is Jesus' policy of genial non-resistance practical in meeting an emergency presented by an armed burglar? by a strike? by a ruthlessly cruel and unfair factory management? by a deliberately mean fellow-passenger on the subway? by a fellow-workman who shoulders some of his work on us?

5. "The future peace and happiness of this planet of ours lies very largely in the hands of the commercial classes." (Sir Esme Howard.)

Is this true? Will you find the Jesus' spirit of absolute non-resistance in the sphere of commerce?

6. "There was a golf bag in the corner. I picked out a club and hit her over the head with it—I don't know why—I didn't like her face." (A woman's treatment of her rival.) Is the spirit of violence noticeably increasing or decreasing in modern society?

7. "To every honest, earnest man in our time it must be clear that true Christianity—the doctrine of humility, forgiveness, love—is incompatible with the State and its haughtiness, its deeds of violence, its capital punishments and wars!" (Tolstoi.)

Can one be a Christian today and take an oath of allegiance to any state? Do you believe in military displays, Defense Days, bayonet drills, sham battles, dedications of war monuments? What kind of a state of mind do they create?

8. "Self-interest is entirely the axis of the moral world!" (Bulwer Lytton.)

Do you believe it or not? Back your answer with evidence.

9. "Powerful as in the days of the first Empire of Augustus, Rome must again become the wonder of the whole world." (Mussolini.)

Has this spirit increased or decreased since the World War? What does the present trend of the nations prophesy for the future?

10. What hope does the life of Jesus offer us that goodness must eventually conquer?

11. What is the explanation of the puzzling passage in Matt. 10: 34? in Luke 22: 36? Does Jesus contradict his non-resistant policy in these passages? Read John 2: 13-17. In this case was Jesus untrue to his own ideal?

CHAPTER IX

Love in the New Day

DAILY READINGS

The Christian Church has prated about a virtue called Christian love until one almost feels that the loud talk about it is a cloak to cover the lack of it in the lives of many Christians. Perhaps it is our constant talking of it that makes us think we have it; but anyone with sense can see that there is no more lack of meanness and spite, no more spirit of patient forgiveness and tender affection among church people than among worldly people. The words of Coventry Patmore are apropos:

“Love blabb’d of is a *great decline*;
A careless word unsanctions sense!”

The love of God as revealed in Christ is supposedly the ideal for all church members. We all brag of it and no one lives it. See the spectacle of an unlovely Church: hundreds of warring sects quarreling spitefully about theological follies, churches marching to war to slay brother men, churches talking of saving “heathen” and hating them with the same breath, church members individually acting toward their neighbors, not with love, but with ill-will, rancor, malice, venom. *Love in the new day will not be a theological mirage but an actuality in men’s hearts as it was in the heart of Jesus!*

Ninth Week, First Day

So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He

saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.

He sayeth to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep.—John 21: 15-17.

There are more heart-hungry people in the world today than ever before. Right in our large cities, in our teeming industrial centers, and in our country hamlets there are folk everywhere who are starved of affection. They are lonesome, discouraged, despondent; they have come into contact with a great, cold, heartless civilization and their lives are chilled; they are hungry for the warmth of love. Rexford must have had eyes that see:

“Many a heart is hungry, starving,
For a little word of love!”

The fact is that love is an energy, not an attitude. It brightens, enriches, strengthens, vitalizes. Love feeds the soul and nourishes the higher nature. For growth love is needed as much as bread; for man does not live by bread alone. Child feeds on mother-love; parent feeds on child-love; friend feeds on friend-love. *The heart that is starved completely of the food of love will surely die!* And how many folks who have died of a starved heart we shall never be able to count.

Jesus was poor and, in a worldly sense, uneducated. But he had something to give which men desperately needed, *the bread of heaven—love*. He schooled a few simple friends in his circle of love, and the power that they were commissioned to give was a puissant affection, an empowering love. That they did not understand his method fully is shown by the fact that he had to speak to Peter three times: “Feed my lambs.” “Feed my sheep.” “Feed my sheep.” The disciples thought he meant that they were to feed them with physical food; he meant, of course, nourishment for the soul. *My lambs*, he

said, *are starving in this world for want of real love; feed them with the same love wherewith I have loved you.*

Christina Rossetti has expressed the matter in powerful words:

"Feed My hungry brethren for My sake;
Give them drink for love of them and Me;
Love them as I loved thee when bread I brake
In pure love of thee."

Ninth Week, Second Day

And many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many. And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold.—Matt. 24: 11-12.

Why then, if love is so needed, is it so lacking? For one thing, the heart is hardened to a stone of self. Selfishness slays the vitalizing power of our love. Then there is the destructive, cold, hard-hearted attitude of the business world, where men say "Business is Business!" and the deeper longings of humankind are sacrificed on the smoking altar of Greed. But the commonest attitude which dries up the outgoing springs of a refreshing love, is the *shrinking from sentiment as if it were sin*. One speaks of common sense, level-headedness, logic. Love seems an effeminate, sentimental thing, all right for preachers to talk about and choirs to sing about and old ladies to dream about, but no quality for a red-blooded man! The trouble with this is that when man deliberately crushes sentiment out of his life, tramples upon the nature God has given, he thus destroys the noblest element in his life; and the end of such action in any society is the bloody tooth and red claw of the jungle. "A mind all logic," said Tagore, "is like a knife all blade; it makes the hand bleed that uses it." And we might add *it makes the heart bleed that comes near it!*

False prophets today are not those who plead for more love. But the deceitful and deceiving and dangerous voices are those who indirectly plead for less love by talking of hunting down criminals like dogs, by talking of more "common sense" in business and politics, by talking of solving earth's dire problems by learning and knowledge alone. The

iniquities of the militarists, the capitalists, and the crime-hunters abound; they are false prophets, whose love has waxed cold. In the quadrangle of Corpus Christi college, Oxford, is a sundial surmounted by a Pelican feeding her young, a medieval symbol of Christ. A poet, seeing it, was inspired to write these lines:

"Three centuries ago, an old divine
Did here erect
A pelican to be a warning sign
To intellect;
Soothingly to the weary brain o'erwrought,
It seems to say:
'Not through unending labyrinths of thought,
Lies the true way,
But where the red drops from the pierced breast run
Love strong as death and brighter than the sun
And slain for you!'"

Ninth Week, Third Day

Behold I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.—
Matt. 10: 16.

Love is a greater power than knowledge, but *unintelligent love is an ineffective love*. In charitable work, in reform activity, in school and home and church, a great deal of love goes astray because it is not directed by the reason. An informed and understanding mind is always a good accompaniment for an eager, sacrificing love. While logic divorced from love is dangerous, logic and love together bear much good fruit. The fact that God has given man the thing we call affection is a good indication that he expected man to love; the fact that he gave man a mind is a good sign that he hoped man would think.

In commissioning his friends for a work of human benefaction, Jesus tells them that they are going out into a world where savage, wolflike selfishness is in the saddle. Love there, unsupported by solid wisdom, will be devoured as wolves devour sheep. Their love is to be dovelike and exceedingly tender and kind, but a wisdom, serpentlike in its

skilfulness, must be theirs too. Jesus means by this no cold, heartless shrewdness but *a broad-gauge, deep-seated intelligence able to cope with the detailed problems which the working out of love in human life confronts!*

Ninth Week, Fourth Day

Beware of the scribes, which love to go in long clothing, and love salutations in the marketplaces, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts.—Mark 12: 38-39.

The scribes were men of great possibilities. They had in their hearts divine energies; they had plenty of brains, they were well equipped, and would have made splendid disciples of the Master. But their lives became mistakes, because their love was misdirected. They squandered their love on things, and had none left for people. Their love was all wasted on wordly show, pomp, position, and personal pleasure.

How like the scribes are many folk now. A bartender on a French liner tells of one rather usual type: "I have seen old men wipe away a tear as they have tasted their first real cocktail after their years of disappointment and despair." Our tears and our treasures are lavished on things that do not matter at all, while all around us are loved ones languishing for a little of our love. How many modern men are all wrapped up in love of their business, their science, their favorite sport, while they never give a thought to neglected fellow men who desperately need their devotion, *Misdirected love is the abasement of our best.*

Ninth Week, Fifth Day

Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And when they saw him, they worshipped him: but some doubted. And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.—Matt. 28: 16-20.

Let us notice that the love of which we have been speaking is *not some vague theory but an ever-present power*. Men have always been skeptical of this sentiment called love, because they have never tried it out. They believe in the force of gravity; every moment it is demonstrated. They believe in the force of electricity; it lights their houses, runs their machines. They believe in the force of magnetism; they can see it work. The love power is more intangible; it takes greater faith to apply it. *When love as a power is given fair trial, its results are amazing.*

All the power in heaven and earth is wrapped up in that marvelous word—*Love!* It is the power propelling the planets, blooming in the flower, ordering the atom, smiling in the face of a child. It is love-power that makes the happiest homes, the most serviceable businesses, the most effective schools, the most glorious churches. Jesus sent his comrades forth to conquer the nations of earth, not with guns, but with a power greater than guns, a victorious love. He knew that the door of every race's heart would swing open at the touch of love. He knew that the kingdom of God for which men dreamed would come when mortal eyes were enlightened and mortal hearts inspirited with that great love which was in his own breast. *Wherever love is, there is the spirit of Jesus always, and that spirit alone can lead the world into the Kingdom.* As Bunner put it:

“Love must kiss that mortal’s eyes
Who hopes to see fair Arcady.
No gold can buy you entrance there;
But beggared Love may go all bare—
No wisdom won with weariness;
But Love goes in with Folly’s dress—
No fame that wit could ever win;
But only Love may lead Love in.”

Ninth Week, Sixth Day

But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd.—Matt. 9: 36.

Let us observe, also, that love is *not an aristocratic, partial, exclusive virtue but an all-embracing, sympathetic kindness!* "I wonder why it is," said Henry Drummond, "that we are not kinder than we are! How much the world needs it! How easily it is done! How spontaneously it acts! How infallibly it is remembered! How superabundantly it pays itself back!" It is truly a mystery why people are not kinder. The results upon others and upon ourselves are so much better than when we are unkind. Why *are* we so indifferently, so coldly, so callously unkind?

There is not that yearning love in our hearts for all humanity which Jesus had. There is no more revealing line in the New Testament than the one here quoted—"he saw the multitudes, he was *moved with compassion.*" What a tender heart beat in his breast. How easily it was moved by human need and sorrow and sin. How quickly his hands and heart leaped to help every suffering soul. What a wealth of impartial, generous sympathy for all lay deep within the life which could be so kind as he was. When Dr. E. E. Sparks, beloved president of the Pennsylvania State College, died, the students of the college wrote on all the sidewalks of the campus four words which made a mighty memorial of love more significant than any monument. These were the words: "Good morning, my son!" Every Penn State man knew what they meant; it was the loving greeting with which dear old "prexy" met every student on the campus. They were his "boys." How he loved them; and what deep and lasting affection they gave in return. It was the same quality of love that Jesus showed. *Are we afraid to show our loving kindness impartially toward all human souls?* Witter Bynner was acquainted with the real Christ:

"He loved the speech of simple men
And little children's laughter,
He came—they always came again,
He went—they followed after.

"He had sweet-hearted things to say,
And he was solemn only
When people were unkind . . . that day
He would stand there straight and lonely,

"And tell them what they ought to do:

'Love other folk,' he pleaded,

'As you love me and I love you!'

But almost no one heeded.

"A poet died in Galilee,

They stared at him and slew him . . .

What would they do to you and me

If we could say we knew him?"

Ninth Week, Seventh Day

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you. . . . These things I command you that ye love one another. If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also. . . . All these things will they do unto you for my name's sake. . . . And ye shall also bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.—John 15: 13, 14, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 27.

Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end.—John 13: 1.

Perfect love goes through to the end; it loves through thick and thin; *it loves to the uttermost!* Just as the sun keeps on shining, giving out its warm beams, its healing rays, even when the earth is clothed in clouds and wrapped in mists and fogs, so love keeps on loving through hate, through persecution, through misunderstanding, even unto death!

Patience is one of the most exquisite characteristics of the Christian man or woman. When a life becomes spiritualized, the place where you will most quickly observe the transformation is at the point of patience. Where before the person was quickly out of sorts, easily disturbed and provoked, swift to anger and plenteous in hate, now one sees the patience of the Christ revealed in calm, kindly steadfastness. There is an absence of pettiness, of suspicion, of vindictiveness. It is hard to see how one can be further away from the spirit of the Master, no matter what his orthodox beliefs, than a man irascible of temper, testy, peevish, and irritable.

We are to bear witness that we have been with Jesus by our long-suffering endurance, in spite of everything, keeping the love that loves through to the very end. "Let patience," says Jesus' brother, "have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing!" (James 1:4) Long-fellow voices the highest ideal of Christian living when he sings:

"Patience, accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike;

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"

MEDITATION ON THE MASTER'S THOUGHT

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so?

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.—Matt. 5:43-48.

I

As you go out into the world, Jesus says, you may meet good and generous and magnanimous people who will present no problem. But occasionally you will find others: hateful people who will curse you, malicious people who will hate you, mean people who will despitefully use you, ill-natured people who will persecute you. One of your biggest

problems in life will be in knowing how to deal with folk of this type. Now in Jesus' time the customary solution of this problem was for the Jew thoroughly to hate his enemies. Everywhere in the Old Testament one finds this the ordinary attitude. Thus the Psalmist prays for evil to come down upon his enemies (Psalms 54: 5); he begs that they shall be vexed and put to shame (Psalms 6: 10); he beseeches God to cut them off and annihilate them (Psalms 143: 12); he deliberately expresses his bitter hate for them (Psalms 139: 22); and cursing his foes, he implores God to dash their little children to death against the stones (Psalms 137: 9).

The advice of Jesus is in striking contrast to this attitude. He states clearly and decisively a principle of living which lies very close to the roots of all happiness in human society. It is a magnificent rule for everyday life. When others, he says, are showing their enmity and spite, you show your love. When others are cursing, you bless them. When others are hateful and vengeful, you reveal your loving kindness. When others are spiteful, you pray for them. When others persecute you, you display your good-will. That is the easiest way, in the long run, to face the problem which people of ill-will present.

In the long run this handling of the situation Jesus suggests may be easiest, but at first it is one of the most difficult things in life to do. With a little analysis, however, it will not be hard for us to see why love always works out better in the end than hate. For one thing, *the man of hateful anger discloses a pitiful smallness of character*. Hate usually springs from envy, that corrosive of the soul. For the hate we bear a man is usually the result of our love for some good which we imagine he possesses, or which, being in our possession now, we fear he has attacked. Envy slew Abel and crucified Jesus. History has no single exception to this rule; *the small man was the man of hate, the big man was the man of love*. The ideal man keeps his head and his temper while other people are losing theirs. The ideal man is big-hearted, generous, magnanimous, while others are narrow, small, mean. The ideal man gives beauty for ashes, roses for thorns, perfume of love for poison of hatred. To recompense injury with kindness is the very law of his life.

"Humanity is the peculiar characteristic," said Lord Chesterfield, "of great minds. Little, vicious minds abound with anger and revenge, and are incapable of feeling the exact pleasure of forgiving their enemies" Arthur Guiterman has a verse which ought to give us pause when we start upon one of our impetuous leaps of hating:

"When I am dead, what I have felt so long,
 My soul shall know in clearer, purer light;
 That where I loathed and hated, I was wrong;
 That where I loved and pitied, I was right."

The penalties of hate are many. An angry word will raise the pulse of a horse and often highly excite him. Its effect upon a sensitive child or a nervous older person is often disastrous. But the most distressing effects are felt *in the hater's own heart*. There his anger has set up confusion and disharmony; he has lost the chance to make a friend; he has narrowed his own soul; he has embittered his own spirit; he has taken a step backward and downward spiritually; his hate has inflicted an inward penalty on all the powers of his life. When we permit ourselves to stoop for one moment to hatred we must remember it is nothing but sheer waste, and that the folly of it is irretrievable. John Kendrick Bangs voices my own deepest feelings:

"To hate an enemy I hold to be an idle whim
 That hurts me more, all said and done, than e'er it hurteth
 him.
 It clutters up my heart with wrath, and fills my soul with
 gloom,
 And wastes a lot of useful time on bitter thoughts of doom!"

That man only is progressing in life whose heart is void of hate, whose spirit knows more and more of "the depth and height and length and breadth of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." (Eph. 3:18-19.)

The fact is that love is a beautiful, joyful, creative power which never works so well as it does under the fiery test of another's malevolence. An instance of this power comes to

us from a missionary in India. A savage Moslem tribe had brutally slain a young American missionary who had just arrived in the field with his wife and child. The shock for the young mother was very great, but her Christian spirit won in her struggle with hate. With the money, every last cent, which she received in insurance following her husband's death, a hospital was erected for the care of the sick of the very tribe which had so savagely killed her loved one. Needless to say that act of charitable magnanimity went a long way in presenting Christ's message to that tribe; in the end they surrendered to the love of Christ as it had come to them through the heart of a brave little Christian woman. The lover is the freer of the deeper, better self in others. The lover is the creator of love in other hearts. Hate is one of the most dire negations of experience: it makes men hateful, homely, gloomy, lonesome, sorrowful, weak, impotent, disagreeable, disliked. Hate is completely destructive; while love is completely constructive. Love builds, inspires, uplifts, heals, cheers, comforts, beautifies, attracts, empowers. Truly Paul mounted to the very summit of Christian vision when he wrote that marvelous psalm:

"Love suffereth long, and is kind;
Love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,
Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own,
Is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;
Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;
Beareth all things, believeth all things,
Hopeth all things, endureth all things.
Love never faileth!" (1 Cor. 13:4-8)

I think that is one of the most beautiful elements in our Christian faith: *Love will not fail!* And Charles Mackay has expressed it for us in arresting lines:

"What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

"Oppression's heart might be imbued
 With kindling drops of loving kindness;
 And knowledge pour,
 From shore to shore,
 Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

"The meanest wretch that ever trod,
 The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
 Might stand erect
 In self-respect
 And share the teeming world tomorrow."

II

In ordinary moments the big test of love doesn't come. We go our way and no occasion of choice arises. Then comes a *crisis*. Perhaps the start is a slight difference of opinion. Most probably a difference in rearing, a hereditary leaning, a divergence in traditions, race, habits or customs provokes a clash of feeling. There is a definite disagreement; then a quarrel; then hot words and a display of temper; and the crisis confronts us. What will be the outcome? That depends upon our preparation. The test of the strength of a steel beam comes when it is put into the bridge; when the heavy strain comes it will give way if its structure is marred by a flaw. The test of a man's vitality comes in the crisis of an illness or physical strain; the outcome then depends upon the reserve supply of strength. Just so in a soul crisis. At the right time we fall back upon our spiritual resources. If they are adequate the fight is averted; peace comes because at least one person has prepared the Christ-heart. *The most attractive gift which love bestows is the Christ-power to forgive.*

The fact that full and complete forgiveness is love's highest achievement places the power to pardon at the peak of the Christian virtues. Few of us attain, of course, to the perfection of forgiveness. To suffer deliberate injury or loss at the hands of another, to know someone despises us, even hates us, and yet to empty from the mind all sense of anger or hostility and consistently to love and bless, that is a most exacting requirement. Peter was troubled about it and on

one occasion he came to Jesus perplexed and questioning: "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?" Jesus saith unto him, "I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven!" (Matt. 18:21-22.) The process of pardon is a "giving for" another, not once, not twice, not even seven times, but seventy times seven, which really means without limit. *Jesus says the loving heart must forgive endlessly!* And the forgiving is to be no weak toleration, grudgingly given, but a wholehearted erasing of the wrong from the memory, a complete obliteration of all antagonism or ill-feeling, an entire and absolute cancelling of prejudice or punishment. For forgiveness is truly the greatest giving—it gives back that which is hardest of all to restore, *faith and confidence and trust!* John Oxenham has stated for us this power of love in a lovely poem:

"Love ever gives—
Forgives—outlives,
And ever stands
With open hands.
And while it lives,
It gives.
For this is Love's prerogative,
To give, and give, and give!"

Is mother-love not the symbol of love which is stronger than death because it can suffer and forgive and still trust? Is Christ-love not the symbol of redemption because it can bear all manner of iniquities and still be patient and enduring and forgiving? "Surely he hath borne our griefs . . . he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." (Isa. 53:4-5.)

While most of us do not succeed in achieving perfect forgiveness, we at least try. But the most repulsive and un-Christian attitude one can imagine is that of the man who deliberately refuses to forgive, who recognizes the fact that he himself will some day need to be forgiven, and still retains a hard immovability of heart. No man is a good man who has not learned the grace of forgiving. The man who

prays "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," who reads in his New Testament "Forgive and ye shall be forgiven" (Luke 6:37), who has prayed in the presence of his own mistakes "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner," and yet goes his obdurate, unrelenting way of stony-hearted unforgiveness is one of the most unattractive and despicable characters one can well imagine. Robert Burns, who to his sadness and bitter disappointment had met many such, turns back to God in his poem, "Prayer in the Prospect of Death," with tender confidence that the character of God is quite otherwise:

"But, Thou art good! and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive!"

To forgive sin in others becomes easier *when we are conscious of our own shortcomings*. So Paul, in one of the most touching passages in all his brilliant epistles, urges the members of the Ephesian church to forgiveness as they recall their own need for it: "Be ye kind, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (Eph. 4:32.) The power to forgive, however, usually diminishes with the innocence of one's own heart. Who has not known folks, pure, saintly, noble in their own lives, whose one besetting sin was their cold, unforgiving attitude toward the sinner? Their very pride in their own innocence bound their hearts with unyielding fetters. Their very virtue was the factor which made their spirits sensitive to wounds, and wrongs rankle in the heart long after they should have been forgotten. If this be true, how much more amazing then is the extraordinary forgiveness of the Master? Here was a life singularly innocent, a soul of matchless purity and refinement, a heart transcendently true to all that was best, but even after the most cruel injuries, the most extreme and barbaric injustices, he could look down from his cross of agony with eyes of wonderful pity and pray: "Father, forgive them. . . ." *The most sublime spectacle of human record is this vision of the utterly innocent Jesus, not only forgiving his enemies, but loving them and praying for them!* It is his own doctrine demonstrated! The beautiful words of Edmeston delineate admirably the spirit of Christian forgiveness:

"When on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she, who bloomed so beautifully,
Beneath the weapon bends—
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

"How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
And render only love again!
One had it—but he came from heaven,
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed;
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made,
But when in death's dark pang He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers and died!"

III

The main trouble with our handling of this high Christian standard of unfailing love is that *we are all caught in the omnipresent whirlpool of popular habit*. To drift with the crowd is almost irresistible. The pull of social custom is very great and the man who tries to swim against it in the direction of the Christ-ideal finds the going hard indeed. It would be strange if the man who really and truly tries to live as Christ would have him live, to carry on with uncomplaining and prayerful forgiveness in spite of everything, did not hear himself spoken of in terms such as these: "ninny," "crazy fool," "lets people walk all over him." It is in the face of just such misunderstanding as this, Jesus says, that we are to stand out against the crowd. If you love them that love you, what virtue is there in that? Even the publicans, who represent the lowest average of popular morality, do that. And if you only salute your own friends, what good is there in that? These easy-going publicans do that also. Are you living above the average? What do you more than others? Are you able to rise above the malice and impatience and hatred around you into the holy atmosphere

of God's great love? *These are the key-questions of Jesus to men today as they were of old; they constitute a challenge to those who conform to the crowd.*

One of the noblest figures in the New Testament was a man who caught the vision and dared to come out from the crowd. When we read the seventh chapter of Acts we are utterly amazed at his daring in denouncing the false ideals of his day. Stephen, the first of the martyrs, reveals the loftiness of his life and his closeness to the Christ-ideal, not so much in his brilliant denunciation of the falseness of the contemporary orthodoxy as in the unusually noble way in which he accepted his death: "They cast him out of the city . . . stoned him . . . and he kneeled down, and cried, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep." (Acts 7:58-60.) For us, like Stephen, to take higher ground in our thinking and our attitude toward others may involve martyrdom, not perhaps to be slain with boulders, *but to be bruised with the stones of misunderstanding, suspicion, ostracism, and bitter enmity.* How much easier it is to be contented with existing standards and conditions. How many, many people are fooled in self-ignorance as they sit cushioned upon the low standards of modern moral judgment. A lamb looks tolerably white against the greenness of the summer grass; but when snow falls in virgin purity upon the hillside, how black! Paul was proud once as he lifted his haughty head among the Pharisees; but when Christ shone in brightness upon him, how humble! Against the background of our current conceptions of truth and morality and love our lives may appear fairly white. But let us set these lives of ours against the background of truth and morality and love in Christ, and what a difference! Judged as to that bright background we can no longer fool ourselves about our own perfection, the perfection of modern society or the perfection of modern society's standards. Beside Christ we are *as black as can be!* Upon that day when a man is convinced of the sinfulness of his own average respectability does he really begin struggle for the Christ-life against the deadly down-drag of surrounding self-satisfaction!

"Easier to rest on pillows
Filled with sweet, soft lies,

Than gird on Love
And contend with the crowd!

“Easier, smooth sophistries, silk
Proppings, coverings—peace—
Than Stephen’s stones
To fall asleep among!

‘But who stood there to say
To Stephen, bloody,
Torn and shining-faced:
‘Welcome—well done?’ ”

IV

The philosophy of indomitable love which Jesus gives us in the message on the Mount is *the key to the great problem of war*. Decoration days are usually the occasion for much elaborate oratory, but the people hear very little discussion and suggestion as to *the elimination of the Monster which has devoured the mourned dead*. The greatest goal on God’s earth for servants of Jesus at this stage is to make war impossible. But while a few Christian leaders are struggling to get the spirit of Jesus into the war question, many well-meaning but misguided citizens are setting up in public squares cannon and monuments which frequently give the public the impression that war is a glorious achievement, a kind of glorified Sunday school picnic. So the solidified spirit of nationalism, the old curse of selfishness, and the stumps of traditional hatreds persist in the hearts of people. They can be rooted out only by the dynamite of Jesus’ love. Despite the foolish jingoism which sees in every other race a potential enemy and conceives of war as a necessity in the economy of nations, the real Christian bases his attitude on this fundamental conviction: *War is as unnecessary as disease and if the love of Jesus was regnant in all hearts it would be utterly impossible!*

While the people of the world have ever been badly fooled and betrayed by their leaders, one may certainly be sure now that the great majority of the peoples of the earth want peace, are praying and hoping for it as never before. *The*

love in the people's hearts has been thwarted, however, because those who make war, the militarists, have been stubborn and wilful in refusing to submit the differences of nations to the arbitrament of reason! The military group squanders time, energy, thought, and money on the organization of a vast and intricate military machine when the same expenditure of effort in the direction of peace would be a far more reasonable and satisfactory procedure. Man is, of course, no longer a rational or moral being when under the power of great passions. But *before* the typhoon of racial madness sweeps over the nations *man is a rational and moral being*, and it is *then* that he should build the cyclone cellar of mutual understanding and confidence. What wars of folly and what conflicts of unbridled hatred, what fearful international crimes might be averted if before the crisis came men had established sympathetic relations and mutual confidence around a common table of reason and friendship! The time has at last come when man can no longer leave the solution of the question of war to luck or chance; *we must think the thing through*; we must put reason above passion, understanding above compulsion, intelligent love above violence; *the brain of man has now developed to the point where rationality can enter the control of war!* Hermann Hagedorn in "The Boy in Armor" voices the feeling of an increasing multitude:

"You cried across the worlds, and called us sons!
 We came as sons, but what you made of us
 Were bleeding shapes upon an altar, slain
 To appease your god INERTIA where he sits
 Muttering dead words and chewing at old bones.
Because you would not think, we had to die!

* * * * *

Bow down and hear! You have more sons than these;
 And they have fancies and imaginings
 And dauntless spirits and hearts made for love,
 And clean hands and clean eyes and high desires.
 They will go forth and die, if you command,
 As we have died, since they love liberty
 Even as we loved her, and would give her cause
 The only gift they are aware is theirs.
Wake, dreaming World! Think, oh gray world bewitched!

Out through untraveled spaces where no mind
Has dared to venture, let your sails be spread!
O, world, there is another way to serve
Justice and liberty, than thus to fling
The glory and the wonder of young lives
Beneath the hoofs of horses! Send your soul
Into the earth and through the clouds to find it!

And now you others who must live
Shall do a harder thing than dying is—
For you shall *think*! And ghosts will drive you on!"

The love in the hearts of the people has been thwarted, also, because those who make war, the industrialists, have always supported a propaganda praising the benefits of war! It seems hardly possible that men in their right minds would actually see any good in the holocaust of modern warfare. But by taking occasional psychological somersaults we all have the art of believing that which we want to believe. Men who make money out of war naturally search about for arguments which will keep the war business going. Thus, on the peg of patriotism, it is possible to hang a glittering array of reasons for war. Other less interested people are completely fooled and they too take up the cry. So the benefits of war are listed for the increased gayety of nations: courage, discipline, heroism, "preserving sovereignty," "defending liberty," "protecting national honor," advancing the "cause of Christ," saving the nation from degeneration to "a pack of weaklings"! An interesting illustration of just how people are deceiving themselves about war is furnished by a reviewer writing in a notable magazine on Ellen Key's "War, Peace and the Future." After describing the book as one more plea for peace, he adds sarcastically: "One does not find, however, any plea for justice, liberty, or human rights!" The implication is that these come by war. Can any one longer believe that justice, liberty, and human rights are obtained by wholesale slaughter which destroys twenty million lives, wrecks half a continent, wastes billions in treasure, and leaves a trail of broken hearts around the earth? And even clergymen, blinded by the war-spirit, distribute their silly lies about war bringing Christ closer to men. International conflict is the chief devil that actually drives out the spirit of Jesus. "I never can

think," says Thomas Hardy in one of his wise interviews, published in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, "without astonishment, that there are some people in different countries who talk about the benefits of war. What nonsense! War is an evil thing, and can only breed evil. . . . War is a fatality, having nothing to do with reason and intelligence. It is a kind of devilish determinism. . . . The Great War weighs upon the world like a curse, and it has not yet borne its bitterest fruit!"

Any one who knows war at first hand—what it does to men, what its results are in suffering and heartbreak and immorality, its shattered bones and minds and souls, its puffed-up bodies and germ-infected limbs and gas-rotted lungs, its viperous brood of suspicion, lust, hate, fear, and revolting cruelty—is guilty of the grossest imbecility in talking of its benefits. *There are no benefits from war.* It is not in accord with God's will for men, nor does it further in any way the program of Christ for human society. The love of Jesus is *the way to abundant life*. The curse of war is *the way to abundant death*. Alfred Noyes has pictured its results accurately:

"Through the purple thunders there are silent shadows creeping
 With murderous gleams of light, and then—a mighty leaping roar
 Where foe and foe are met;—and then—a long low sound of weeping
 As Death laughs out from sea to sea. . . .

"Count up, count up the stricken homes that wail the first-born son,
 Count by your starved and fatherless the tale of what hath perished;
 Then gather with your foes and ask if you—or I—have won!"

Moreover, *the love in the hearts of the people has been thwarted because those who make war, the diplomats, have stupidly and shortsightedly disregarded the human factor in war!* A trifling violation of a treaty, the dismissal of a minis-

ter, an imagined insult to "national honor," a slight racial antipathy and the leaders call the people to arms, involving the destruction of lives and property, when the calamity might have been averted by men with a modicum of humanity in their hearts. The conscientious objector who has caught the spirit of Christ and refuses to imbrue his hand in the blood of his brother is then called a traitor and a "slacker" by the wily politician who has had war declared. The honest Christian who despises war and killing receives also the indignant and savage scorn of the military party, who, like a late Secretary of War in the United States, say: "I cannot appreciate such consciences and such scruples!" The fact is that the great affairs of the world are often directed by men who either have no idea of the sufferings of the common man in war or shut their minds to all thought of it so as to spare their consciences. Benjamin Franklin was a keen observer. Here is a very significant line from his pen: "Observations on my reading history, in Library, May 19, 1731 . . . that the great affairs of the world, wars, revolutions, etc., are carried on and effected by parties. That the view of these parties is their present personal interest. . . . That few in public affairs act upon a mere view of the good of their country. . . . That fewer still, in public affairs, *act with a view to the good of mankind!*" Ten thousand men murdered on a distant battlefield disturbs not the peace of a statesman who is grinding his ax on the outcome of a war; a flotilla of battleships beneath the waves of the ocean is hardly more than "a news item" for the average minister of war, and a city in flames means less than the fire in the furnace to the "leaders of affairs." A poem written during the Great War illustrates the relation of the makers of war to the actual bloodshed itself:

"Each was honest after his way,
Lukewarm in faith, and old;
And blood, to them, was only a word,
And the point of a phrase their only sword,
And the cost of war, they reckoned it
In little disks of gold."

V

Have the diplomats, the senators, the ministers of war, the cabinets any love for the men they send into the maelstrom? Have they a heart for humanity? Do the leaders of nations forgive seventy times seven to avert a war? Do they bless or hate, curse or pray, as they think of their supposed enemy-nation? It is almost silly to ask the questions! Of course, the nations do not act according to the Jesus' philosophy of love, nor do they even pretend to do so. *They act according to the philosophy of power!* There is no other obstacle in the way of peace which can compare with this one. It is the taproot out of which the whole war-system springs. The philosophy of power is a natural rationalization of industrial expansion; in its rampant patriotic form it means a haughty, intolerant nationalism seeking for a "divine" mission which leads through blood and tears; it is the inevitable result of education that teaches material success and religion that preaches an institutional God who measures virtue by money, organization, buildings, and ecclesiastical magnificence. This doctrine of power values life in terms of aggressive achievement. It has been nourished at the very breast of fierce rivalry and competition until its thought always centers around winning—lording it over a competitor, making a bigger and better impression than the other fellow, than any other business, than any other nation! Germany, from 1870 to 1918, affords an excellent example of a nation obsessed with this power-philosophy (although in the nineteenth century England was not far behind and the twentieth century promises no better example in this line than our own United States) and the chant of hate by Lissauer is, naturally, the logical conclusion of such a program:

"He is known to you all, he is known to you all,
He crouches behind the dark gray flood,
Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,
Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood.
Come let us stand at the Judgment place,
An oath to swear to, face to face,
An oath of bronze no wind can shake,
An oath for our sons and their sons to take.

Come hear the word, repeat the word,
Throughout the Fatherland make it heard.
We will never forego our hate,
We have all but a single hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!"

The philosophy of power not only has its influence in the making of wars but it also operates to obstruct effective organization for peace. It is obvious to any thinking man that some simple orderly form of fraternity among the nations must be effected before peaceful conciliation can be substituted for war's carnage. In the League of Nations the world has such a working organization; true, it possesses the limitations of any new and previously untried experiment, especially the limitations which arise from racial suspicion and misunderstanding; but it *is* a beginning. Right here is where America's shame comes in; we have a philosophy of power; we are afraid that *national power* may be abridged by entrance into the League! "History shows no irony more glaring," says Edwin Mead. "Every consideration of national pride and international obligation commanded us to first place in the League of Nations . . . instead with our base suspicions, our partisan rivalries, and financial dialectics we have made the sublimest cause of our epoch the football of petty politics, and have become the drag and damper upon the world in its great struggle onward and upward. . . ."

But League of Nations or no League of Nations this philosophy of power which is blowing through our modern world like a whirlwind is the real danger. For wherever it touches a human life it turns spiritual devotion to cruel, selfish ambition. No matter what organization we have, nothing on earth is really safe until we have filled the hearts of people everywhere with love. A man and a woman may dwell in the finest home, they may have a supposedly perfect system for keeping peace, but if there is hate or selfishness in their hearts, the system cannot keep the peace long. In the state we may have the best laws men can devise, police power unexcelled, but if there is a lawless spirit abroad among the people, crime will abound for it comes out of the heart. The

same is true among the nations; no system will keep the peace so long as the people themselves are controlled by the philosophy of power rather than the philosophy of love. The world waits in agony for that day when this love of Jesus, this all-forgiving love, shall be taken out of the realm of words into the realm of deeds. We had better do it soon. "I was at Stettin on the Baltic in the summer of 1920," says Francis Miller, "Prisoners of war were being repatriated out of Siberia. A boatload of some seven or eight hundred came in. Of these some two hundred and fifty had lost their reason. These were the dregs of war. As I looked into their dull, witless eyes I knew better what war was, and I also learned something of what the Cross meant. These men, as in every age, had been crucified because the society into which they were born had missed God's will for it. They were degraded into cattle because of the stupidity and sin of college-trained makers of statecraft in America, France, England, and Germany. Our father's sins produced that and our sins will erect for our descendants a myriad crosses on many a far-flung battlefield unless we, by God's grace, make less a botch of reading his will and display more energy in fulfilling it!" Forged on the anvil of hard reason, melted and welded in the fierce furnace of a Great War's experience, this mighty conviction has bound the thinkers of earth in one resounding unity: *War must stop or the race is doomed!* And deep, deep down in our hearts we are sure that the only way to the world of the peaceful new day is that of *love!*

"Your dreamers may dream it,
The shadow of a dream,
Your sages may deem it
A bubble on the stream;
Yet our kingdom draweth nigher
With each dawn and every day,
Through the earthquake and the fire
'Love will find out the way!'"

VI

We have seen how love as a response to personal hate helps us in our own adjustment to human society, love gives us the

great power of forgiveness which is a blessing to other lives, and love as a factor in problems between nations serves as the only sure road out of the morass and swamps of international war. The philosophy of love has, also, deeper implications. *Love is the most complete and devastating answer to the disgusting animalism and gross materialism of many modern scientists.*

As an aftermath of the wide scientific researches of modern times, there has grown up the mechanistic theory that the higher categories—life, mind, and God—are not intrinsic to reality. This mechanistic interpretation of life presents the cosmos as an utterly unconscious machine of ruthless, purposeless force—an inexorable, tragic, capricious physico-chemical clutter of meaningless atoms. The whole universe, from star-dust to Christ-heart, is just a purposeless heap of unconscious matter, in which man is as insignificant as an amœba, a “bag of salts and a pail of water.” And the adjective that describes most perfectly the whole existence is “accidental.” Light, stars, flowers, solar systems, intellect, poetry, happiness, trees, all are the result of *accident!* The God of the mechanists is spelled “chance”!

Can the whole of life, the actual sum total of existence be compassed and tabulated on the neat, red-dotted graph charts of a Jacques Loeb or a W. J. V. Osterhout? Can we pour every drop of the experience of life into the shallow vessels of the quantitative work of physicists, chemists, and biologists? The *real* scientists (by this we mean impartial observers who face *all* the facts), even against their will, admit that when the telescope of curiosity is turned to the wider field of reality and when the microscope of detection is trained to the deeper, underlying centers of life-structure, *qualitative* as well as quantitative facts appear. The spiritual seeing apparatus, of course, in many material-minded men is so dulled to the point of atrophy that they no longer see the wonder in the world; the real scientists are the see-ers like Bliss Carman:

“Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
The people God sends us to set our heart free.

"The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood;
And all of their singing was, 'Earth, it is well!'
And all of their dancing was, 'Life, thou art good!'"

In our keenest hours, when we are most truly ourselves physically, mentally, and spiritually, no cynical, pessimistic, dry-as-desert mechanism can, for one moment, satisfy us as truth. For when man once remorselessly fronts the ultimate meaning of a mechanistic philosophy, honestly tabulates the real issues of such thinking, there comes over him the same feeling as that which Dreiser experienced after spending a while amidst the hissings and poundings of the engine room of a transatlantic liner: "I shouldn't like that, I think . . . life is better than rigidity and fixed motion, I hope. I trust the universe is not mechanical . . . we know it is beautiful. It must *be* so!" While one, in the solitude and vastness of our world, needs must feel a certain awe, it is an awe tinged with radiant faith, an indomitable knowledge based upon actual experience, like that of Alfred Noyes:

"Nor shall these
Appal me with immensity;
I know they carry one heart of flame
More precious than the sun!"

Man is not a hopeless creature of accidental atoms caught in the horrible, impersonal, grinding cruelty of a hell-machine! Man is a living, thinking, loving expression of the Infinite Mind, Heart, and Body of a purposeful Creator who is the God of Love! "There is none like unto the God who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in his excellency in the sky. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms!" (Deut. 33:26-27.)

"In heaven's starred pavement at the midnight hour,
In roseate hues that come at morning dawn,
In the bright bow athwart the falling shower,
In woods and waters, hills and velvet lawn,
One truth is written, all conspire to prove,
What grace of old revealed, that 'God is Love!'"

VII

The perfection of love is revealed in God, says Jesus. His rain and sunshine, his fresh air and cool water, his flowers and trees are for all. He is not partial, he does not discriminate, he is no respecter of persons. His bestowal is free, without money and without price, upon the just and upon the unjust alike. Just here Jesus gives us a pretty hard spiritual job. When he says: "Be ye therefore perfect as your Father in heaven!" he means this: If you want to be counted brothers and sisters of mine and children of the highest, you must cultivate that perfection which was in me and which is the most notable characteristic of God, namely, *the perfection of love*. You can be a son of the devil by hating. But to be kith and kin of God, *that means love*. "For *God is Love*; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. . . . If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" (I John 4: 7, 8, 20.)

Man cannot attain the perfection of omnipotent mind, nor can he encompass the experiences of a cosmic soul, but in his own heart *he can have the same perfect quality of cosmic love*. In this it is fair for Jesus to expect of us perfection like unto that of the great Father himself! And this perfect love of the Father welling up in imperfect men is his truest token of divine sonship, his veritable birthmark as a son of God. It is the badge and bond of that wide fraternity of humankind which passes all barriers of religion or race or thought to make of mortals, in spite of artificial divisions, truly one great unity. "Men are tattooed with their special beliefs," said Oliver Wendell Holmes, "like so many South Sea Islanders; but a real human heart with divine love in it beats with the same glow under all the patterns of all earth's thousand tribes!" Whether in Jew, Japanese, or German, whether in Pole, Portuguese, or Persian, Egyptian, Hindu, or Korean, Armenian, Russian, or American, Turk, Frenchman, or Filipino, Italian, Englishman, or Norwegian, Swede, Siamese, or South American, Spaniard, African, or Austrian, no matter of what tribe or color or race, wherever

we see this revealing quality of true love we know we see *a child of God!*

This gentle, magnanimous quality of human love which one finds universally around the world in all classes and among all creeds is proof of the towering fact that often our behaving is not consistent with our believing. There are Fundamentalists who belie their hard and fast thinking about God and his relation to man by living lives of radiant and consecrated and broadminded love like Charles R. Erdman, Robert E. Speer, and Robert P. Wilder. And there are atheistic-leaning scientists whose love-filled lives are clear revealings of the fact that there are realities in this world better than the inexorable mechanics to which their thinking would reduce the universe. No one can meet Fernald of Harvard, Davenport of Cold Spring Harbor, J. Ben Hill of Penn State College, and J. C. Arthur of Purdue without realizing that here in these gentle, humble, humane lives dwells the God of very God *in which these men themselves will not believe!* What De Kruif says of Jacques Loeb might be said of any number of research-devoted thinkers: "Strangest of all things about him, his heart belied the cold deterministic faiths that nature put into his head. Despite this tongue of his, that was sometimes a rapier and at others a dreadful bludgeon, Loeb face to face with his victims was gentle and so kind and generous!"

All of which reminds me that a poem, clipped from a local news-sheet, and brought to me by a sweet and saintly old lady, describes those, who, whether believing in God or not, knowing of Christ or not, are revealing him in every moment of their loving response to the experience we call living:

"A son of God, and, like his brother, Christ,
A messenger of love, good-will and peace—
To those who sit in darkness bringing light,
To those in sorrow, comfort. With the glad
Does he rejoice, and weeps with those who weep—
A man of God—a man of men—humane,
Unselfish, patient, tender, tolerant, wise;
Of talents humble, but of virtue, proud;
Gentle with sinners; steadfast against sin;
Teaching by word and deed that God is love,

And life is good, and immortality
Is sure to noble living. For this man,
Made in thine image, we do thank Thee, God!"

Men often say Jesus' message is not applicable in the twentieth century because he said nothing definite about our very real problems: the family, modern economic and industrial conditions, commercial issues, art, democratic government, the new education, modern science, politics, music, and modern amusements and recreation. These are the great areas of life in which we live and move and have our being; some think the thought of Jesus does not touch them. Suppose, however, that the supreme need of human society is a love like Jesus had! Suppose he lived his life with the deep conviction that when men learned that the Heart of the World was love and when they lived with that holy love of the Father in their own hearts and homes and businesses *all* their problems would be solved! "Think what it would mean," says Henry Kingman, "to our generation, struggling desperately in the world-wide network of selfish interests, to catch the vision of this reality!" The truth is that Jesus gave us the one elemental rule that is indispensable in any realm of life: *the law of love!* Christianity as a law of love can never be destroyed. No philosophy, no skepticism, no mechanistic science can ever overthrow that. But we have been afraid of the dynamic of love in Christ; we have not had enough faith in it; we have not given it enough practice. For love as yet has little to do in the organization of our social order. "The power of love," says Thoreau, "has been but meanly and sparingly applied; it has patented only such machines as the almshouse, the hospital, and the Bible Society, while its infinite wind is still blowing, and blowing down those very structures, too, from time to time!"

We must bring the love of the humble, patient, forgiving Christ back into history. We must trust in no religion, however holy and however sacrosanct, which does not base its creative power upon the simple, beautiful law of love. We must close the chasms which creed and class, competition and selfishness, blood and belief have made, with the binding affection which shines from the life of the Master. Deep down in our heart of hearts we know that the great inherit-

ance of the ages is this sublime human sympathy, affection, and love. We know that to be enemies, classes, guardians of selfish interests, to resort to strife over pieces of paper and disks of gold is to destroy our most precious birthright. But *to be comrades, friends, lovers—that is to rise to our noblest destiny, that is to fulfill God's best hopes for his children!*

O God, our Father, deliver us, we pray, from the tragic folly and chaos of loveless living! Grant us insight to understand, patience to forgive, kindness to bless, and courage to pray for those who call themselves our enemies. May we love all with the love wherewith Thou hast loved us. By our undying efforts prepare, we beseech Thee, a highway of mutual love along which the confused nations may travel to a kingdom of concord and peace. Hear us for the sake of him who loved us and gave his whole self for us. Amen.

LIFE QUESTIONS

1. Why is the law of love placed at the climax of the new law of Jesus as given in five restatements of the older idealism?

2. Could love be evolved as a reality in our world if no such thing as love is involved in the originating Force of all that exists?

3. What difference does it make whether the cosmos is controlled by a kind Father or the blind accident of impersonal Nature? To love men as God loves them means what in terms of everyday personal living?

4. "Forgive! Fiddlesticks! This man has injured me beyond all forgiveness. So long as I breathe I will hate and loathe and despise him!" What will you say to this person in attempting to change the viewpoint to that of Christ?

5. "Love these foreigners? These dirty beggars of the street? Well, I should say not! I love my own family, and that is as far as my duty goes." Is it possible that such duty is enough in the eyes of Christ?

6. "We believe that it is Jesus Christ, the Son of the Eternal Father and the Son of the Virgin Mary, who, in a short while, when the little bell tinkles, will come down from

Heaven at the wonder-working words of the consecrating prelate." (Cardinal Mundelein.)

Can Jesus reform men's hearts and men's society through magical rites in his name or through personalities love-imbued in his spirit?

7. "A loving heart will hit upon the method needed in a particular case." (T. R. Glover.) How far will this go in solving life's social needs? How far will prepared intelligence be necessary to supplement "a loving heart"?

8. Does war do any good? What are its root causes? Judge of the relative value of the following suggestions for the elimination of war: outlawry of war, League of Nations, World Court, Disarmament, the reign of law, mutual racial understanding through education, cultivation of the will for peace through religion, Christlike good-will among men.

9. "The universe is great and splendid beyond our imaginations. Let us not take a pitiful, mean outlook. Nothing is too great or too good to be true." (Sir Oliver Lodge.) Do you agree? Why are biologists, chemists, physicists usually likely to have a pessimistic view of the universe?

10. "The capital of a Church is a faith that works by love, because it is a faith in love." (P. T. Forsyth.) Has the Church really given large enough room in its creed for love? Why do not church-folk live the love of Jesus more?

CONCERNING THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

Time—Spring of 27 A.D.

Place—A small hill west of the sea of Galilee, probably located between Magdala and Capernaum.

Speaker—Jesus Christ, the Prophet of Nazareth.

Hearers—A multitude of people, chiefly folks from Galilee, but also many from more remote points of Palestine: poor and rich, women and children, soldiers, artisans and laborers, shepherds, lawyers and priests, scribes, lepers, blind and outcasts.

When recorded—27 A.D., notes taken down by the disciple Matthew.

50 A.D., records of Jesus' principal discourses assembled in a papyrus roll,

called the Logia, by the disciple Matthew.

75 A.D., the gospel of Matthew written by an unknown scribe, using the Logia and the gospel of Mark as the chief sources.

397 A.D., the Council of Carthage adopts the complete canon of the New Testament as we now know it.

1611 A.D., the Authorized Version of the Bible completed in translation in English and published.

Where recorded—The gospel of Matthew, chapters 5, 6, and 7. The passage in Luke 6:20-49 is not the same sermon:

(1) Luke records a different place:

"He came down and stood *in a plain*."

(2) Luke records a different time:

Jesus had prayed on the mountain during the night, had chosen the twelve early in the morning, and in the afternoon had come down from the mountain to preach again.

(3) Luke's record is different:

Matthew has 111 verses, Luke only 30; 10 of Luke's verses are not in Matthew; less than one-fifth of Matthew's sermon is found in Luke.

(4) A great personality with a vital message often repeats himself. Doesn't this explain the similarity of Luke's sermon?

Is it authentic?—The Sermon on the Mount is not a fictitious concoction of stray phrases of Jesus, but a marvelously accurate outline of a sermon actually preached:

(1) Matthew, the tax-collector, could write. The first time we see him he is at the customs desk, making notations. As a new disciple he

was deeply impressed by the Sermon on the Mount. Its cutting truth left a deep furrow in his memory. Would it not be natural for him also to use the writing materials he carried with him for a general outline of the sermon?

- (2) Jesus spoke in Aramaic, a Hebrew dialect. In all ancient literature we have but one statement that an eye-witness wrote Jesus' words in the actual language of the Master. In the third book of the historian Eusebius, the thirty-ninth chapter, we find the statement of a reporter, Papias by name: "Matthew wrote down (stenographically) the words of Jesus (Logia) in the Hebrew dialect."
- (3) The editor of our gospel of Matthew is unknown. He based his story of the life and message of Jesus upon the following:
 - a Greek manuscript of the gospel of Mark
 - a Greek translation of the Aramaic Logia
 - a Greek translation of Old Testament prophecies
 - a series of documents of stories and sayings common to Luke and Matthew, called, for lack of knowledge, Q1, Q2, and Q3
 - a document of Palestinian traditions about the birth and infancy of Jesus, and parts of the Galilæan ministry
- (4) The priceless document, the Aramaic Logia, containing the eye-witness records of the disciple Matthew, is now lost. But at least two-fifths of

our gospel Matthew is derived from this most precious of all the records of the life of our Lord. Scholars agree that the Sermon on the Mount is taken from the Logia. There are five discourses which were probably incorporated in the gospel by the editor just as he found them in the Logia. We find them ending with an identical formula: 7:28, 11:1, 13:53, 19:1, and 26:1.

- (5) Scholars agree that the text of the Sermon on the Mount has been less tampered with than any other passage in the Bible. It is almost certain that we have a practically pure copy of the original Logian record, written by Matthew. This is a wonderful fact, when we consider that it has been passed down to us through more than nineteen centuries.
- (6) One can read the Sermon on the Mount aloud in less than eight minutes. It is almost certain that Jesus took longer than this to speak to the people, possibly preaching over an hour. What we have then is a brief summary of the original message. In the face of this fact the theory that the Sermon is a compilation of many different discourses appears ridiculous.
- (7) The more one gets under the Sermon's surface the more one feels the strong current of a great unity. On the basis of guesswork some scholars have attempted to pick out parts as extraneous and ungenuine. A little careful study will reveal that this dismembers a body of

profoundly unified thought. The condensation process has eliminated transitional details, so that the golden thread of continuity in purpose and idea is only discovered when the Sermon is explored intensely as a whole.

- (8) The internal evidence is almost conclusive. The words of Jesus disclose a definite situation:

5: 3-16—the ordination of new followers who have very recently come to the Master.

5: 17-48, 6: 1-18—the reply to the hostile leaders of the current religion.

6: 24-34—the frank condemnation of a mammon-controlled church and state.

7: 1-6—an answer to some bitter criticisms recently received.

7: 7-27—four great principles of reform:

(a) for the new followers.

(b) for the sick and needy.

(c) for the scribes.

(d) for the Pharisees.

Is the Sermon applicable now?—The Sermon on the Mount is a summary of moral and spiritual truth which cannot change from century to century. Jesus is not concerned with the details of personal or social life. He is concerned with the setting forth of vital principles of living, laws for the governing of human conduct no matter when or where. This message of the Master contains the spiritual energies and dynamics for the building of a new and better day in the world. It is *teaching for eternity*, not because of any superimposed ecclesiastical authority, but because *these words incarnate his own spirit*, which must rest in every breast before the new society shall come!



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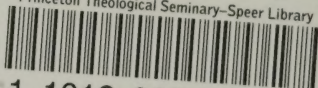


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